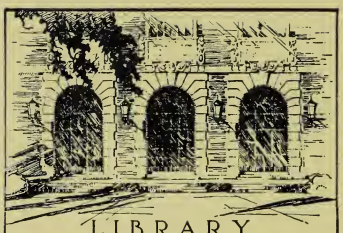

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MARTIN TOUTROND.

The Dipps family in readiness for the Lord Mayor's Ball.

MARTIN TOUTROND:

A FRENCHMAN IN LONDON

IN 1831.

TRANSLATED
FROM AN UNPUBLISHED FRENCH MS.

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PREFACE.

It is of little consequence to state how the Manuscript from which the following Work has been produced came into the Translator's hands. Circumstances have prevented its publication, but it is ready to appear should it ever be called for. Although written some time since, he hopes that it will not be found out of season, nor quite unworthy of notice in its present dress.

December 15, 1848.

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MARTIN TOUTROND.

CHAPTER I.

MARTIN TOUTROND LAYS THE SCHEME OF A JOURNEY TO ENGLAND, FOR THE PURPOSE OF SEEKING A WIFE.

My father, a highly distinguished grocer in the Rue du Bac, and my mother, a woman of some genius, and once upon a time famous for the invention of a sausage, which made our shop highly renowned, had for some time felt a great desire to see me married. I received an education above the generality of young folks of my class, and my person was such that I could, without flattering myself too much, boast of being good-looking, very good-looking. The design of my parents was to marry me to an English woman; not that they looked upon the women of that country as superior to our own, but they hoped that such an event would put me in the shortest road to making my fortune. My friend, Camille Desforges, a fellow of a most plebeian cut, badly made enough, with his misshapen little legs, and most unromantic face, wretched lieutenant

of dragoons that he was, had succeeded in gaining the affections of a young miss, who had, as her marriage portion, 500*l.* per annum, which, reckoned at twenty-five francs a pound, actually amounted to the good round sum of 12,500 and odd francs. We (that is to say, I and my parents) decided, that a young man like myself, of a fashionable appearance, of a well-made person, of pleasant and agreeable features, clever in conversation, and, at the same time, gay in manner, and enjoying a respectable income, with certain expectations at the death of my father,—that such a young man as myself, I say, might expect to succeed with any insular young lady, at least as well as Camille,—and in pursuit of this scheme I decided to undertake the journey to England.

As a preliminary precaution, I set to work to learn the English language, which people told me was excessively difficult, but putting that confidence, which was due to them, in my own talents, I promised myself soon to overcome every difficulty. It must, however, be confessed that it is an odious language, especially in its pronunciation, and that those terrible "through," and "thought," and "thither," are not adapted to the delicate and refined organs of a French mouth. Notwithstanding all that, I got through the business very well, and having received the eulogiums of my master, being excessively impatient to set out,

I wished him a very good morning. But before starting upon such a novel expedition, I decided to follow the advice of my father, and to have recourse to my uncle, my mother's brother, who, having passed many years as a merchant in London, was well able to give me some information concerning the English character, which might be of the greatest use in the regulation of my conduct as soon as I should come into contact with the natives. He was a gentle and good-natured old gentleman, was my uncle, a man of great experience, and distinguished for the able management of his affairs. When my parents announced to him the design I had conceived, he by no means opposed it, for he was a most decided friend to everything English, but, on the contrary, vehemently applauded my resolution.

"Martin, my boy," said he, taking hold of my hand, "you are going to visit a nation, singular and whimsical, if you like, but in fact, a sensible, solid, honest nation, full of judgment, and of a firm and decided character. You will, perhaps, be rather startled at their coldness and silence upon first acquaintance, but don't be afraid, for this unprepossessing exterior among them generally covers a true and open disposition. The English are naturally disposed to be suspicious before they have learnt the character of a stranger, but if once he acquires their confidence, there are no more secrets between them, and they place

themselves entirely in his hands. Try, therefore, my boy, to obtain this confidence, and I promise you, that, fine fellow as you are, it will not be long before you have plenty of friends."

I then asked my uncle how I was to gain this confidence? how I was to set about getting into the good graces of an Englishman?

"For that," replied the good old man, "there are many little rules to be followed, which I have only been able to ascertain from having lived a long time among them. In the first place, the English don't like compliments, they are enemies to fine phrases, and as soon as they are spoken to, retreat behind a double fortification of coldness. So much so that in addressing an individual of that nation it is quite enough to say, 'How do you do?' or, 'how are you?' which exactly answer to our *Comment va? comment vous portez vous?* but along with that one must not forget the 'shake hands,' that is *de rigueur*. All the sentiment consists in the proper administration of that movement; and also one may say upon that point an Englishman is sentimental to the very tips of his fingers. If he shakes your wrist well and thoroughly, you may, without hesitation, number yourself among his friends; if, on the contrary, the shock is moderate, you secure his good opinion as a mere acquaintance; but if he only places the tip of his finger in the palm of your hand, he is, at that instant, doubting

whether to proceed in the cultivation of your friendship."

"If that is all," I answered, "it seems to me that nothing is easier than conducting one's self properly in England."

"Ah! but there are many other things to be observed," returned my uncle; "in the first place, as to one's cleanliness, upon this point the English are extremely strict, and much more so indeed than upon many points of their religion. If you, a stranger, come among them, with only just the tips of your nails the least bit dirty, they immediately, without any other trial, pronounce judgment upon your whole way of living. Spit but once upon their carpet, and you have committed a fault, which, let me tell you, is a capital crime in their eyes, and which nothing can expiate. If by chance they find out that you do not brush your teeth regularly, or that you do not wash your feet periodically, or that you are in the habit of putting on a 'jemmy,' instead of a clean shirt, you have lost their esteem for ever, and run the risk of being nicknamed 'dirty fellow.' Whence arise three general rules:—pay the greatest respect to their carpets, wear out as many tooth-brushes as you can, and soap yourself without mercy."

My uncle told me many things about the customs and prejudices belonging to the English character, and among others he put me in possession

of an inestimable secret, as to the most advantageous manner of ingratiating one's self with the English young ladies, a secret of the greater interest to me from the circumstance of the principal object of my undertaking having been founded on that very point. He told me never to open my mouth, or hazard a single word to an English woman (a rule which holds good as well with the men as with the women) before a third person and a mutual friend, had as a preliminary announced my name to her. As soon as ever this ceremony has taken place, he assured me, I might undertake anything, and that thenceforward I should possess the precious right of the "shake hand," that I might talk as much as I liked whenever I met her, that I had the privilege of visiting her, and that, lastly, I might thus aspire to the highest place in her estimation. "But," added he, "if by chance you should undertake to address a single word to a woman, if even in the crowd of a party you should happen to incommode her in such a manner as to elicit cries of pain, you would immediately be denounced as 'forward,' a character singularly unfavourable in England, as denoting among them a person who does not know how to conduct himself."

I carefully kept alive the recollection of every word and of every piece of advice which my dear uncle had given to me, expecting to put them in practice as soon as ever I should be landed in the

scene of my future exploits; and, in order to start in a manner proportioned to my hopes, I procured myself—thanks to the liberality and foresight of my parents—all that was necessary in the way of dress, that is to say, clothes, linen, and, above all, tooth-brushes, so as to be able to present myself to the best effect. My father provided me with a most pressing letter of introduction, accompanied by a letter of credit upon his principal correspondent in London, by name, Mr. John Dipps, a rich merchant, whose house was in Thames Street, and who was a well known tallow-merchant. My mother, with a little wicked air which became her well, made me understand that this letter might well be considered to contain the root of my good fortune, for she assured me that this same Mr. Dipps had a most charming daughter, and that Miss Dipps was already well known in the English world as an agreeable alliance, partly from the report of her fortune and partly from that of her charms.

This piece of intelligence made my heart leap, and, already, the name of Dipps began to be dear to me. I therefore hastened my preparations for the journey, and having taken a place in the mail, in which I was to go as far as Calais, I fixed the day of my departure from the paternal roof, with the sweet hope of soon returning to it the possessor of a handsome wife and of a comfortable income.

CHAPTER II.

MARTIN LEAVES PARIS WITH AN ENGLISH TRAVELLING COMPANION. —HE EMBARKS AT CALAIS FOR DOVER.

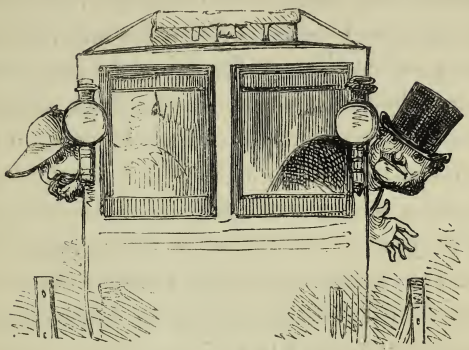
Having taken an affectionate leave of my dear parents, who gave me their blessing in every possible form, accompanied by a splendid sausage, brought from the recesses of our shop, I betook myself to the coach-office, where I found the Calais mail, with four horses, and the post-boys mounted, all ready to start. As soon as I was recognised as a passenger, the conductor made me get in, and I took possession of a corner, in which I fixed myself, travelling-cap on head and umbrella at my side. I was soon followed by a person of large appearance and of a plump face, who, having blundered out some two or three words as he got in, shewed me that my fellow-traveller was an Englishman. We started immediately, without saying a word, and as soon as we had threaded the streets and gained the open country, I set myself to work to find out what might be the convivial disposition of my companion. Oh! what French he talked! The first question which I

put to him, after several little preliminary hums and haws, was, "I hope, sir, that you talk French?" He answered, after the question had been repeated, "Un petit." To give him some encouragement at first starting, I complimented him upon his knowledge of the language. I shewed him that this knowledge was a connection between two great nations like France and England; that I was sensible of his taste for our literature, and I made him feel that I regarded his zeal in that respect as a great compliment from him towards me and my nation. I expressed myself in elegant phrases, and waited for him, on his part, to make some equally amiable reply; but what was my horror when I saw that he did nothing but look me straight in the face, and say, "Je suis dur d'entendement." "Ah!" said I to myself, "here is a man who takes a singular method of letting me know that he is an ass." I had already been told that I should find among the English a great deal of *bonhomie*, but never could I have supposed it could have reached to such a point. I attempted to prove to him that what I said was a simple proposition, which did not by any means require much intellect to understand, but he persisted in always telling me that he was "dur d'entendement." At last he said to me, "Parlez dehors." "Well, indeed," said I to myself, "this *is* rather a curious kind of *bonhomie*, touching, in fact, upon vulgarity. Would he have me put my head out of the win-

dow and talk to the wind?" But I found out that, considering his small knowledge of the language, his mode of expressing himself was idiomatic, and that perhaps he was only translating his thoughts. In fact I soon found out that this *dureté d' entendement* was nothing more or less than an announcement that he was deaf; for, finding that I did not understand a word he said, he put his finger on his ear, and said, in English, "I am hard of hearing—speak out." During our farther intercourse, therefore, I did not fail to exert myself so as to make him sensible of the power of my lungs, and perceiving that our conversation would be reduced to a very few words if I did not make use of the English language itself, I made up my mind to try myself in that tongue.

Our postboys went a good pace all the way, and I thought it my duty to make him sensible of the splendid manner in which our mails were conducted. Going over the brow of a little hill, I felt that our pace was wonderfully accelerated, and the Englishman was for a moment visibly disturbed. He thrust himself out of the window of the carriage to see what was going on. I indeed looked out too, and assured him that it was nothing but an ebullition of that French vivacity which makes itself apparent no less in our horses than in our postilions; and added, laughing, "We go belly on earth." His answer was original. He said, "Yes, *derrière son temps*." I

could not make out what he meant. For what on earth had my *ventre à terre* to do with his



FRFNCH DILIGENCE.

derrière son temps? And it was only some time afterwards, when travelling in an English stage-coach, that I found out that the phrase "behind his time" meant that the coachman was trying to make up for his loss of time by an acceleration of pace.

As I and my fellow-traveller did not talk much, I set myself every now and then to inspect him attentively, taking him for a pattern of the nation I was going to visit, in order that by paying attention to his manners, I might make deductions which would be useful to me in forming my own. I remarked that he kept a sharp eye on whatever passed, and never ceased quietly discharging a volley of little "dams," a word which appeared to express every feeling of his mind, whatever

new observation he happened to make. There also escaped him certain words in the shape of exclamations, which were totally unknown to me, at least I certainly had never met with them during my studies in English. As for instance, when he looked at one of our postboys, balancing himself in his immense boots, he said, "Rum chap that!" When one of our beautiful great diligences passed us at full speed, he exclaimed, "My eye!" and once when going rather faster than was pleasant, we got to the bottom of a steep hill without being upset, he began laughing, and said, "What a lark!"

I observed, when he was about to pay money, the supercilious air with which he always put his hand into his pocket, but that he ended by giving more than was necessary. He also appeared to me to be laughing at every thing. At dinner, he criticized every thing that came under his notice, as if the French *cuisine* was not known, ay, and well known, too, as being the best in the world. He did not trouble himself much about the soup, but he always would have the fish brought in first, and used to ask for the joint at the appointed time for the *entremets*. He angrily asked for cheese with the salad, and seemed to think himself excessively ill-treated because after it they offered him Bordeaux instead of port. He always looked at me with an insulting air, if I happened for want of a toothpick to clear my teeth with the point of

my knife; and when they gave him the salt-cellar, made like any other salt-cellar, he as usual ejaculated his *dam*, and muttered between his teeth, "No salt-spoons." I recollected that among other English oddities, my worthy uncle had told me frequently that I should find a great difference between our customs and those of our insular neighbours, as regards the service of the dinner-table; and, indeed, he did not deceive me. I should never have thought it possible that a people enjoying a position among civilized nations, could have so compromised its good sense, its discretion, and national reputation, as to doubt that palpable and generally-received fact, allowed by all the nations of the world, that France is superior in her kitchens and in her cooks, but I decidedly observed, so that I could not be mistaken, that my fellow-traveller thought himself superior in point of fish, in point of beef, not to mention tooth-picks and salt-cellars. I confess that all my sentiments of loyalty, as a Frenchman, as a man of the world,—in fact, as a *man*, were often put to the test, when I found myself travelling next to a man, who having seen my country, having had opportunities among us of perfectly recognizing our superiority, was so obstinate as still to have a doubt of that superiority. But, nevertheless, recollecting what was the object of my journey, I prevailed upon myself to quiet all my emotions by the reflection that perhaps the

ideas of my fellow-traveller were those of Miss Dipps; and that if fate had decided that she was to pass her life with me as my wife, philosophy pointed out to me that a moderate line of conduct was the wisest course for me to pursue.

On our arrival at Calais, we got down at the hotel where the mail stopped; I then immediately betook myself to the sea-shore, to amuse myself with a sight from which the inhabitants of Paris generally, and those of the Rue du Bac especially, are excluded by geographical reasons, and local impediments. What a noble sight is the sea! My English fellow-traveller, an islander by nature, seemed totally unmoved by it; nor was I astonished. As for me, it was the first time that I had ever seen ships, and I was not insensible of the advantages which they conferred upon France, for, without their help, we should be deprived of many things, such as cheese from Chester, butter and herrings from Holland, rum from Jamaica, and hams from Westphalia. They shewed me steam-boats, an invention which the genius of France has carried to the highest pitch of perfection, and which, in spite of the winds and the waves, would put her in the way of taking possession of any and every nation with her victorious armies. It was, indeed, on board one of these very vessels that I was advised to take my passage for Great Britain, and I decided to follow this advice—but there still remained a difficulty—one

party advocated the passage by an English steamer, the other by a French one. I was too good a Frenchman not to decide in favour of my country, especially when I was told that, for certain reasons, I should be exposed to more danger on board the French, than on the English vessel. I thereby wished to make it clear that a true Frenchman knows how to overcome all dangers for the glory of his country ; and, indeed, notwithstanding the repeated requests of the English sailors, I conveyed myself on board the French vessel, in the sight of the whole town of Calais.

CHAPTER III.

MARTIN REACHES DOVER.—HIS OBSERVATIONS ON THAT TOWN.

Although a Frenchman, both as regards his moral and his physical nature, is known as being brave beyond all the nations of the world, exposing himself to death with fortitude, facing danger in all its forms with indifference, and even with pleasure, rejoicing in obstacles, and never giving himself up to despair; it must, nevertheless, be confessed that the sea is an element by no means suited to him. I became fully sensible of this fact when I undertook my voyage to England on board the steam-boat. Scarcely had I put foot on the vessel, scarcely had we left Calais pier, when I felt that all my physical energies were about to leave me; and, indeed, I did not deceive myself. Those observations upon the magnificence of the ocean, which I had decided upon making, were soon reduced to thoughts which foretold the necessity of performing certain physical operations, which scarcely allowed me to take refuge even in the slightest consolation; to cut the matter short—I was very sick. Such was my state, that I could not even lift up my eyes

when I was told that the port of Dover was in sight, and that we were rapidly approaching the shores of England. I would willingly have satisfied my curiosity by looking at this said England, which has for so long a time placed itself in the position of a rival to my native country, and by making my remarks upon that famous British Channel (renowned in geography) to which she owes her existtence as a nation. But, for all that, I was obliged to have my head bent towards the only object which then occupied my attention, namely, the basin.

At last the dreadful rolling of the vessel being changed for a more gentle motion, my malady all at once ceased, and I felt myself suddenly restored both in body and in mind to all the energies of a man. Without for an instant thinking of my dress, which was strangely out of order by my illness, I threw myself over the side of the vessel directly we entered the harbour. I was deeply touched by seeing myself ready to disembark upon an island, for, from all appearances, I was fated to undergo the same tortures on my return to France, which I had just suffered. Having touched the shore they permitted me freely to land, although we were surrounded by a large crowd of English, all of them possessors of solid and compact figures, and highly resembling my fellow-traveller in the mail. I was strongly requested by many different persons to follow them to their respective hotels, the names of which they shouted into my ears in

a most zealous manner, and not knowing which way to turn in the confusion going on, I was not sorry to meet my deaf fellow-traveller, who conducted me to the hotel where he had taken up his abode. There I very soon put myself at my ease, and as I was voraciously hungry, I asked for something to eat immediately. They brought me some luncheon, as dinner was not ready, where at least ten *pièces de résistance*, a luncheon which might have satisfied ten hungry giants, were placed before me. Biennoit, that famous imperial cook, whose praises are so highly sung in the "Almanac des Gourmands," never roasted so much in all his life as he who prepared the exhibition of meat which I saw before me. There was a round of beef, enough to feed a man for a year, and certain pieces of roast beef, which I was told were specimens of the true English *rosbif*, so widely renowned, but of such immense size, that I wondered to myself whether it were within the bounds of possibility to see animals of such size. I am persuaded that my deaf companion had ordered up this said exhibition on purpose to be able to rejoice in a national triumph, for, when he saw the surprise it excited in me, he put on so satisfied and contented an air, that one might have thought that he alone had gained the victory of Quatre-Bras.

After having satisfied my hunger, and having refreshed myself after my voyage, I set myself to

think of the new country in which I found myself. In the first place, as regards historical conjectures, I could easily guess that it was here that our famous Jules Cæsar landed, as a precaution preliminary to the conquest of the island, which he had undertaken; and I found myself confirmed in this idea when I remarked the towers, bastions, and fortifications of a castle which guarded the heights, doubtless, a work of his genius, and necessary to his protection before his farther advance towards the subjugation of the country. An Englishman seeing my interest for his country, immediately offered me his services to shew me everything, and I fully perceived that by his manner of receiving my observations, he appreciated my style of thinking, and that he was well-disposed to concur in my historical ideas. This man made me acquainted with an interesting fact, which, perhaps, is not generally known, and which I think it my duty, as a traveller, to recount faithfully, and this is it—that Shakspeare, a famous English poet and actor, was born on a mountain near Dover, a mountain whose pointed and elevated summit is a fit emblem of the genius whose birth it witnessed and from which one can see with the naked eye, the whole coast of France. It is, doubtless, this beautiful and sublime prospect which inspired the poet, and made his genius, and his imagination burst forth; so that we can, without exaggeration, say that, without France, England would

be without a poet, or national poetry. The poet's residence is still called *cliff*, which means to say, a scarped rock, near which was his house, where, inspired by nature, he sung all those beautiful things which we have lately recognised as such, in France.

My guide, an intelligent man, perceiving how deeply I was interested in my own country, made me acquainted with another fact well worth the telling, and which redounds in a peculiar manner to the glory of France; which is, that on the other side of Dover, in a castle strongly situated on the shore, called Walmer, which means *muraille de mer*, there lives the famous English general, Vellington. It appears that the English government, always having a watchful eye upon France, and fearing those ebullitions of bravery and of glory which are so constantly stirring up the French, and make them dangerous neighbours, and worthy of unremitted vigilance, has thought fit to place their most famous general in a position from which he can watch our proceedings, and be ready to act instantly in the event of any sudden and unforeseen attack. I am told that it is this very general who has got people to believe that he gained the battle, so called, of Waterloo, whilst all the time it is an understood thing that the French allowed themselves to be beaten on that occasion, on purpose to get rid of the tyranny of Napoleon, which was becoming burdensome to them.

On returning from my walk, and wishing to get

rid of my guide, I asked him to go to the coach-office to find out at what time the coach started, when I found out that either he was totally divested of sense, or that I was not yet master of the English language in all its intricacies. I said to him, "Go to the Bureau of Diligence, to say when it parts," which appeared to me as intelligible as need be. But my friend stood still as stiff as a post, and by his gestures made me fully understand that though an Englishman may not understand his own language, he is by no means deficient in the power of standing up for his own interests. I was obliged to pay him for his walk.

I and my fellow-traveller soon found ourselves at dinner, if I may be allowed to call by that name the curious dishes they placed before us. First of all no soup, and then a succession of cutlets, *Anglicé*, mutton-chops, which appeared before me at long intervals, and made my fellow-traveller expectorate *dams* in just as lively a manner as when he was travelling in France. As a variation of the feast we had potatoes *au naturel*, and for sauce to every dish, melted butter. I was completely stunned by the miseries which I foresaw in the way of eating from this my entrance into England. They are a purely carnivorous people, these English! said I to myself, in a whisper, and in consequence of that observation I began to find out the reason of many peculiarities in the character of that people. Why have they such a

puffy appearance? why such a sleepy air? why is an Englishman's skin so tightly stretched? why are they so little given to dancing? why do they talk so little? why are they more apt to go off in apoplexies than other people? why, may I ask, are they fierce, fat, gross, and grumbling? All those questions I asked myself at different times, and to all of them did I answer, Beef, Beef—Mutton, Mutton. In the middle of these reflections I perceived that my companion was making preparations for departure, and I soon found out that he was going to start that same night for London. From having lived in his society for some days, I took a liking to him, for he was good-natured, sensible, and I think sufficiently intelligent to be aware of the merits of others. It must also be said that he testified a great desire to cultivate my acquaintance, and I saw perfectly that it only depended upon me to make use of his services wholly and entirely. He told me his name was John Potts, and gave me a card to that effect. I, on my part, let him know that my name was Martin Toutrond, that I was son of the famous Toutrond in the Rue du Bac, known by all the world as a man of some consideration; and having given vent to these confidential reciprocities, I saw him go off by the mail, whilst I determined to pass the next day at Dover, that I might continue my observations, and call up a list of facts which might be useful during my stay in England.

CHAPTER IV.

MARTIN SLEEPS ILL IN AN ENGLISH BED.—A SUNDAY AT DOVER.—HE GOES TO CHURCH.

It was now for the first time that I slept in an English bed. There are many signs by which one can discover the step to which any nation has reached in the ladder of civilization; and I think myself perfectly right in saying, that one can judge of that by their mode of sleeping. If the whole English nation sleeps on a bed such as that which was made for me at the hotel at Dover, I protest that it holds a particularly low position in the scale of civilized people. I am sure that I slept upon a mattress either filled with nuts or with something very like that substance. It was a heap of little hills, which most wofully disturbed the repose of my ribs. Right side or left, it was all the same—all parts of my body were equally attacked, and it was only by dint of lassitude that I at last fell asleep, swearing at my ill fortune. In the morning I set to work to find out the reason of the discomfort I had suffered, and it was then that I was persuaded of the lack of civilization in the

aforementioned English nation. From the observations that I made I was convinced that the mattresses upon which I had slept must have been used by the forefathers of the house for many generations. The materials of which the inside was composed, had clearly never been disturbed since the day they were first put together. The inside of these mattresses was hardened by the continued action of the travellers who were wont to repose thereon. Fat and lean, large and small, long and short, healthy and rich, had all taken their turn upon them, and all had had a hand in making ready the miserable reception which fell to my lot. Things are quite different in France. There, we never leave our beds quiet. We like sleeping comfortably. We make use of a soft and elastic substance, fit for the accommodation of all the little ins and outs of the body, and consequently we sleep well. It must, of course, happen that an Englishman rises in an ill temper, if he sleeps upon such a bed as I have been complaining of. The Frenchman, on the contrary, gets up gay and refreshed, and that is the reason why the whole nation rejoices in such liveliness and gaiety, qualities which make us look the evils and the reverses of life in the face with courage and even indifference.

On looking out of window, I perceived, from the lack of movement in the harbour, and from the melancholy aspect of the streets, that it was Sunday, which day, as I had been already told, was in

England given up to idleness and ennui. With the view of observing manners, and having nothing else to do, I walked towards the church, the melancholy bell of which had for the last half hour been announcing the hour of morning service. I presented myself, and was accosted by a man in a laced coat, who, judging from my appearance that I was not one of the vulgar herd, asked me if I wanted a seat. I answered "Yes" in very good English, and he accordingly shewed me into a narrow kind of pew, situated in a broad gallery, which overlooked the whole church, where I found myself surrounded by a forest of women's bonnets, with a slight sprinkling of male heads. I remarked, indeed, that the number of women was much greater than the number of men; but it must also be said that the former took up much more room; the size of their bonnets, both straw and silk, well trimmed with ribands and feathers, and the immense circumference of their persons being taken into consideration. All these were seated in numbered pews, excepting in the passages which led to them, where individuals, for the most part of the middling ranks, remained standing. "But," I asked myself, "where are the poor? I see no place for the wretched! In our churches the beggar kneels next to the nobleman; here I see nothing but riches, not one poor devil of a dirty pauper do I see, though certainly such must exist. Can, then, this Protestant religion be that of the

rich, and is there another religion for the poor? We manage such matters better in our country. There we are all mixed up together in worship. The church is in common; it is always open, and always at everybody's service."

Whilst waiting for the opening of the service, I looked right and left, in order to make my observations upon the architecture of the building, also upon the monuments and other objects which adorned its walls. In the style of its architecture I remarked a touch of the Gothic. My thoughts reverted to the buildings which I had seen in France. "Ha! ha!" cried I, to myself, "here are the traces of our victories — here already has France dictated science, as she has dictated laws to a vanquished people." I felt myself full of pride for my country, and though I could not share my triumph with those around me, I nevertheless felt sure if they had known who I was, they would have hastened to bear witness to my merit.

I remarked many monuments, the greater part of which were embedded in the wall, whilst here and there, appeared certain framed boards, containing couplets, apparently extracted from the Bible. But *one* monument above all attracted my attention. Of an immense size, it reached from the ceiling to the floor, and presented a surface of marbles of different colours — such was the quantity of objects crowded into this huge piece of sculpture, that, as a curiosity, and as a pattern of

English taste, I gave myself the trouble to write a description of it in my note-book. First of all, below the pediment on the left side, I saw the head of an ill-looking old man, flanked by a pair of wings, which came out of his ears. Doubtless this was Time. On the other side, as an equivalent, was a Death's-head, equally supported by wings. I understood why Time should have wings ; but as for Death, it is all over with him. Then came a scythe, then an hour-glass, then a rose, and below a large book, a little lower down, the caduceus of Mercury, and opposite to it, a flute, also with wings. A little shield, Apollo's lyre, a looking-glass, a pen, a sword, a Medusa's head, but old and ugly, a pair of scales, and a cup and saucer were placed here and there. Below all, appeared a pillar on the right, and the club of Hercules on the left hand. In the middle of all this the gentleman's arms were conspicuous, and below them was an inscription, which announced that *there* rested the ashes of a Milord Eaton, the last of a long line, which for ages had inhabited Dover, and that a lady, impressed with the advantages of belonging to a family of such antiquity, had caused this fine monument to be erected. In the midst of my reflections upon the singular heap of objects thus piled together, I perceived the clergyman approaching. A clerk, in a black dress, walked before him to make room, and they both ascended the pulpit, situated in

the centre of the church. There they were seated, the minister in the pulpit, the clerk on one side of him. The organ then sounded and the service immediately began. I paid great attention to the service, wishing both to take a lesson, in English, and to make out what was meant, and I found, in truth, beautiful things were to be heard. "Ah!" said I to myself, "if the warmth of devotion among the English did but answer to the sublime prayers (whatever I may think of the use of them,) which are placed in their mouths by order of government, they would by this time be a nation of seraphs." But how far from that is the fact! All that beautiful Litany, which ought to be repeated by breasts torn by the agony of sin, is recited with an icy coldness, and the only voice which arose above the others was that of the clerk, who, thundering forth Amens, destroyed by the common-place tone of his voice, that feeling of devotion which had produced the most touching inflections in the voice of the clergyman. It ought ever to be a matter of course to muzzle the clerk before beginning.

I made also another observation, which I should much like to submit to the notice of the English government. The minister had finished reading a portion of the Holy Scriptures, full of sublime expressions, producing a serious effect upon his audience, when all at once I saw the clerk put into his hands an unecclesiastical-looking book, from

which he gave forth a list of people to be married, repeating certain barbarous names, male and female, thus designating certain individuals who were to undergo that ceremony. There was something calculated to destroy *in toto* the effect produced by the aforesaid reading, for what could be more ridiculous than to hear that Grump male was to marry Dump female? These announcements ought to take place elsewhere; and to judge by the feelings they produced on me, a Frenchman and a stranger, I think that nothing ought to supervene which might disturb the seriousness of the mind which has been listening to the beautiful words of the English church-service.

CHAPTER V.

HE LEAVES DOVER IN A STAGE-COACH.—HE RECEIVES A BILL.—HIS JOURNEY AND ARRIVAL IN LONDON.—HE VISITS HIS FATHER'S CORRESPONDENT.

I was still revelling in a delicious sleep when I was told that it was time to start for London. At a very early hour, whilst I was stretched on my nut-bed, somebody knocked at my door, and I heard a voice which said "seven o'clock." What that meant exactly, I did not trouble myself to inquire, but being convinced that these words announced the departure of the coach, I made haste to get up, and in fact I saw it at the door when I came down stairs. I was going to throw myself into it, when I was presented with that formidable *bill*, of which I had so often heard speak, and which indeed, considering the miseries I had endured in the way of eating, sleeping, and amusement, appeared enormous to me. But, through fear of losing my place in the coach, I gave myself up to the payment of it with as good a grace as I could, though ere I started I could not help crying aloud to the master of the hotel, who was standing at the door, "You skin the people,"

" vous écorchez les gens." He seemed to make a responsive grimace as he heard these words; and leaving him a prey to his own thoughts, I turned to examine the persons whom fortune had given me as fellow-travellers. Opposite to me sat a middle-aged woman, ugly, and carrying a child upon her knees. In the other corner I remarked another woman, younger, having still some pretensions to beauty, and dressed in a truly English manner, her face covered with ringlets, and her whole dress presenting a singular mass of lace, ribbons, trimmings, and tyings, of all kinds of colours and all kinds of stuffs. Next to me was a man wrapped up in a cloak; scarcely could I make out the tip of his nose, and at first sight I set him down as one devoted to silence. I immediately began to make the agreeable to the ladies. My *vis-à-vis* did not speak a word of French, and she had the appearance of not paying the least attention to me, although her child soon got possession of my thumb, which he amused himself with sucking at his leisure. The lady with pretensions did not refuse to talk with me, although to say the truth, the only word which she used in reply to my remarks was "Oui!" and sometimes when the remark was lively, "Oui, Oui!" I tried from time to time to excite my friend in the corner to talk, but he sat immovable, so that between the "Oui, Oui," of the beauteous pretender, the state of indifference of my opposite neighbour, the suction of my thumb

by her infant, and the nullity of my next neighbour, I passed my time in a manner by no means agreeable. At length, as good luck would have it, we stopped in a large town of a flourishing appearance. I got out of the coach opposite to an inn, where we changed horses. I saw several Englishmen descend from the top of the coach, one of whom appeared a likely man to talk French. I inquired of him where I should be likely to obtain some real English beer. He civilly answered my question, and when I had well drunk, in order to shew him that I was not totally ignorant of the geography of his country, I exclaimed, looking round upon the town, "Ah ah, so this is Chester!" He begged my pardon very civilly, and told me that I was mistaken, for it was the city of Canterbury. "But, however, you have your Chester," answered I, laying much stress upon my words, to let him see that if I was wrong here I was secure in my data as regards Chester, for without that how could we possess in France the famous cheese of that name? He confessed that there was such a town, and I thought that I saw in his manner a look expressive of admiration. We soon were off again, and the rest of the journey passed dully enough, till at last from the top of a hill we saw from afar the smoke of London. It was then that I renewed my questions in English to my fellow-travellers. The one told me plainly that she did not understand French. The other redoubled her "Oui,

Oui," and the silent man, paid me not the slightest attention. So much did the silence of the last-mentioned individual deceive me that I felt sure he could not be alive, and must therefore be a corpse, and I was making sure of this when he gave signs of life by spitting out of the window. I am persuaded were I to tell this story in France I should not be believed. The natural history of man, especially of Frenchmen, does not furnish one such instance of the suppression of the vocal organ. It is only in England that the talent of keeping oneself very close is carried to the highest degree of perfection. My friend continued mute to the end of the journey. We were arriving for a good hour before the coach stopped, such is the size of the suburbs of this immense metropolis. We threaded streets lined with houses mingled with shops, of a rather low appearance, for whole leagues. Everything indicated an immense population, but I also remarked a great mixture of misery and of riches. The lighting appeared pretty good, and the streets uniform, but no *boulevards*, no trees, all had a sad melancholy and browned appearance. Smoke ruled over all, and covered all things with an eternal mourning; men and houses all smoked through and through, appeared to be one vast Lazaretto.

When arrived at the coach-office I immediately asked for a hackney-coach. I had all the trouble in the world to make the coachman understand me,

although I brought all my English lessons into play. I told him to take me to *Polchin*, an hotel near St. Paul's cathedral, where I had been told that I should find lodging among good people, who talked French well. There he stood with his hand upon the door a good quarter of an hour, understanding nothing owing to my manner of pronouncing the language. I had sung every possible variation upon the word Polchin, and did not find myself a bit advanced, when I bethought myself that I had the written direction in my pocket, which I shewed him, when he immediately understood and cried out, "St. Paul's Chain! You told me to drive to Pol's chin." At last I arrived there safely, and was well received by the master and mistress of a melancholy but respectable hotel, having the cathedral before me and doleful looking houses behind me; but, excepting the smoke, clean and comfortable—English fashion.

I immediately made inquiries whether or no Mr. John Dipps, living in Thames Street, was a person well known; but to my surprise no one appeared to be acquainted with him, or had ever heard the name before. However, upon turning over the leaves of a Directory, there he was found sure enough, and forthwith I was informed of the very number of his habitation. As soon as I was installed in my bed-room, I dressed myself to the best advantage, and, be it said, I did not forget my tooth-brushes. I disposed of my hair in the

most becoming manner, and brandishing a cane with a pendant tuft, whilst a pair of new gloves covered my hands, I darted forth into the streets of London, in order to seek the much-cherished abode of Mr. John Dipps. Everybody I met appeared to me to be oppressed by care and business, but notwithstanding that, I remarked that my personal appearance did not fail to produce considerable effect; for both men and women (the latter above all) did not cease turning round to gaze upon me.

According to the directions which I had received at the hotel, I succeeded at length in discovering the habitation of my father's correspondent. The approaches to it did not indicate a fashionable quarter of the town, for the street was so much obstructed by carts full of merchandise, and by people engaged in commercial labours, that it was with all the trouble in the world that I succeeded in making my way good through cart-wheels and cart-horses, not, however, without receiving a most unwelcome salutation of mud, which covered me from head to foot. At length, having reached Mr. Dipps's house, I observed his name on the door, which being open I immediately entered, and found myself in a counting-house, small and ill-lighted, where I discovered a young man seated on a stool, writing at a desk. I requested to see Mr. Dipps. The young man told me that it would not be long before he came, and desired me to be seated. I observed

little which indicated riches, but much indicative of oil and tallow. Wherever I turned my eyes I observed samples and specimens, which gave rise to the reflection that Miss Dipps must necessarily have been brought up in the vicinage and the odour of those commodities. However, consoling myself with the reverse of the thought that "all is not gold that glitters," I persuaded myself that the riches of a merchant would not as a matter of course come to the surface in his counting-house. Notwithstanding this my reflection, I should have been very happy to have acquired some certain information touching the real state of Mr. Dipps's finances, in order thereby to draw inferences relative to the marriage portion which he might be disposed to give to his daughter; and perceiving that he did not arrive, I deemed the opportunity favourable to gain some hints thereupon from the lips of the young clerk actually before me. He was a fair youth, with plump florid cheeks, light blue eyes, enjoying a fresh complexion, and a countenance and appearance entirely English. He was dressed with a certain air of pretension; his hair well combed, and his shirt clean. Perceiving that he cast sly glances ever and anon over my person, I was persuaded that he was inflamed with the desire of imitating certain parts of my dress, and, with a view of encouraging his ambition, I arose from my seat, and stretching my legs and making the most of my shape, I made two or three

turns in the counting-house before him, wishing thereby to open a conversation with him. I began by inquiring whether his chief did not trade in tallow. I translated my inquiry into English thus —" Mister Dipps, he does it in the tallow?" The youth appeared to me somewhat surprised, for he answered my inquiry by a most sonorous "*What?*" and then said, " does what in the tallow?" Again I endeavoured to better explain myself by saying, " Is he not?—he works in the tallow?" At length, having understood me, he said " Oui, Oui," several times, and then, in a French so little intelligible that it required all my acuteness to understand it, he informed me that Mr. Dipps dealt not only in tallow but oil also. Then, in order to give myself the airs of one who was versed in business, I jauntingly inquired in English,—

" How you do your tallow? — how you do your oil?" The big oaf upon this laughed in my face, but having understood, in truth, the object of my inquiry, he soon gave me every possible information that I could require, regarding the commodities in question. Having thus paved the way to acquire his confidence, I undertook to sound him with respect to the wealth of my future father-in-law. He at once assured me that Mr. Dipps was extremely rich, and that he was, in fact, the first oil and tallow merchant in the city of London. Upon which, adopting a tone of freedom and banter, at the same time making allusion to his daughter,

I inquired, by a side-glance, what might be the fortune which she would possess upon her marriage? At this question I perceived that my friend's face was suffused with blushes, and in a most embarrassed manner he assured me that upon that subject he was ignorant. In talking of Mr. Dipps himself, he made use of the epithet, "old fashioned," and by the character he gave of him it was easy to perceive, that though rich, he was a man who was not disposed to part with his money without an equivalent. I did not think it right upon this occasion to extend my inquiries, but followed up this negotiation by adopting a tone of amicable demonstration towards the youth, inquiring what might be his name? He told me

HOW TO TIE A CRAVAT.

that he was called James Simpkins, and, by way of returning my advances, he requested me, with-

out the slightest hesitation, to shew him how I managed to tie my neckcloth with so neat a tie. I immediately proceeded to give him a lesson upon that difficult art, and having seated myself opposite him, we mutually divested ourselves of our cravats, and whilst I was taken up in endeavouring to make his bend to my fingers, and whilst he was contemplating the sinuosities of mine, all at once the door opened, and, to our utter confusion, in walked Mister John Dipps himself.

CHAPTER VI.

MARTIN DESCRIBES MR. DIPPS'S PERSON.—EPITOME OF AN ENGLISHMAN.—HE TAKES A SHORT SURVEY OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Mr. Dipps was a short, square, and fat man, whose body in all its departments exhibited a propensity to adopt the spherical form. His forehead, nose, cheeks, and chin were round—round before, round behind, he was screwed upon two legs, thick and short, which made him perambulate as if he ran upon castors. His countenance was benign, and the eye was sagacious—but his whole person appeared to be enveloped in so tight a skin, that he seemed ready to burst. Beef and beer seemed to bud at his extremities, and a certain oily varnish had been daubed over his skin by nature, which deprived him of that refinement of appearance, that a Frenchman is so happy to possess. Upon entering, he appeared surprised at perceiving the singular position which his clerk and I had taken up opposite to each other, and casting a look of severity upon him, he asked me, in a dry accent accompanied by a look of suspicion, What there might be at my service? As quick as lightning,

I presented him with my letter of introduction from my father, and then I saw how happy he was to see me. He took me by the hand, which he shook with cordiality, and then begged me to be seated. He did me the honour to tell me that I much resembled my uncle (who, by the bye, was a very handsome man), whose memory he much cherished, and then entered upon a learned dissertation upon the actual position of oil and tallow in England, which he brought to a close by inquiring what might be the present and future prospects of those articles in France. I had never much turned my mind to commerce, consequently I had never been well initiated into the mysteries of our celebrated warehouse in the Rue du Bac. My education had been planned upon a more refined model than that of a shopkeeper, and trade had never entered into my philosophical speculations, consequently I did not feel myself in a position to give to Mr. Dipps the information which he required at my hands. However, in order to render myself worthy of the confidence which he seemed desirous to repose in me, and in order to further the object which I had of making myself his son-in-law, I deemed it my duty to exhibit my powers, and to prove to him, by putting forth my sagacity, that I possessed sufficient talent to conduct affairs. It was then that I gave him my views upon Russia, whence I knew tallow came.—With great energy, I pointed out its political position, and ex-

posed the personal chararacter of its Emperor, who by tyrannizing over the Poles, and carrying his views to the conquest of the East, would evidently produce considerable effect upon the prices and upon the qualities of that produce, so essential to the welfare and prosperity of our social existence. I made my speech in English, introducing French episodes whenever I was at a loss for words. He listened to me with considerable attention, and appeared much surprised with the vastness of my views. He seemed to be struck with the general result of my observations, for when he found that I had entirely exhausted the subject of tallow, he desired me to write to my father, that actually there was such an abundance on hand in London, that it was fast melting away, "but," added he, "give him the refreshing news, that town tallow is firm." I promised to make my father the partaker of this happy piece of intelligence by the very first opportunity, and then, carried away by the success of my first essay, I equally expatiated upon the subject of oil. I informed Mr. Dipps that I had an uncle who was a dealer in lamps, particularly in street-lamps, who assured me before my departure from Paris, that much was openly said upon the probability of a change likely to occur in the lighting of that capital,—that if gas acquired the ascendant, such an event would much influence the oil market, and consequently ought to be held in constant contemplation

by speculators in that commodity. But, on the other hand, to console him, I informed him that my father, my mother, myself, my uncles and aunts, and the whole of our numerous family, had given each other the word, to encourage all in our power, the tastes of those who consumed oil and those who in general professed their love of oil, and in that view, we, that is my father, mother, aunts and uncles had set on foot a system of salad-eating, eating thereof with zeal and ardour, an exercise which, we hoped, would materially influence the sale of that liquid. Mr. Dipps appeared to pay great attention to what I said, and, by his looks, seemed to approve the zeal displayed by my family, in furthering the interests of the oil trade; but our conversation did not last long, for I was soon struck with the idea that we did not comprehend each other, so little talent does the Englishman exhibit in seizing at half a word the rapid observations made by a Frenchman, whose object is to distinguish himself. I arose to take my leave, when Mr. Dipps, taking me by the hand, made me understand that he would be happy to see me at dinner that very day, in order to eat *pot-luck* with him and his family. What that dish might be I could not form an idea, but I consented to his proposal with much pleasure, since I should then have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of his charming daughter, and thus accomplish the object of my journey. I

accepted the invitation in such terms, that the correspondent of my father, and the friend of my uncle, would not fail to approve of the polish of my manner and the delicate tone of my sentiments. I assured them that I had left France in the sole view of paying my respects to him, and of being presented to Mrs. Dipps, and of endeavouring to make myself acceptable to Miss Dipps, of whom I had heard much, and who was well known, by reputation at least, even at Paris. I had talked myself into a humour for paying an infinity of extremely well-turned compliments, when, all at once, I stopt short, by the recollection of the advice which I had received from my uncle on that subject, on my departure from Paris, and was glad to find that I had not gone too far. I therefore quitted Mr. Dipps, with the promise of returning at six o'clock, the dinner hour, and, all things considered, I fondly hoped that I had left a favourable impression on his mind, both as regarded my wit and my personal qualities.

It was still early in the day, and wishing to fill up my time agreeably until dinner-time, I requested Mr. Dipps to be so kind as to send some one with me, who would shew me about the city and point out some of its principal buildings. He immediately acceded to my request, and forthwith desired his young man to accompany me. The above-mentioned Simpkins and I sallied forth, he, charmed to be set at liberty for one whole morn-

ing, and I, happy to have one as my companion who, in shewing me about the city, might, perhaps, also give me some insight into the future prospects in life of the lady of my hopes. He first asked me what I wished principally to see. Without much hesitation I said, among other things, there were two which I much wished to see, first, the Exchange, and, secondly, the public funds. I called the Exchange, the "Bourse," of course, for I could know it by no other name, and this seemed to puzzle him amazingly. I then translated it freely into his own language, thus, "the London purse," then the "public purse," the "famous purse." After much explication, I flattered myself that I had made myself understood, and we went on our way accordingly, threading our path through many devious lanes until we reached an immense thoroughfare thronged with a crowd of busy-looking people, walking along with hurried steps and anxious faces, and with multitudes of carts and carriages of all sorts and sizes. This I was told was the famous Cheapside, and then, again, further on, the Cornhill, where once was a corn-market. We passed a handsome and extensive building, where the course of exchange was settled, and in the centre of which was seen a vast court surrounded by a colonnade. I here discovered a curious fact, that the course of exchange is settled by order of the government, for this fine building is called the Royal Exchange;

and what is still further remarkable is, that we French call those men who transact our mercantile affairs *courtiers*, which is a title given in England to those who officiate about the Court. Such are the incongruities of language and manners between the two nations, strongly characteristic of their respective characters. But the young Simpkins continued to be strangely puzzled, as he with great zeal endeavoured to discover for me the situation of the "London purse." He turned himself first to the right, then to the left, looked up, then looked down, with mouth open, and eyes little denoting intellect, and again, as a last resource, he asked me whether it really was the London purse which I wished to see. At length, having met an acquaintance, he stopped him and inquired with great apparent pertinacity, whereabouts in all the city was to be found "the purse of London," which his French friend, pointing to me, asserted was in existence. The acquaintance seemed to be quite as much at a loss as Simpkins, and they held a long consultation together, until turning to me, in very good French, he, the acquaintance, asked me what I really wished to see, for, in truth, the "London purse" did not tangibly exist, and was only called into action by acts of parliament, and executed by the Lords of the Treasury. Then, I having explained my meaning, he seemed to fall from the very clouds as soon as he had discovered it. Turning me round, then, with my

face towards the road through which we had come, he pointed with his extended arm, and exclaimed, "There! that is your purse—we call it the Exchange," — and straightway pointed out to me the building we had already explored, and which had prompted me to make so many ill-founded conjectures, which must ever be the fate of those who only half know a language.

Simpkins and I retraced our steps, having civilly wished good-morning to our informant, and again inspected the building, which, however, cannot vie in appearance with the Parisian edifice, for this is old and dirty, unworthy of its celebrity, whilst ours is really new and magnificent. I did not fail to make a series of observations to my companion touching the superiority of Paris over London, which did not appear to please him, whence I concluded that national prejudice in favour of his own country, is a feeling very deeply rooted in the English bosom. One might as well compare an old harridan to a young coquet, as compare the English Royal Exchange to the French Bourse.

CHAPTER VII.

MARTIN INSPECTS THE BANK.—HE SNEERS AT ENGLISH COFFEE-HOUSES.—HE DINES WITH HIS FATHER'S CORRESPONDENT AND SEES MISS DIPPS.

As soon as we had walked over the Royal Exchange, I requested my companion to shew me the public funds. He appeared as much astonished at my request as he had been when I requested to be shewn the "Bourse." "Public funds!" he exclaimed, "one does not see the public funds."—"How!" said I, exclaiming also, "a thing so public, not seen! that is out of the question. Everything is seen now-a-days. Are there not the public newspapers—the public carriages—public gardens? Everything of that sort is seen in France, and it must necessarily be seen here. Liberalism is the order of the day; everything is seen—everything is said—everything is heard—everything is read—nothing is hidden. I am quite persuaded that the public funds are to be seen; besides, they are to be bought—now that which is to bought must be seen—that is quite positive."

Simpkins appeared to be perfectly convinced

of the truth of my remarks, and even was bright enough to add to the list of the public things which were seen, public orators and public actors, but still he insisted upon it, that the public funds could not be seen, saying that their existence depended upon public credit, which everybody knew was not palpable, and could not be seen by mortal eyes. My companion, during our conversation, was bending his steps towards a vast stone edifice, with great pretensions to architectural beauty, and which he informed me was the Bank of England. Is it so? said I—well, did I not tell you that the public funds were visible in some shape or other. Here they are, then, in a fine palace. I am quite satisfied, and do not wish to see them otherwise. We entered the building, and walked through the rooms appertaining to the several departments of the Bank, and after having convinced Simpkins of the facility with which my mind had been able to acquire all the details and intricacies of the financial system of England, I requested him furthermore to take me to see whatever he might deem most worthy of the observation of a foreigner eager for information. He mentioned to me a certain coffee-house, in the neighbourhood, which he assured me was well worth seeing. How! a coffee-house! said I in exclamation. A coffee-house in London worthy of being seen—well! to be sure! For that sort of thing you must go to Paris. It is there coffee-

houses may be seen, indeed. Let the stranger go the whole length of the Boulevards, let him walk over the Palais Royal, there he will see enough to satisfy his curiosity in every thing that relates to a coffee-house. I flatter myself," said I, " with some little tone of exultation, that you will never be able to shew me anything to be compared to our Tortoni, to our Café Français, or our Thousand Columns so called. And it is not alone the localities that you must inspect, you must examine those who frequent them. See those young men and women of fashion, all beautifully and elegantly dressed,—all sparkling with wit and grace, gay, full of life and conversation, all exhibiting to the foreigner specimens of the true Frenchman—amiable, brave, and gallant. Ah!" I exclaimed, with enthusiasm in my heart, " our France is, indeed, a lovely and only France, and you English do well to attempt to copy her." I do not know whether my companion had wit enough to comprehend all the observations I made, but I was happy to see that however well disposed he might be to indulge in a favourable opinion of his own country, still he did not refrain from adopting a tone of humility and submission in his answer. He allowed that his much vaunted coffee-house, which he had ventured to uphold, and which was called by the unmeaning name of Lloyd's, was famous neither for its good company, nor the excellence of its refreshments. In fact, it appears

that it would be difficult even to get an ice-cream there; and as for punch and refined liquors, that was not the place to seek them. At length, not having exactly made out in what the excellence of this coffee-house consisted, I exclaimed, "For heaven's sake! of what use then can this place be?" Simpkins answered, "You will see," and we entered a vast saloon or hall. It was too large to serve the purposes of amusement, or passing an idle hour, but it was filled by an immense number of men, who seemed to be busy with any thing but the usual avocations of a coffee-room, for they were, in fact, busy with real business, as if they were negotiating the affairs of a whole world. Some, surrounded by papers and boxes containing papers, were writing and making calculations: others were eagerly conversing, others again reading and pondering, all appeared absorbed in business. But, I saw nothing which indicated a coffee-house. "Here it is," said my companion, "where insurances on ships and cargoes are made, and affairs to the amount of millions are discussed and transacted at each hour of the day." I soon saw, that Simpkins wished, also, in his turn, to enjoy a bit of triumph, for his nose was in the air, and his unmeaning face was visited by a smile: but I took care at the earliest moment to deprive him of his pleasure, for I assured him, that which he had never known before, that France was so singularly well situated in her relative position with

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other countries, that she was quite above the necessity of effecting insurances upon her ships, which navigated and passed with perfect liberty over every sea, in spite of every opposition. I did not wait for his answer, for I saw it was full time to return home to prepare for dinner, I therefore wished him good morning, and having reached my lodgings, I duly put my hair in order, took a strict survey of my finger-nails, and cleaned my teeth, according to my uncle's injunctions, and then I felt myself ready to be presented to Miss Dipps, at the hour of dinner. My father and uncle had provided me with two letters of recommendation, besides the one which I had presented to his principal correspondent, one for Mr. Tugdug, written in English *Too-good*, a wholesale cheese-merchant, and another for Messrs. Bacon and Salt, ham and salted goods merchants, both of which I intended to deliver after having obtained the advice of Mr. Dipps upon the best mode of so doing.

I arrived at the dinner-hour in Thames Street; passing the counting-house door, I was introduced into the body of the house by another door, narrow in its dimensions, and, in the passage, deposited my hat upon a peg on the wall. A footboy, about fifteen years of age, invited me to follow him up a flight of steps to the first floor, when he opened a door opposite, and announced my name in a manner quite strange to my ears, and forthwith I

found myself in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Dipps; of the young lady, their daughter; of another person, middle aged; and of young Simpkins. As soon as I entered, Mr. Dipps walked up to me in the most friendly manner possible, and put me in mind that I should find *potluck* for my only fare (a dish which I was curious to taste), and then he turned himself towards his wife, and presented me as the son of his correspondent at Paris, and nephew to his old friend, formerly established in London. The old lady received me as graciously as she well could, and repeated in a pointed and positive manner that I should find nothing but the aforesaid potluck for my dinner, of which it would seem the English are inclined to be very liberal. The expression of her looks might be difficult to define, for her face was overlaid with certain layers of flesh, so considerable that her eyes were scarcely seen, and her mouth was almost hidden by the prominences that were projected between the nose and the chin. She asked me whether I talked English, and when I answered her in a most respectful manner, with demonstrations of great regret, that I only was slightly acquainted with it, she turned towards her daughter, and said, "There, there is my daughter, who has learnt French, and who will talk with you as much as you please." Up to that moment I had abstained from turning my eyes towards that young lady, being certain that appearance of

timidity is a sure sign of respect, and that respect is the certain passport to the approbation of a woman full of sensibility. My looks met hers, and I thought that I straightway perceived a slight shiver throughout her frame, followed by a most attractive blush. Miss Dipps was not strictly handsome, but she possessed a certain freshness which belongs to youth, enhanced by great ingenuousness of manner, which interested me immediately in her favour. She was rather of a small shape, though well developed, and inclining to fat. Her eyes, uncertain in matter of colour, were expressive; her nose had all the pretensions of the turned up nose, and, when she spoke, her mouth told all beholders that it was full of white teeth, excepting where they were partially discoloured. I was in every way disposed to find her handsome, and so disposed that I did my very best to make a display of all my amiability. I began, in French, to deplore my deficiency in the knowledge of English, stating that the first object of my ambition was to be able to converse with her, but I continued by making promises to do my very best to learn it, in order to prove to her my entire devotion and my great desire to render myself worthy of her friendship. Upon hearing these words, in a confidential tone, which gave me much pleasure (for I love to inspire confidence in an unpractised heart), she began to talk French to me, but with an accent and a pronunciation which

certainly evinced considerable want of practice. She told me, at least so I understood her, that she had received her education at a certain Miss Borealls, at Milan, where she had received *les aliments de grammaire*, had learnt *les usages des globes*, and that she was well *fondue en geographes*. I asked her whether she was fond of music, and she informed me, her face beaming with enthusiasm, that she played Handel and the thorough bass (evidently two new instruments), and that she sung *des attrapes et des joies*. I had all the trouble imaginable to understand what she wished to say, and when she saw how puzzled I was, she had the kindness to explain to me that those sort of songs, in English, were called catches and glees. She, moreover, said that the Handel, which I thought might be a newly invented instrument, was in fact the name of an old composer of music, and the thorough bass had nothing to do with an instrument, but was in fact a course of study necessary to the right comprehension of musical science. Volubility was the characteristic of her manner of speaking; she never paused to seek the right word, but always went forward with a hardihood, which evidently made the bowels of her tender mother jump with joy, for the old lady turned up her eyes to me every now and then, by way of enjoying the surprise which the talents of her daughter, she was evidently persuaded, would produce in my mind.

I was several times on the point of stopping Miss Dipps in the middle of one of her speeches, in order to correct her defects of expression and pronunciation, but I saw it was utterly impossible, so much did she appear satisfied with the pleasure of conversing with me. The confidence which she was thus pleased to repose in me very much elevated my spirits, and I already began to perceive that the happiest results would crown the object of my undertaking. I visibly saw that she regarded me with an eye of favour, although be it said, that my appearance, my dress, and my pleasing manners, must have come out in strong relief amidst the tallow and the oil by the which she was surrounded, and must have assailed her heart in a manner difficult to be resisted. I was determined to avail myself of every advantage which I saw my person and my intelligence had already secured to me, both in the goodwill of the father and mother, as well as the more tender sentiments of the daughter, and, therefore, as soon as the dinner was announced, I stept forward and handed Miss Dipps down the narrow flight of stairs leading to the dining-room, where the famous potluck was in waiting for us. As we proceeded, I thought, from a glance which I caught in the eye of young Simpkins, that he would have been very happy to be in my place.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DINNER AT MR. DIPPS'S.—MISS TALKS FRENCH.—MARTIN AVOWS HIS POLITICS.

I WAS appropriately seated at the table, for I had the good luck to find myself placed between the mother and the daughter. The dinner was already on the table, but when the covers were taken off, what was my dismay to see no soup; there positively was no signs of potage, a circumstance which much disappointed my stomach, for there were now three days that I had passed in England and had not yet seen a potage; there were, also, no napkins, which I found a prevalent defect in English tables.

I cast about my eyes in order to discover the dish which had so repeatedly been promised to me, but I saw nothing but beef cut into powerful slices, and strongly seasoned with onions. "But this is our *bifstik!*" I exclaimed with astonishment. "Can it be possible, that what we call bifstik, should here be called pot-luck!" I perceived that my astonishment produced great merriment around the table, particularly in the breast of the old lady, who having exhausted the joke, seriously

endeavoured to make me comprehend that rumpstik and bifstic meant the selfsame thing, whilst Miss Dipps, in her own peculiar French, explained to me that pot-luck was, in fact, *le bonheur du pot*, "the happiness of the pot." For the love of me! dear young lady, I exclaimed, do say *fortune du pot*, and not *bonheur du pot*. I said this as soon as I had understood what she meant to say, for I had been desirous to give her a lesson upon idioms, which form the essence of languages. I continued thus, "We say fortune of the pot, and never happiness of the pot, because the pot being an inanimate thing, without feeling or sentiment, cannot enjoy happiness—but fortune or chance, which actuates things animate or inanimate, stands in a different predicament, and may properly be applied in such a case. I beg of you to understand, Miss Dipps, that we look much to our idioms, and therefore I entreat you to pardon the liberty and freedom with which I have the honour to address you." The young lady, however, did not appear to me to be converted by the truth of my observations, but continued to pour out French after her fashion, so much so, that I was obliged to interrupt her occasionally, in order to talk to her in English, the only mode left me to make myself understood. It was then that I remarked that she, her mother, her father, his friend, and the young Simpkins exhausted themselves by frequent explosions of laughter, a custom which I am sorry to say I per-

ceived to be an universal failing in the nation at large. The dinner being over, when the dessert came upon the table, I observed that among the fruit served up, were certain apples, which looked as if they had been picked in the wild and uncultivated state. I took up one in my hand, and presenting it to the old lady, I said, "Is it not? these are savage apples." Whereupon, she and her daughter broke out into immoderate laughter, a spasm which was caught up by the others, and they laughed so much, that I was reduced to the necessity of looking extremely serious. I inquired what could be the matter, whether I had said anything very extravagant, but I was answered by renewed peals. As for my English, I felt that to be quite perfect. *Pommes sauvages* I was quite certain could be translated by no other words than "savage apples," that was quite clear: in those few words it was quite impossible that I could have made an oversight, or let off a bit of impertinence; but the more I wished to ascertain the reason of their mirth, the more they laughed. At length the merriment came to an end, and without making me the smallest apology, I beheld Mrs. Dipps rise from table, and followed by her daughter, they left the room, leaving me behind. It was then that I was witness, in my own person, to that custom peculiar to the English nation, of allowing the ladies to quit the room, leaving the gentlemen at table, for the purpose of giving toasts,

and drinking punch, and the wine of Oporto. I sat myself down again, docile to the invitation of Mr. Dipps, who made signs to me to approach him, in order that I might better drink wine, of which two bottles were placed near him. I had remarked during dinner that Mr. Dipps, as well as his friend, had made several attempts to ascertain what might be my political opinions, whether (to speak the language of England) I was Whig, Tory, or Radical, distinctive names which I had already learnt comprised all the different political parties in England, and I flatter myself that I managed matters very satisfactorily. As soon as the ladies were gone, my gentlemen were soon plunged into politics, and I then discovered that they were strongly opposed to the actual government, and consequently were inveterate Tories. Mr. Dipps's friend, who, like himself, was an oil and tallow merchant, broke out into a vigorous declamation against certain innovations lately made in matters of commerce, which apparently excited his utmost wrath. "We are on the high-road to our entire ruin!" he exclaimed, "nothing can save us. Since these odious Whigs have taken the management of affairs, everything goes wrong. Here are the whales this very year which have determined not to shew themselves, and for certain there will be a want of oil. In vain our ships appear at the North-pole, nothing is caught. We may begin to believe that the fish have passed

the word, since the agitation of reform, to go elsewhere. Where all this is to end, the wisest man cannot predict. Without oil nothing can be done. All the steam-engines must stop; no navigation, no manufactures; the world will remain stationary, and oil-merchants will go die of hunger. It is absolutely necessary that we who trade in the commodity, should shew ourselves, and present petitions setting forth the evil under which we labour."

"What you have said," remarked Mr. Dipps, "is full of truth. Our country is now in the hands of a set of blockheads, who amuse themselves by making long speeches about matters of no importance, when things essential are neglected and left to run to ruin, endangering that fine constitution which we have inherited from our ancestors: to wit, the rights of the monarchy, the aristocracy, the church and the bishops. Observe that the tallow trade for several years has been placed in the utmost jeopardy, and will never get right, all for want of ability in our negotiators. Would you believe it, the Russians no longer slay their oxen as in former times, because they fear a revolution in this country, apprehending, so they say, should the people prevail, the uses of all tallow candles would be abolished, excepting those made of home-made tallow. Now, the minister for foreign affairs, instead of sitting down and enjoying his salary for doing nothing, ought to compel the

Emperor of Russia to kill his oxen, and demand of him, with the alternative before him of having a British fleet before Moscow, never to allow the English market to be unprovided with tallows of all qualities, in order that she should enjoy that light so essential to the happiness and prosperity of every civilized nation. It is conspiring against our liberties to deprive us of light, and the minister who would lend himself to so nefarious a scheme, ought forthwith to be impeached."

I was delighted to have thus obtained an insight into Mr. Dipps's political opinions, and I forthwith determined to do everything in my power to acquire his good opinion, and therefore I thus announced myself a Tory of the first water.

"How," said I, "is it possible that the so much vaunted liberties of England, namely, the right of writing whatever man may please in the newspapers, of scribbling on the walls, of making use of fists, and so many other liberties, is it possible that all should be placed at the entire disposal of those wretched and abject Whigs, whilst we, the Tories should become the puppets of their ignorance and evil government! Let them take example of our France, a country which for ages has been the model of a State, wisely and steadily administered and which having, by her own individual power, conquered half the world, is left in a position so imposing, as to be able easily to conquer the remaining half. Let them consider a little the im-

mense advantage of having a Chamber of Deputies, which rejoices in a left side, as well as a right side. Everything depends upon that. Get your sides into proper order, and you will soon bring those miserable pretenders to wisdom, the Whigs, to their proper senses. If England is in want of deputies, France will supply her with an abundance, and thus she may enjoy a similar state of happiness. I feel persuaded," said I, continuing my speech with fervour, "I say that I am convinced, without much flattery, that I alone, within a reasonable time, should be able to smooth many a difficulty, which seems now to weigh so heavily upon England. Nothing so easy to accomplish, for example, as your reform."

The energy with which I pronounced these words, of which the major part were in English, produced a surprising effect upon Mr. Dipps, his friend, and the young Simpkins. They looked at each other with astonishment, and I very soon saw that they could not prevent the avowal of their admiration. They said many flattering things about me, among which I plainly heard, "well! he is a go!" all blarney!" "all gammon!" expressions which much pleased my self-love, and made their way good to the recesses of my heart. After this they talked much upon trade, whilst every now and then they helped themselves to wine, drinking principally a certain red wine, which they seemed to prize much. To me they

scarcely said anything but "pass the bottle," words which at length, from their frequent recurrence, so entirely fatigued my ears, that I determined at all hazards to emancipate myself from my sad position. As good luck for me would have it, I heard the voice of a man in the street, who vociferated, "Second Edition Courier!" I immediately inquired of Simpkins what this meant, and what was particularly meant by "Second Edition." They all three laughed at my question —wherefore? who can say, excepting that we were in England; but Simpkins answered by saying, "It is all my eye!" "How," said I, "what means 'my eye?' what has a Second Edition to do with my eye?" This observation of mine broke the spell of the dinner, for having made the sitters laugh, they forgot the subject of their interminable conversation, and seeing me rise, they arose also. We went up stairs, where we found Miss Dipps seated opposite to a hissing urn, surrounded by cups and saucers, apparently preparing herself to pour out tea, an operation which I had already heard was almost an essential part of an English lady's religion.

CHAPTER IX.

MISS POURS OUT TEA.—SHE TALKS MORE FRENCH.—SHE ATTEMPTS MUSIC AND SINGS.

As soon as we had entered the room, I went up to Miss Dipps at once and made great efforts to make myself useful. I seized upon the teapot, and settled myself in an attitude to pour out the tea into the cups, but I beheld, to my dismay, the young lady fly at me with a look of despair, exclaiming meanwhile, "O ma bonté! O ma bonté!" and adding, "cette thé n'a pas tiré," "this tea has not pulled." Quite overcome by my want of tact, I returned the teapot to its place on the teaboard, but after waiting to see her recover from her excited state, I ventured to address her with great humility, and said, "Allow me to say a few words on the subject of grammar."

"How!" said she, quite surprised.

"You spoke of tea just now as feminine," said I. "It is a fault of small importance, and it is very difficult for an English person to lay hold of the minutiæ of the language, without a fixed habit of continually giving ear thereto. We Frenchmen,

even we are never quite sure of our masculine and feminine, even after having passed a life in studying them. How much more then does it stand to reason, that a foreigner, who only talks our language at intervals, cannot decide at once upon points in which the ear often settles the choice. Tea is positively masculine."

"But!" exclaimed Miss Dipps, "I said nothing concerning tea, only that it had not (*tiré*) pulled."

"Again another wrong idiom," said I; "but pardon me, you made two exclamations, namely, 'O ma bonté, ma bonté!'"

The young lady looked at me with a fixed and thoughtful air, and then burst into a fit of laughter.

"That's good! that's good! that's capital!" she cried out laughing outright, "I did not think of tea, at the time, but said, my goodness! which you know has nothing to do with tea."

Upon witnessing what was passing, the old lady Dipps opened all her eyes, and requested to know what was the matter, when her fair daughter, with unrivalled volubility, related in English all that had passed between us relating to tea, and with such good effect, that Mrs. Dipps as well as Mr. Dipps, his friend, and the young Simpkins, all four began to laugh with the best of horse-laughs, so long, and so thoroughly self-pleased, that I was again reduced to the necessity of putting on my grand forbidding look. The young

Simpkins clothed his features with an expression of malice, when he took to laughing at my expense, and I observed that sly looks of intelligence occasionally passed between him and Miss Dipps, giving rise to certain feelings in my breast which made me quake with jealousy and mortification, and I determined on the spot to leave no stone unturned until I had secured to myself the goodwill and affections of the young lady, a feat, judging by my evident superiority over my rival, both of person and intellect, which would not be very difficult to perform.

"He shall pay me for this," said I, to myself, muttering my feelings between my teeth, when I was assailed by Simpkins's vulgar merriment.

"Go, go, noodle," said I, "I did not come from such a distance, to be distanced by such an ass as thou art!" But, still I deemed it quite right for the better administration of my interests not to shew any ill-humour on the occasion, but continued to put forth all my powers of amiability and devotion towards entrapping the heart of the desired object of my affections. I sat myself next to her and so thoroughly made myself understood by the eloquence of my eyes, that she appeared to be entirely flattered and pleased. I drank tea till I could drink no more, all to please her, the very tears came into my eyes from excess of tea. As fast as I finished one cup, she poured me out another, until at length I found myself reduced to

the necessity of making a variety of well-turned excuses to explain why I could swallow no more; I then enjoyed the pleasure of seeing the whole apparatus taken away, and soon found myself completely at my ease, though sated to the utmost.

Seeing a pianoforte in the corner of the room, I asked Miss Dipps whether she could play upon it, and if so, whether she would allow me to enjoy the pleasure of hearing her perform. Miss Dipps was all complaisance; and not waiting to be asked a second time, she sat herself down and played in succession, a sinfony, three concertoes, three overtures, besides a large quantity of waltzes and quadrilles, while I, hanging over her, could scarcely restrain my yawns, hoping that the turning of each page of music would be the last. When at length she had exhausted the catalogue of her performances, she turned to me, and asked me whether I was fond of singing, when I assured her that singing was the passion nearest my heart. She then began with demonstrations of such good will, that to say the truth I became somewhat alarmed, for I found myself asking myself what on earth am I to do with my yawnings? But luckily a servant maid came in, wishing to speak to her young mistress, who was thus stopped in the very middle of her finest quaver, being obliged to rise from her seat; but in going out she said to me, do not stir, I am only running to the medicine-

chest, which she called *le geste du medicin*. What such an application could mean I did not allow myself to inquire, but took advantage of her absence to inquire of Mr. Dipps, her father, what advice he would give me relative to the presentation of my letters of introduction to the other of my father's correspondents in London.

I shewed to him my two letters. He paused for a few minutes whilst looking at the one to Toogood, and at length said, "he enjoys good credit: he is rich. There are, besides himself, two sisters, who each possess 5000*l.* down: he sells many cheeses, and has a large connection. But," added he, with a certain little shake of the head, "with all that, he is nothing in the City. That good Toogood will never do anything here, because he is a Radical. He is a fierce Radical, and we City folk are much attached to Old England, our King, and Constitution." At these words, Mrs. Dipps put in her word, and said to her husband, "What say you there with regard to the Toogoods?" —"I only remarked," said her husband, "that they were very good sort of people, but that they will never be any thing in the City."—"'Never be any thing,' say you? — No, indeed, — nothing."— This she said several times over. "The father of the Toogoods sold greens and hawked them about in a basket in the streets, and moreover principally in the same street in which his son's warehouse is situated. The son never married

but set up in the cheese line, and he has done so well that he is very well off; but he will never be any thing." Scarcely had Mrs. Dipps said this, when the young lady her daughter entered and announced to us that she had just administered some medicine to the cook, who had suddenly been taken ill. She then entered with vigour into the discussion concerning the Toogoods, and addressing herself to me explained in so many words, how very inferior they were in position, in manners, and in gentility, to her and her family. I, however, who had got scent of a certain 5000*l.* sterling of which each of the ladies Tugdug (for I must call them after my own manner) were possessed, and who did not much care to what degree in the scale of gentility my wife had risen, provided the fortune which she possessed was appropriate, I strongly opined that it would be much for my interest to pursue the abovementioned scent with all vigour, and to make every inquiry concerning the family in question. I therefore boldly said, that as my father's correspondent I necessarily must present my letter. "Yes, yes, certainly by all means," said Mr. Dipps.—"Yes, you must go early to Ironmonger Lane, where Toogood lives, and you will find him in his warehouse—round as one of his cheeses," said Miss Dipps, with a sarcastic smile.—"As large as one of his barrels," added her mother, the sound of whose voice scarcely could make its way through her redundant cheeks. I perceived that

Miss Dipps, whether through rivalry, or fear of my attaching myself to them, never lost an opportunity of speaking ill of the Tugdugs. She said to me, "They are low, very low — an inferior class of people," and in order to prove this assertion added, "they never are admitted to the balls at the Mansion House. They only frequent small houses," which she was pleased to call *les petites maisons*.

On the other hand Mr. Dipps told me that I might go with all honour and safety to Messrs. Bacon and Salt, for whom also I had a letter. They were well conditioned people. Each partner had a country house at Camberwell, and each drove a distinct gig. They were well spoken of, and furnished commodities to the shops at the west end of the town, that is to say, to the westermost point of the compass, a point which I discovered was held in great respect by the small people of London. Miss Dipps took some pains to make me understand that her father, too, furnished commodities (which she called *des commodités*) to the west end, and I saw that she, as well as her father and mother, held that quarter of the city in high veneration, as being the centre of all that was great and admirable, and it was that feeling that brought out her acrimony against the Tugdugs, who it seems resided there. Talking of him, she said, "Yes, he is a grand man; he gives himself airs; he goes daily to the west end, where he

passes himself off for a fine gentleman, but nothing will prevent his being a cheesemonger." Then, as to the ladies of the family, although it should seem that they did their best to acquire some accomplishments, such as singing and playing the piano, yet, were I to believe Miss Dipps, they were so low in the scale of human beings as scarcely to be allowed to class among them.

I was ever on the point of asking this insidious question—how much higher in the scale of gentility, in England, does the tallow-chandler stand above the cheesemonger? But I was stopt by feelings of caution lest I should find myself in a disagreeable position; however, happen what might, I consoled myself by this thought, that should the Dipps speculation fail me, I could always fall back upon the Tugdugs.

CHAPTER X.

MARTIN TOUTROND BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH MR. TUGDUG, WHOLESALE CHEESEMONGER.—HE IS INTRODUCED TO "GO-THE-WHOLE-HOG SOCIETY."

THE next morning I went early to seek the habitation of Mr. Tugdug, wholesale dealer in cheese and hams. Although Mr. Dipps had given me particular directions concerning the exact position of the street in which he was to be found, still I could not help pausing for a moment, as soon as I had discovered it, at its very odd designation —*Ironmonger Lane*—"let us eat the ass;" could such be its meaning, or was it intended for a joke to entrap the unwary foreigner? Full of this idea, I made my way along its narrow pavement until I found myself opposite to a large warehouse, painted in dark green, with the name of Toogood inscribed thereupon in large letters. The entrance was blocked up by a great cart, which was being unloaded of a multitude of large cheeses, which of themselves informed me that I was on the right scent. Everything I saw indicated prosperous circumstances and wealth, and I shook with pleasure when I thought upon the many roads to fortune

which I saw opened to me in England. I straightway entered. In the centre of a small court-yard I found a stout fat man, well dressed, ornamented on his person with pendant chains and seals, and his face well furnished with hair, but withal that, wearing an apron. He was giving his orders, as master of the house, and in fact he proved to be the very Mr. Tugdug to whom my father's letter of introduction was addressed. I presented it, and after he had read it and looked at me from head to foot during the interval of a minute, he held out his hand in the frankest manner possible, and said that he was extremely happy to make my acquaintance. I was delighted to find that he understood my English, for when I had made him the usual compliments, and had assured him that I had long been acquainted with him, from reputation, he answered me that in truth he could boast of having the best cheeses in England. After having walked me about his warehouses for some time, where I saw some thousands of cheeses, he told me that his dwelling-house was at the west end of the town, and that it was there he hoped to have the pleasure of presenting me to his sisters. I then recollected what Miss Dipps had said relating to Mr. Tugdug, how he vauntingly talked of his house at the west end, and I immediately suspected that a tint of jealousy might have coloured the picture which she wished to convey to my mind. My visit having lasted above half

an hour, and when I was about to depart, Mr. Tugdug slapped his forehead as if he had been struck with a happy thought, and said, "You are just arrived at a fortunate moment; I wish to introduce you to a society of persons, with whom I am sure you will be happy to become acquainted. I depend upon you as I would upon another myself, for every good Frenchman must partake of our manner of thinking. We are all brothers in the noble career of liberty, and it is for the purpose of strengthening and enlarging the limits of liberty, that liberty so dear to our nature, that I and many worthy and enlightened men have united ourselves into a socicty, and we all make our efforts tend to obtain that one object. You see in me a 'Whole-Hog man,' and as this very day is the anniversary of the formation of the society, we are going to celebrate it, and I invite you in the name of the society to be present at the meeting."—"What is the meaning of a 'Whole-Hog man?'" said I; "can a living creature be made to answer two purposes?—can you be a hog and a man both at the same time?"—"You will see, you will see," he said, with hurried excitement; "I will give you every information you can require, after your introduction. We require precisely a foreigner—in short, a Frenchman, such as yourself, to give a set off to our assembly. You will enjoy a great treat. You will hear many fair speeches. We have some good orators among us, and we

have much good news to announce to our hearers." Upon saying these words and taking off his apron, he took me by the arm and led me through some of the great London thoroughfares, happy, as I thought, to be seen walking in a manner so intimate with one of my dress and appearance.

As we proceeded through the streets, he could not refrain from telling me what were the aims and object of the society to which I was about to be presented, for he seemed to be so entirely absorbed in the importance of the subject, that he omitted to perceive how much I was astonished at the suddenness of his demands upon me, and how little, in fact, I was interested in furthering his political views. "The society in question," said he, "is called 'Go-the-Whole-Hog Society,' a singular designation, which we have adopted from the United States of America. This society proposes to itself to enlarge the liberties of the human race, and principally of that portion of it which inhabits Great Britain. It establishes as a principle that nature has made all men equal, and its object is to pursue that principle throughout the different stages of life. In order to do that, it becomes necessary to break the ties which at present confine the Englishman, and to place him in a situation either by the means of a new form of government, or by force, to equalize his condition. The society does not, in fact, desire the intervention of force, but hopes to attain its end by the slow but

certain medium of events, which must necessarily flow from the wishes and sentiments now so predominant in the breasts of mankind, which form the spirit of the times. It purposes to aid and encourage that spirit, and to that effect it abets every species of discontent, of public agitation and complaint; it protects sedition, so called, applauds libel and conspiracy; it brings to light every act, either of an individual or of a public officer, which can disgrace the government, or damage any public authority whatsoever, and it hopes by such like acts to produce so decided a disgust and aversion in the breasts of all enlightened and well educated people against persons in power in general, that such persons will of themselves be disposed to retire entirely from the management of public affairs, and will leave the field open to us citizens, men of the middle class, and of such a state of things it is our intention, as you may suppose, to seize and fasten upon with the most unrestrained avidity." He said all this with the greatest possible gentleness of aspect, as if it was all a matter of course, and with the greatest coolness discussed the total subversion of society, and the derangement of the established order of things, as if it were a simple case of displacing his cheeses, by carrying them from a warehouse above stairs to one below. As for me, to say the truth, I was utterly astounded, because I saw that my intention of marrying a rich island maiden might go to the

wall, for during our conversation I bethought me, should this country become the scene of a general scramble, what would become of Miss Dipps, or even of the ladies Tugdug, upon whom, be it said, I had cast my views as a convenient reserve. Tugdug himself was so entirely taken up with his revolutionary scheme and his society, that he did not perceive what were my feelings, and evidently flattered himself that he had succeeded in convincing me of the utility of his measures, and that he had secured my full co-operation in the furtherance of them. However, ceding to his importunities as well as to my own easy nature, which always prompted me to sacrifice myself to secure the pleasure of others, I allowed myself to be led, and soon after, my companion having stopped at the door of a house, the appearance of which was essentially vile, he knocked thereat and we immediately entered. After ascending a dark staircase, which creaked under our steps, we were ushered into a room equally dark, low, and ill-furnished, where we found a number of men assembled, the appearance of whom, truth be it spoken, was not agreeable to the eyesight. They had all, more or less, a fierce and good-for-nothing look, which brought to my mind the description which my father has often made to me of certain individuals famous in our own Revolution, and although I am (for I will not eulogize myself) brave to a fault; still, to be candid, I did not quite feel at

my ease among my new associates, and I should have been very glad to have placed the door of the house between us. But my immediate companion giving me an encouraging look, which also appeared to express his joy at the honour which I conferred upon the assembly by my presence, I gave myself up with the intention of waiting to see the result of an adventure, which to me was so little expected.

CHAPTER XI.

MARTIN GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT TOOK PLACE.

HAVING in some measure recovered my astonishment, I had sufficient time and self-possession to observe what took place before me. The room was occupied by benches on all sides, upon which the members of the society were seated. At one end was the president, upon an arm-chair; a man whose appearance and countenance denoted deceit and malignity, before whom was placed a table covered with a green cloth, at which was seated the secretary. Immediately over the president's head, on the wall, I observed a painting which evidently was intended to represent the arms of the society, composed of an emblem full of mystery, and, to my mind, incomprehensible. Over and above a large hog, on the full gallop, was painted, a pair of hatchets crossed, and beneath the hog were inscribed the following lines:

"Some talk of chops, and think they go a-head
Whilst we at once, The whole Hog go instead."

What all this stuff might mean it was impossible

for me to say; but as soon as we should be free, I determined to learn the meaning thereof from Mr. Tugdug. Much mystery, no doubt, was therein comprehended, and, heaven knows! might be treason. Whilst I was puzzling my brain upon the subject, all at once I heard myself apostrophised as a Frenchman, and immediately an amazing clapping of hands ensued, whilst approving looks and signs passed between Mr. Tugdug and the president, all of which related to myself, and I was then invited by the president to advance and seat myself near him, and to take a share in the business of the morning's sitting. As soon as this was settled the president ordered silence by means of two or three smart blows upon the table, with an ivory hammer, and he then addressed the assembly in words of which the following may give some idea.

"Gentlemen, We are here assembled to-day to celebrate the anniversary of this our society, and I am sincerely happy to inform you that the objects which it has in view have been eminently crowned with success, and on no former occasion has its anniversary been celebrated under auspices more favourable and promising (great applause). You will hear from the report which the secretary is about to read, that the so-called national miseries were never more flourishing, and with all due thanks to our supervision, have never been so well administered. Whatever grumbles, whatever

groans, everything, in fact, which execrates the actual state of affairs, has been carefully registered, and the result will be submitted to your examination. I am happy to inform you that loyalty is diminishing rapidly, that the taste for disorder and anarchy augments, and should such-like feelings obtain stability in the same ratio in which they have hitherto proceeded (my heart expands with delight as I speak), we shall soon enjoy an outbreak of confusion of all the elements of life, such as hitherto has been totally unknown in the world. Yes, gentlemen, every gradation of hatred common to the human heart, every style of vengeance, every animosity, all these, and such-like feelings, will be brought into action, in order to subvert the treacherous calm of which we are actually in possession, and that will be done by a wholesome anarchy which will bring with it peace and happiness, overthrowing the rich and lifting up the poor, and thus producing that equality among men so much to be desired, and which is, in fact, the one great object of this society (great applause). Gentlemen, in order to give celebrity to our principles, and to prove to you how much the nations of the world, and more particularly France, our great and much-to-be-admired neighbour, sympathise with us, I have the honour to present to you (pointing to me) Monsieur Toutrond, a celebrated French grumbler, who, by an impulse of his feelings, which reflects the greatest honour upon him,

and by the power of his convictions, worthy of the name he bears, no sooner was he made aware of our anniversary, than he earnestly requested to be permitted to appear at the meeting, and he will soon stand forward in his own person, and by word of mouth assure you of the full extent of his sentiments. Gentlemen, I beg leave now to request you to give ear to the annual report, which will be communicated to you by the secretary."

I was utterly astonished when I heard myself called upon by name, and still more to find that I should be expected to declare myself openly. I turned to Mr. Tugdug to request him to use his influence in my favour, but my mouth was stopped when I perceived that everybody was preparing to hear, with great attention, what should be announced to them by the secretary.

That officer, from a written report, began his information by informing us, that according to all appearances the harvest, including wheat and every sort of produce, would positively be scanty and insufficient; and that according to the view taken of the subject by the best accredited malcontents, a most providential scarcity was likely to give life and vigour to the principles of the society, might eventually bring on an advantageous famine, and thus stimulate into animosity every incipient discontent. He added, that all the necessary measures had been taken to excite commotions throughout the kingdom.

He next announced, his face beaming with satisfaction, that the finances of the country continued to enjoy an uninterrupted state of derangement, which opened enlivening views for the future of ruin and bankruptcy. The public debt was augmenting, without hope of diminution; and the taxes, which necessarily fell upon the people, would make a revolution certain. With these facts before them, every member of this society will rejoice in the thought, that no one will be obliged to pay his debts; and that the universal bankruptcy that will ensue, will render all pecuniary matters quite easy (Great and reiterated applause).

With respect to the public press, the secretary continued, he was delighted to be able to inform the society, that nothing could be more favourable in advancing the objects of the society than its proceedings. The great variety of opinions expressed by writers in general, were singularly conducive to confusion. But they seemed all to agree in one point (for which blessings should be invoked) that they all execrated established authorities—no one was spared. On the one hand, that which was called royalty was treated as tyranny, and as a useless expense; and, on the other, what was styled aristocracy, was ridiculed and vilified. The parliament, or the pretended representatives of the people, was abominated and reviled, and, from one end of the country to the other, nothing was read or heard but aspersion, malediction, and calumnious

accusations. All this was charming. Religion, too, which had so long been the great obstacle to the prosperity of the society, was beginning, in the persons of the Bishops, to find fitting objects for contumely, thanks to the growing advantages of newspapers and journals, by which means every body might give the public the full advantage of their own peculiar thoughts and convictions upon such subjects. "Gentlemen! Whole-Hogs!" added he, "allow me to assure you, that no opportunity shall be lost to take advantage of a power so singularly applicable in fomenting disgusts, and in giving life to the nascent discontents of the nation, and even of the whole union, at the actual state of things. And let me add, that by the greatest of all possible good luck, a universal mania for education has suddenly broken out all through the kingdom. Education which, according to enthusiasts, is to heal every disorder of the body politic, is to soften every evil, to pay off the public debt: and in short is to create, out of a nation of evil-doers, a community of angels, that is now the order of the day. But nothing in fact tends so directly to encourage every object dear to this society, and it feels all the benefit thereof. Without the thing called education, every one would live contented with his lot, evil passions would lie dormant, and there would be perfect tranquillity throughout the land: but thanks to its assistance, impatience and insubordination flourish, every man

is duly informed with what quantum of impunity he can evade the laws, and to what exact point he can proceed in libelling his neighbour. Rogues and robbers who read, beget more rogues and robbers, still more enlightened; and whatever before was hid which might endanger the State, is now brought to light, and the weak in intellect are led by the powerful in wickedness. In short," added the secretary, with enthusiasm in his look and gesture, "even as Archimedes said that with a given point to rest his lever upon, he would uplift the globe, I repeat, that with the liberty of the press, and with a gang of good anarchists to work it, the Go-the-Whole-Hog Society is equal to raising the most salubrious and most powerful of revolutions."

The winding up of the Secretary's address was nearly as follows:—

"Words are wanting to express our joy in finding how much our views, and the noble end to which all our efforts are directed, have been and are likely to be advanced by the fortunate invention of railroads. In an instant, so to speak, no sooner is a cry of disaffection raised in the metropolis, than the echo thereof resounds throughout the whole country, and *vice versâ*. Is there imprecation going on in London, one swears and curses in Edinburgh and in Dublin. A massacre takes place in Ireland, and immediately knives and blunderbusses are sharpened and cocked in

England. Is there hanging done at Newgate? cries of vengeance are heard from one end of the kingdom to the other, by which means when the so long desired crisis shall happen, we are quite certain, as when a match is set to the train which explodes the mine, the revolution will go off with sudden explosion, carrying with it the fall of all that is respectable and worthy of preserving in the country, to make use of the false and prejudiced jargon of modern opinions."

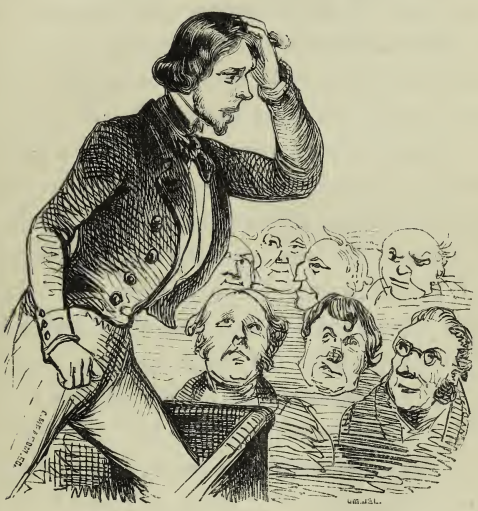
CHAPTER XII.

MARTIN MAKES A SPEECH IN ENGLISH.—CONSEQUENCE OF HIS ADVENTURE DESCRIBED.—HE EATS AN ENGLISH SOUP.

As soon as the Secretary had finished his discourse, several rounds of applause expressed the approbation of the assembly. Every one appeared delighted and seemed much to enjoy by anticipation the prosperity which futurity promised to the Society. Several members made speeches in succession full of fire and excitement, of which the aim was to encourage the others to persevere in anarchy and the hatred of all government. —Soon after this, the name of "Frenchman! Frenchman!" was heard to issue from various parts of the room, and I saw that I was become the object of universal observation. I became pale from excess of agitation. I was soon impressed with the certainty that I had excited a strong interest in those around me, but I asked myself the question, how shall I ever succeed in making my feelings known? There was the difficulty. At length, encouraged by Tugdug, I rose, and passing my hand with a nervous impulse

through my burning hair and over my forehead, concentrating all my features into an expression of deep and profound thought, and adopting an attitude of body full of grace, I said—

"Gentlemans! I smell that I am one Frenchman. I glory in him. The univers look at us,



MARTIN'S HARANGUE.

and France look at me, now that we are gone to renouveller, to turn down side up the whole of the human race. When I see this noble company, when I see England, when I see France, when I see the Chambre des Deputés, when I see the steam-boats, when I see all the glories of the world, and when I can see nothing more, then I cry my heart is full, let us go and kill a tyrant.

Gentlemen, what is there that does not cry for vengeance? Every thing is wrong when nothing is right. Nature jemmy's to see the world crazy with tyranny. We must relieve Nature. Let us at once relieve her by one great effort.—We will first gorge kings, queens, and emperors; we will then gorge dukes, marquises, and viscounts; then all soldiers, all sailors, all lawyers, all the gens d'armes, all the people who have money, in fine, we will gorge every one but ourselves."

I was on the very point of producing a powerful effect upon my auditors, when, all at once, several loud and repeated blows were heard at the door of the house. No one paid the least attention to what I was saying, but a sudden and universal uprising from the benches took place, and a quick movement towards the door succeeded, particularly when the words "Police! Police!" were heard. I was much put out by this untoward event, for I foresaw that it might lead to disagreeable consequences. I soon lost sight of Mr. Tugdug, for he was one of the first to run. I followed in the crowd, which, scrambling and pushing one against the other, soon reached the house door, and they one and all finished the meeting by fairly taking to their heels. No sooner did I find myself in the great thoroughfare, than I saw Tugdug pale with fear standing in a bye corner, evidently quite disconcerted at the result which had just taken place. When he per-

ceived me he advanced towards me and then did his best to persuade me that the commotion had been produced by a false alarm, for, added he with great warmth, "Who is there that could have had the audacity to come and disturb us, for our Society is a debating Society and entirely consonant to the principles of the English Constitution?" He worked himself up into a violent rage, and seemed determined to proceed on the spot to a magistrate with the intention of obtaining redress, but little by little he thought better of it, and perhaps feeling ashamed of the scene which had taken place before a stranger, and that stranger a Frenchman, he tried to put a good face upon the matter, saying the culprit who had played the trick should be discovered, and in the meanwhile invited me to go with him to a pastrycook's, where in truth we ate a soup of a character singularly invigorating. The said soup was indeed totally different to a common broth, for, after having partaken of a good plateful, I felt myself so entirely above myself, that I soon forgot all that had just taken place as discordant to my real political feelings, but, on the contrary, I became from that moment a determined Radical and really up to any thing. Tugdug, seeing me in the best of moods for the subversion not only of his, but of every other abstract government, swore eternal friendship, and, shaking me warmly by the hand, invited me to drink tea with him on that very

evening, and, as a peculiar inducement, promised to introduce me to his sisters. He hinted that he lived in the very finest part of London, surrounded by the great and the rich, and that I should meet at his house all the advantages of the best society.

I was delighted with the invitation, for it was part of my ambition to make myself at home among men of fashion, and, to say the truth, the Dipps family did not quite come up to the idea which my imagination had formed of that class of the community. Fortune-hunting I felt to be quite a different thing. Miss Dipps would there serve my turn, but besides her there were also the Tugdugs; I had not seen them, and, judging from the appearances which surrounded their brother, it was evident that from what I had heard reported at Mr. Dipps's, their marriage-portions would be none of the smallest. It was true that the Dipps young lady was an only child, an heiress, and of the Tugdugs there were several. Still prudence whispered to me to pause before I came to any positive resolution; and as the bee floating in a garden of flowers hums long before it fixes its choice, so I became determined not to throw myself at once upon the first comer.

Finding that dinner was totally unnecessary after the soup which I had eaten in the morning, I dispensed with that meal, and retired early to my hotel, where I made every preparation for the performance of a scrupulous and elaborate toilet

for the evening. I again brushed my teeth, I again washed my hands, and inspected every nail as if my whole existence depended upon its unspottedness, and I most exactly put into practice every injunction which my worthy uncle had laid upon me when I was about presenting myself to any of the insular beauties. I had remarked on various occasions that Englishmen are apt, by way of being jaunty and at their ease, to cut their finger-nails and pare them with assiduity, as I had heard that the Americans, their descendants, were in the habit of cutting a bit of stick when about negotiating a sale or a purchase in trade; I therefore bought myself a little penknife applicable to that sort of ceremonial, and which I promised myself to put into practice upon the very first opportunity where I might think it necessary to assert a spirit of liberty and independence. I had equally remarked that they make use of tooth-picks in public by way of killing time, although there had been no food devoured, thus giving themselves the air of being absent in thought and full of business; I therefore filled my waistcoat-pocket with tooth-picks, in the intention of thus exercising myself this very evening before the Miss Tugdugs.

I set about making my toilet at an early hour, in order that I might give full time to every branch of it. I flattered myself that with regard to silk stockings and pumps no one could stand in my way; my waistcoat was of Lyons velvet, beauti-

fully varigated with flowers, and I should like to know what Englishman could ever match that! My cravat, with my manner of tying it, was most seductive; and as for my pantaloons, they so perfectly threw into proper relief the conformation of my leg, that I became quite convinced that if the Miss Tugdugs had a heart they would soon yield up their affections to the attractive forms which I should very soon exhibit to them. As the clock struck eight, I ordered a cabriolet to drive up to the door, into which I got, and ordered the driver to take me to number 2, Upper Baker Street, Portman-square, that fashionable abode which was inscribed upon a card which Mr. Tugdug had given me,

CHAPTER XIII.

MARTIN PASSES THE EVENING WITH MR. AND THE MISSES TUGDUG. —HE FORMS NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

My patience was put to a severe trial in the cabriolet, for it took me a full hour to reach the abode of the Tugdugs; the road appeared to me to be without end, and I was whirled about for such a length of time, that I really thought the surface of the globe was entirely covered with houses. At length, I enjoyed the satisfaction to hear the sounds of the knocker, which my coachman was duly applying to Tugdug's door. I looked up, and saw that two windows were lighted up, indicating preparations for my reception, and very soon after, the door was opened by a small footboy, who received me with respect, who, notwithstanding his unpretending size, still wore a livery which indicated love of display, and who, shewing me the way, at length led me into a room well lighted with candles and lamps. There I found four ladies seated, of whom one, of a certain age, though dressed with the pretensions of youth, immediately rose, and coming towards me, received

me with much civility, according to the manner of England, that is, without making the least inclination of the body and with scarcely a sound above a murmur of the lips, and then introduced me to another, whom she called sister, and thus I became convinced that I saw before me the two Miss Tugdugs. After they had recovered themselves from seeing me, they set themselves about giving me an amicable reception, which, I may almost say, became caressing, for there was no end to their demonstration, assuring me, over and over again, how happy they were to see me. On the other hand, on my side, I did my best to shew my entire devotion, said I was happy to have made their acquaintance, and I insinuated so much gentle allusion into the tenor of my discourse, that I had wherewith to flatter myself that they were conceiving a high idea of my intelligence. I inquired after their brother, and they informed me that he would soon appear, not having yet left the dining-room, where he was still taken up with his guests in going through the round of toasts usual after dinner. After which, Miss Tugdug the elder presented me to the two other ladies, one of whom was called Boruce, and the other Pue. I must attempt a description of these four ladies, whose features are well stamped upon my memory, because they one and all appeared to contemplate me and my person with looks of approbation.

Miss Tugdug the elder (for I must begin with

her) was in her person still fresh and well preserved. She allowed her hair to flow in ringlets, which twisted about her face as ivy might do about a tree. She sprinkled flowers through the intricacies of her headdress. She seemed unscrupulous about exhibiting any given portion of her person, and evidently thought that she was augmenting her attractions in proportion as she exposed her living flesh to view. She acknowledged herself to be a lover of circumferences, by the care she took to bring artificial aids to increase their proportions. She drew in her lips when she spoke, from whence came the smallest of voices, soft and dulcet, and ever and anon she opened well her eyes, in order the better to dart flashes, which she did her best to pass off for lively and expressive.

The youngest Tugdug, Miss Jenny, was a small copy of her elder sister, with this difference, that the one had a diminutive voice, whilst the younger had a powerful one; thus, when Miss Tugdug informed me that it was a fine day, Miss Jenny confirmed that intelligence in a tone two octaves lower. The youngest was evidently contemplative in her moods, for she often fixed her eyes on the ceiling whilst the eldest put forth fine sentiments and cultivated downright affection.

Mrs. Boruce, to whom I had been presented, had all the appearance of a jovial dame, round and fat, who appeared overwhelmed with much headdress, fluttering with ribands inlaid with many

ornaments, her arms strangled by bracelets, and so powerfully laced up, that a timid observer might be apprehensive of an explosion. Everything about her was convex. Her cheeks were round, her arms spherical, and the rest of her person was in keeping. Our hostess informed me that she was the wife of a famous lawyer, who would soon appear, being still hard at his bottle of port wine with her brother. I had often heard speak of the excellence of English men of the law, and was happy so soon to have an opportunity to become acquainted with one of that celebrated body.

The other lady, who (to my senses at least) rejoiced in the little attractive name of Pue, was a small woman, delicate in appearance, a martyr to her nerves, and who seemed to have pretensions to fashion. She stammered over her words. She blew her nose often. She seemed to be a victim to something. She acknowledged the bow which I made to her with condescension, but I perceived that, from the corner of her eye, she was not slow in observing the grace and good points of my person. She was pointed out to me as a lady who belonged to the court, and I thus learnt the reason why she gave herself airs, for does it not stand to reason that courtiers are necessarily separatists from the common herd? Each of these ladies, no doubt owing to their desire to set me at my ease, chose to speak to me in French, but, to say the truth, I was extremely puzzled how to proceed, for al-

though I may as well own that I am sharp enough at understanding most things, still I will also own that I did not comprehend one half of that which they were pleased to communicate.

After our first observations, I turned about to examine the room in which we were seated, and thus I found a subject upon which I might fairly base a few palpable compliments, and I did not fail to make them. Miss Tugdug then undertook to make me understand that the part of the town in which their house was situated, was, in fact, one the most in fashion in London. The street of the bakers, or Baker-street, according to her view of it, was every thing that could be thought of as fashion. She then assured me, that the word "Upper," which designated their portion of the street, meant "exalted—tip top," and in order to prove this, said that Upper-house always meant the House of Lords, which I knew was the abode of the aristocracy. At length she concluded her words of admiration by using this expression, "I assure you, sir, that we are quite *la chose*." "Yes, quite *la chose*," echoed Miss Jenny, looking towards the ceiling with a languishing look. Whatever *la chose* might be, was more than I could decide, and, considering our very short acquaintance and want of intimacy, I was too timid to inquire, and there I let the question rest.

Mrs. Boruce, on the other hand, praised up to the skies the delights of her abode, which was si-

tuated near an hotel, eminent, so it should seem, from being of a grey colour. There, for so I understood her to say, lived and congregated the famous lawyers of the country, and moreover, she rather puzzled me by saying, that the quarter of the city in which she lived, was a sort of labyrinth, called Chancery, in which, she said, laughingly, when any one gets into it, he was very lucky if he ever got out. I seized upon this opportunity with avidity (notwithstanding my uncle), to make an appropriate compliment, and said, "how happy should I be to be thrown into the same labyrinth with her," but she did not appear to understand me, but laughed in my face, and invoked (as the English often do) that famous liqueur common to the island of Jamaica, and exclaimed, "how rum!" I was beginning to consider whence could come so singular an idiom, for it is evidently an idiom, when Mrs. Pue awoke from her languor, and exclaimed with a sigh, "Piccadilly, after all, is the position of all others the best in London!" According to her description, it appears that from Piccadilly every thing is seen. The palace of the famous Buckingham is seen—the mountains of Syria are seen; a park always green is seen; the abbé (no doubt taking a walk) of Vestminster is seen—but the peculiar advantage which her own house enjoyed (an advantage to me incomprehensible), was, that the hackney-coaches stood up there, *s'y tenaient debout*. I did my best to become impressed with the

topographical niceties described by these ladies, but being still a stranger in London, I thought it no disgrace openly to avow my ignorance. I wished, at the same time, to display the knowledge which I had already acquired on that subject, and put in a word in favour of Ironmonger-lane, in which, as a matter of course, I concluded every one knew was situated the Tugdug place of trade and warehouses: but his sister, on hearing me name that place, hastened to avoid the subject, and, with considerable skill, brought me back to Baker-street the Upper, and to the great and high personages who dwelt therein. I could not help here making a profound philosophical thought —Can it be, said I to myself, that the Englishman and particularly his female, are ashamed of their position in the world, and wish to appear that which they are not? However that may be, I left that subject for future consideration, to listen to Miss Tugdug, who was telling me that my Lord such a one (for I forget the name,) lived at one end of the street, and Sir somebody was the owner of a neighbouring house, and that, generally speaking, all the inhabitants of the street kept their carriages. After which she produced a little thick book, bound in red, in which the name of Tugdug was inscribed, and finished her string of panegyrics by insinuating that I ought to feel happy to find myself in such good company. I cast my eyes about, and observed a malignant smile playing

about the features of the two ladies, Boruce and Pue, which impelled me, I fear in malice, still to ask questions concerning Ironmonger-lane, and I succeeded, much to my inmost satisfaction, in making Miss Tugdug look foolish, who, notwithstanding, still evading my inquiries, continued gravely to hold forth upon the delights and superior advantages of Baker-street the Upper. An animated discussion then took place between the three ladies (for Miss Jenny seemed to acquiesce in being nothing) upon the relative position of their respective residences; one loudly vaunting her grey hotel, the other her Piccadilly, and the third stoutly upholding the advantages of her quarter of the town, when the gentlemen appeared, teeming with the smell of wine, and settling the economy of their dress. Mr. Tugdug sprang towards me with great demonstrations of affection, presented me in form to his sisters, and then turning to his guests, introduced me to Mr. Boruce, the celebrated lawyer, to Mr. Pue, one of the officers about the court, and to a third person, wearing moustachios, who I took to be a captain of dragoons, at least. I received them all with every proper form of manner and speech, and then they all proceeded to discuss politics with great excitement of manner, apparently in order to finish the settlement of a question which had so long detained them below.

CHAPTER XIV.

HE RELATES THE CONVERSATIONS WHICH HE HEARD.—HE MAKES INQUIRIES CONCERNING THE MISSES TUGDUG AND THEIR MARRIAGE PORTIONS.

It would seem that all at once a strong desire to reform everything had broken out throughout England. A desire to reform the mode of government and elections; a desire to reform the church and the law; a desire to reform even the state of the court; everybody desired to reform something, and this word reform was almost the first which I heard upon landing in England, and which did not cease to be dinned into my ears wherever I went and at whatever I did. Whatever was well before is now actually ill, and whatever was wrong in time past is now right. It was extremly difficult for a foreigner like myself to apprehend rightly a feeling so strong and universal as this, which had suddenly assailed the whole nation, and which to all appearances might destroy her as a power; but I felt that, as a good Frenchman, I could not do otherwise than rejoice over a state of things which might lead to the ruin of a rival state. Everything, however trifling it may seem, became subject to

the universal question. The discussion which was actually agitating Mr. Tugdug and his friends related to a reform which he wished to introduce in the costume of lawyers, and particularly in the wigs worn by the judges. Mr. Tugdug's wish was entirely to abolish a head-dress, which he affirmed was ridiculous. "How!" said he, "is it necessary to have recourse to a similar accessory in order to give dignity to the person of him, who from his very office must command the highest respect? Why put him into a masquerade dress? Why give him a false expression of countenance? Yes! we must have a reform, too, in wigs. I feel that justice is no longer justice when its mandates must be made to issue from under cover of a long conglomerate of false hair, collected no one knows whence or how, instead of from the natural face, simple and unadorned, of man." His guest, the lawyer, was quite of a different opinion. He avowed himself to be a great friend to wigs. He argued that the sentence of death would lose half of its solemnity without the judge's wig. "The wig," said he, "confers many advantages. In the first place, it is sanctioned by the highest antiquity—for ages it has sat on the seat of justice. The man of a diminutive person, however great his knowledge, becomes at once stout and respectable. The words of a judge under a wig acquire double weight. Should the judge find himself at a loss for words or wisdom, he has only to retreat into

the furthest recesses of his wig, and the pause only adds to the awe which he inspires. If, on the contrary, he is garrulous or addicted to being lively, his admonitory wig keeps him in mind of the seat which he then fills, and of its high responsibilities."

The man belonging to the court was also in favour of artificial hair, and so were all the ladies present. They took a part in the discussion, and as it proceeded words became high on both sides of the question, and I expected every moment to see my new friends fall upon each other's hair, when Mr. Tugdug addressing me, by way of turning the war of words into another channel, asked my opinion upon the point in dispute. I, who had never seen either judge or wig, began to consider how I might come off with flying colours in so nice an emergency. I tried my skill upon an English pun, but no one would understand it. I exclaimed, "For my part I do not love a *vik* judge!" and in using the word *vik*, I was certain that *wig*, the false hair, and *weak*, incapacity, were words which were pronounced alike. But no one understood me, and, indeed, how could I expect ready wit in a society purely English? I was waiting in fruitless expectation, with my mouth wide open, hoping some one would seize the meaning of my joke, when ladies were announced, who were followed by others, and little by little an assembly in due English form was collected, thus

putting an end to the dispute, and closing the existence of my short-lived joke for ever. The assembly was composed of ladies and gentlemen of all sorts and sizes. There were stout men and stout women, long and short, young and old, generally ugly in both genders, but the result was a numerous company. I was well looked at by everybody, some curious, others indifferent; but I do not hesitate to flatter myself that the effect which I produced upon all beholders was entirely in my favour. It is true that no one encouraged me to speak; but I recollected and verified the words of my uncle, who told me on quitting Paris that I should find the Englishman to be in his nature suspicious, and that it was a great fault in his eyes to utter a single word to him before the preliminary ceremony of introduction had been performed. However, finding that I was standing near the young officer with moustachios, who I concluded must belong to some dragoon regiment, I wished to inquire of him if he was in the military service. As he did not speak French, I said to him in English, "Are you in service?" At this question he blushed up to the eyes, and with a peevish look he said, "What can you mean?" Seeing that I had said something which he did not like, I quickly put my question into another form, and asked him whether he was in the cavalry or the infantry, when with a smile, appearing to have understood me, he stroked down his moustachios, and with an

uncertain tone of voice he said, "Yes, yes! Oui, Oui!" and then laughed outright. Having thus laid the foundation for a little intimacy, I tried to sound him upon the subject of the Tugdugs, and more particularly upon the fortunes which the Misses of the family would have when they should marry. Although surrounded by the world and its attractions, I was determined never to lose sight of the one object of my travels in a country so strange and distant as England.

My friend, the dragoon, who in truth looked like a good creature, said to me, with great interest, "Oh, they are very rich." This most positive and comprehensive assertion awoke all my attention, and I felt it running through me to my very heart. I was determined to gain every information possible upon so absorbing a subject, for I had a sufficient insight into the heart of womankind to know that it only depended upon myself to obtain the affections of the Misses Tugdug, either both or separately, therefore I continued to ply my man with questions. He would not or could not give me any positive information as to the amount of their fortunes, for either he really did not know or was bound upon the same errand as myself, but he wound up what he had to say by these memorable words, which quickly were fixed in my memory—"They know what's what; they are not to be diddled." I did not like to appear ignorant of the English

language, and therefore I did not inquire the meaning of those singular words, but I soon perceived that they contained a mystery. The word "what" I knew meant "*comment.*" They know the what of the what; that is the way I rendered the expression. Still, I did not quite clearly make out the meaning. It was an idiom in the language with which I was hitherto ignorant, but which, under actual circumstances, was singularly inconvenient. But "diddled," what could be the meaning of "diddled?" That was a word which totally disconcerted me. It might be a military idiom, common to the language of a military man. Or perhaps, it might be a delicate mode of informing me that they did not like too open attention, lest it should be supposed that they were anxious to make a display of the power of their charms. However that might be, I was happy to have acquired such very valuable information upon the character of those whom it might be possible, one of these days, I might have to apostrophize with the tender name of better half. I became extremely impatient for the breaking up of the assembly, in order that I might run home to my dictionary, there to learn the meaning of words which were entirely filling up my thoughts. In the meanwhile, I passed the rest of the evening in watching the Misses Tugdug, in order to ascertain, either from the expression of their faces or from their manner, their gesticulation, or their mode

of carrying their persons, wherefore they disliked "the diddle;" but I could discover nothing to satisfy me. At length, I became so impatient, that, without saying a word to anybody, I managed to leave the company, and, having made my way through the house door without hindrance, I bent my way to my hotel, my mind being at the same time bewildered in a labyrinth of doubts and perplexities.

CHAPTER XV.

MARTIN LITTLE UNDERSTANDS ENGLISH IDIOMS.—HE MAKES HIS WAY IN SOCIETY.

I COULD not go to bed without first satisfying my mind as to my idiomatic uncertainty, and no sooner had I closed the door of my bed-room, than I began to turn over the pages of my dictionary; but everything seemed determined to disconcert me, and I sought for my word in vain. There was no "diddle." I became desperate. I conjectured that the word implied something military, and, as I lay my head on my pillow, I determined, on the following morning, to go into the city, to Mr. Tugdug's warehouse, there to find out the address of the young officer, in order to learn from him the real meaning of that teazing word. Consequently, the next morning, immediately after breakfast (according to English custom), I proceeded to Ironmonger Lane, and soon found myself at the gate of the warehouse. In the court-yard, at a small distance, I saw a man, who was employed in making a heap of cheeses from many which were collected around him. His back was turned towards me, and I was persuaded that

I had seen him before; still more so, when I caught a sight of his profile and saw a moustache; to my utter surprise, I at once recognized him to be the very dragoon whom I had seen the preceding night at the assembly. There was no doubt of it, and then the reason for the ambiguous expressions which had escaped him flashed upon my mind like lightning. I at once addressed him, and, without further ceremony, asked him, with great earnestness, what was the meaning of the word "diddle." "Que veut dire diddle?—What says diddle?" said I, whilst he looked first aghast, then stupid, and at length burst into a fit of vulgar laughter, which excited all my indignation. I then well understood that he had made game of me, and all the blood of a true Frenchman began to boil in my veins. I willingly would have taken him by the whisker, and thus given him to understand how little worthy he was of wearing a distinctive mark belonging to those only who had shed their blood on the field of battle (above all to those heroes, the Old Guard, in particular, who, having grown grey in the field of battle, acquired, under Napoleon, the sacred and solemn nickname of Old Whiskers), but, on reflection, I thought that, by such a line of conduct I might compromise the good name of the Misses Tugdug, and also deprive myself of the hope of gaining their affections, as well as of obtaining their fortunes, and therefore I held my tongue, restrained

my anger, and merely said, with my face beaming with goodnature, "How do you do?" My gentleman, seeing that he had to do with one who was not to be trifled with, answered, with some little excitement, "Very well, thank you," and then it was that I thoroughly understood why he had coloured up, when I asked him whether he was in service. A sort of intimacy was then struck up between us, and we began to converse and make remarks upon the events of the preceding evening. I still made the most of this opportunity to inquire very particularly into the meaning of the word "diddle" and the idiom "what's what." He answered me, with great goodnature, by an explanation which, instead of throwing light upon the subject, only increased its obscurity. He said that both these expressions meant "that they were up to snuff." "Oh Heavens!" cried I; "you kill me with your snuff. Tell me, I beg of you, in two words, what the plain English is, and a truce to difficult idioms." After much explanation and many words, at length I managed to comprehend that "what's what—not to be diddled—and up to snuff," meant, in fact, quickness of apprehension—not to be taken in.

Full of this piece of information I quitted my whiskered friend with many expressions of thanks. But, before I finally took my leave, I wished to clear up another difficulty, which was to know the reason why he wore a moustache, for in our

France those sort of excrescences were peculiar to military men. Is it possible, I asked myself, that in England they also should be the distinctive marks of a cheesemonger's clerk? Upon which I asked him without more ado wherefore he wore them. He slightly coloured up at my question, but, breaking out into a laugh, he said, that, "In a free country everybody might do what he chose with his own face, and that he, for his part, as a resource, amused himself in cultivating with care whatever chose to grow under his nose. And, besides that," said he, "it is agreeable to the ladies."

This last avowal immediately gave rise in my mind to new feelings towards this young man, who stood before me as a rival in the affections of the sisters of his chief, and I felt jealousy taking possession of all my faculties. I left him with my heart teeming with new feelings. I had just acquired the knowledge of many things. In the first place it was quite clear, that of young ladies in England to marry, there was an abundance—and secondly (which was the principal object in view), that there was no deficiency of good marriage portions. I also was moreover convinced that I, a Frenchman, a handsome well-made young man, gifted with every grace of body and mind, that I was infinitely superior to any young Englishman who might be inclined to enter into competition with me for acquiring the affections of any

one of his countrywomen, and that I had nothing to fear from such a struggle, for I might be quite sure of success, when once I had decided which among them was the most worthy of my love and attachment. But it was precisely the fixing of that choice, which was likely to keep me in a state of uncertainty. I was already acquainted with three heiresses, one Dipps and two Tugdugs, of whom, one as a make-shift, in case nothing better should be forthcoming, I could always be sure of; but in a country so absolutely bristling with riches and heiresses, I paused and asked myself with solemn gravity, would it not be wise, in a man of sense like me, to be patient and examine before I made a final selection? "Yes, oh yes," I exclaimed to myself, after I and myself had finished our interview, "I will come to a resolution—an unalterable resolution. I will wait—I will make more acquaintances, and I will not decide until I shall be quite certain that my choice will be one worthy of myself and of France." On the other hand, as a prudent man, it appeared to me that I should be wanting in sense to make light of the observations which I, in my own person, had been enabled to make upon the character and the pretensions of the insular beauties with whom I was already acquainted. I had remarked that, after having undergone that formal introduction upon which my uncle had given me so many injunctions, they all appeared willing to treat me with open-

ness, kindness, and even affection—what word shall I use? even with friendship savouring of love. That they had enough talent to appreciate all my merits, occasionally to enjoy my wit, to adopt the leading topics of my conversation, and to admire the grace of my person. The Dipps lady had not hesitated for a moment in giving me the preference over Simpkins, and the two Tugdugs, elder and younger, had absolutely thrown themselves into my very arms. It is true that the young man with moustaches had informed me that they were fastidious in the choice of a husband, and that they were apprehensive of being deceived, but it was one thing to speak of his own experience in that respect, and quite another to know that certain individuals enjoy certain powers of captivation which entirely destroy all power of reasoning in a woman, and that her heart falls a willing victim to impressions that are not to be overcome. There was one circumstance, however, of which my uncle had not informed me (of which I may justly complain), which is, that the moustache is one of the best avenues to the heart of an English young lady. "Ah! ah!" said I to myself; "Is it so? then, ladies, since you will have whisker, you shall have plenty of it—from this moment. I take a great resolution. I will let mine grow. I give full liberty to my hair to spring into life. A truce to razors. English ladies, beware!"

Invigorated by this my resolution, I felt my spirits rise, and I immediately set out on my road to seek the house of my father's correspondents, Messrs. Bacon and Salt, ham and salt-meat merchants, where I hoped to find more materials in the article young woman, fitted to advance the object which I had in view in undertaking my journey to England.

CHAPTER XVI.

MARTIN VISITS HIS FATHER'S CORRESPONDENTS, MESSRS. BACON AND SALT, HAM MERCHANTS.—HE DINES WITH MR. BACON, AT HIS FAMILY DINNER.

The residence of my father's correspondents was situated in one of the most celebrated thoroughfares of the city of London, namely, Fleet Street, or the Naval Street (for everything in England has more or less affinity to her marine navy, from which she obtains all her celebrity), and it was thither that I directed my steps after having quitted the Tugdug warehouse. I easily found the spot for it was well known, a warehouse of a mean and dingy aspect, and upon nearer inspection I became convinced that house, warehouse, and warehouseman, each in their several uses, belonged to the remotest antiquity. Entering, I could scarcely pick my way, on account of the darkness of the premises, but, as my eyes became accustomed to it, I could discover heaps and accumulations of hams and other articles so considerable, that I was no longer at a loss to know why these, my father's correspondents, enjoyed so great a reputation for riches and solidity.

Oh, what hams, what bacon, what sausages! The very sight of them would have made my father's entrails jump with joy, and would have excited all my dear mother's tenderest affections of the heart.

One most enlivening idea shot like lightning through my brain, which was, that if so many rich and glorious objects appeared on the surface of things, what must the hidden treasures of the house be? and who knows, the young ladies of the house themselves, might they not be the treasures too? I addressed myself to an old clerk, who I found in a corner struggling with a barrel of molasses, and of him, with emphasis, I inquired for Mr. Bacon. Without saying a word he introduced me into a small office, parted off from the general storehouse, dark and ill-ventilated, smelling musty and frowsy, and there I found a man rather stout than fat, with heavy hairy eyebrows over sharp eyes, of forbidding look and dry manners, who having received the letter which I presented to him, without having said a word, read it deliberately before me, and then asked me to be seated. He then handed over the letter to another individual, long, dry, and hard, whom I afterwards learnt was Mr. Salt, his partner; and these preliminaries being exhausted, he then asked what might be my pleasure? I at first tried to move his affections, by placing before his mind the person and amiability of my uncle Thomas, who so often had spoken to me concerning him, but according to

appearances I had ill taken my time, for he did not evince the smallest emotion. After this, I entered upon a detailed narrative of our domestic circle at Paris; how we, that is, father, mother, sons and daughters, cousins, aunts and uncles, all lived together in harmony in the Rue du Bac, and still without success. But at length, thanks to my good stars, having glanced at the article ham, he went off at score, and did not cease for a good half-hour to laud the perfections of his bacon, and his other salted goods, referring ever and anon to his partner for a confirmation of his word, both of them eyeing me as if they expected an order for half their shop. I, however, during this interval, could do nothing better than give to everything he had said the approving sanction of my looks; for, to say the truth, I scarcely understood one half thereof; and the singular terms and jargon applicable to trade of which he made use, prevented my comprehending the other half. His good-nature having thus been warmed up by the enumeration of the good qualities of his goods, looking at his watch, he asked me to accompany him into his living house, to eat his family dinner, for one o'clock having struck, he informed me that was the hour at which he and his family dined. I did not allow myself to be asked twice, for I saw at a glance all the advantages which this invitation was about to give me. I should thus become acquainted with his daughters, and having been adopted as a friend

of the house, I should have all the time and opportunity to obtain positive information upon the riches of my host, and as to the quantum of marriage portion which he might afford to each daughter. On the way, that is, between the shop and the body of the house, I could not help remarking this, upon the character of the Englishman, that although his nature may be enveloped in a coarse exterior, still it is at bottom true and benevolent. Nothing in fact could have been more cross and ungainly than my reception by Mr. Bacon, although without contradiction I may say, that I presented myself in the most engaging form and manner; but at a moment when I was expecting to be shewn the door, behold he adopts me at once, if I may so say, as one of his family. Mr. Salt remained below to take care of the office, whilst I followed his partner, and having passed through a dark passage and ascended a narrow flight of steps, we found ourselves at length in a dining-room, where the whole family was assembled. Mr. Bacon's family was a very large one, consisting principally of young ladies of all ages, from twenty to eight years. There was also Mrs. Bacon, a lady of a certain age, some sons, and in short a numerous family. I was perfectly astonished at the quantity of living souls which I saw before me, who owed their being to the one individual Bacon. But no one said a word—the assembly might have been one of automatons. Every movement among them

seemed to be performed by the mere power of mechanism. I was presented to no one. I might have been Adam himself, for what any one knew. I would have made an inaugural speech, but I was checked by the profundity of the silence. I would have made a bow, but my graces forgot themselves, and the stiffness around me being sympathetic, I lost my very nature and became an automaton too. We sat down to table, old and young all together. The spell of the silence was first broken by the voice of Mr. Bacon, who made a long prayer over the dinner we were about to eat; and, after that, not a word was uttered. The dinner consisted of some stout joints, of certain dishes of vegetables, and the never-failing potato; but no soup—no side dishes: there was just quite enough to damp, and at the same time to satisfy, the appetite. Every one ate as a matter of necessity, and not for pleasure's sake. Except the clashing of knives and forks, and the noises of mastication, not a sound was heard. The dinner looked more like a funereal ceremony, than the performance of one of the enjoyments of life. A solemn and austere simplicity was exhibited in everything which surrounded me. There was much of the Quaker in the general appearance and demeanour of Mr. and Mrs. Bacon. The young ladies wore dark-coloured gowns; not an ornament of any kind was to be seen on their persons: their hair was dressed without the smallest attempt at taste; and it appeared to me, that they

would have been glad even to lower the fresh tint and the healthful bloom which nature, in spite of them, had furnished to their faces, I was seated at table next to the eldest, whose beauty, both in face and figure would, if seen in the world, have produced an amazing effect; and after a time, tired out with the long silence, I ventured to ask her if she ever frequented the theatre? Had a thunderbolt fallen on her plate, she could not have been more startled than she appeared to be at my question—the knife and fork fell from her hands, and she ceased to masticate. "Theatre!" cried she, "heavens be praised, no,—I am not a sinner to such an extent as that."

So much astonished was I by her answer, that I turned round on my chair to look at her, fearing that she might have lost her wits. But no. After having eyed me with a look of pity, she continued to eat her dinner. I then turned myself to my other neighbour, one of her sisters, and adopting a look of much humility, in order to conciliate her good graces, I said—"We, in France, miss, we are fond of dancing, very—do you ever frequent balls?" "We never dance," said she, in the driest of tones. I still ventured to make questions. "Is it as a matter of inclination, miss, or is it as a duty that you never dance?" "It is as a duty, sir,—Christians never dance." My eyes were then opened, and I saw at once that I had lighted upon a nest of saints, and that if I

did not adapt myself to the new circumstances of my situation, I was lost for ever in the estimation of the Bacon family. I did not utter another word. I regulated the expression of my face and the attitudes of my person, upon the model of those which surrounded me, giving free exercise to my eyes, in order to observe every thing that came within their reach. I had often heard speak of *puritani*, without exactly comprehending what such a word might mean, but now chance had taught me its full sense. All wore the same mortified look—no one spoke except in a whisper—the children were evidently brought up to suppress even a smile, so much did it appear to be a matter of importance to cherish misery and gloom as the best gifts of the heart. I occasionally observed that the young ladies sighed. The old folks, the father and mother also sighed, but that evidently proceeded from having ate too much, whilst, I should be inclined to believe, that the young ladies sighed from other motives. True it is, that they seldom enjoyed the company of a young man, of my dress and appearance, at table, and, without flattery, I might be allowed to conclude that I was the immediate cause of this physical suppression of their inward emotions. I even remarked that Miss Bacon the elder, eyed me from the corner of her eye in such a manner, that I was led to believe that though repulsed in my first attempt to obtain her notice, I should meet with no difficulty in my second.

And with a view to this effect, I did not fail to make the most of my person when I rose from table, parading myself with becoming grace before her, and putting myself forward in my attentions to her father, in order to attract her particular notice. Over the chimney-piece I observed a portrait, in an old gilt frame, very much darkened

MR. BACON SHEWING OFF HIS ANCESTOR.

by age, which represented a man in the costume of past ages, with a sharp beard on his chin, a

round hat, lengthened into a point, on his head, a curious ruff round the throat, and a gold chain suspended over his breast. Casting up my eyes, and looking at it in the attitude of a connoisseur, I asked Mr. Bacon, with an emphatic tone, "what may be the meaning of this singular portrait?"

Upon hearing these words, I perceived that his eye, which to this moment had been dead, all at once brightened up with delight, and taking me by the arm, whilst at the same time Mrs. Bacon and all the young ladies and children gathered themselves together in a group around us, he said, "That is the portrait of my ancestor, the famous Francis Bacon." Who he could be I never could guess, for I was totally ignorant thereof, and, to say the truth, it was perfectly indifferent to me who he might be; but I did not fail to say "Ah! hah!" in the right place, and to look at my man as if I were quite at home upon the subject.

"You see there my ancestor," repeated Mr. Bacon, balancing himself upon one foot, throwing forward the other, resting both hands with self-complacency on his back, and throwing his head back and his eyes up in a posture highly contemplative. "He was a great man," continued he, "most celebrated philosopher! He has done more to advance the happiness of mankind than all the great men of the present day put together." Then suddenly turning sharp round upon me, he said to me, "His works, no doubt, are as well known to

you as they are to the whole world?" I, concluding that Mr. Bacon's ancestor must be some celebrated dealer in hams, immediately answered (for I feared to be accounted an ignoramus), "Oh yes—no doubt—true—is it not he who is the celebrated inventor of those famous minor sausages so well known in France under the name of English sausages?" It was all over with me in the Bacon family. I immediately perceived at a glance that my unfortunate observation had produced a sudden revulsion in all their minds against me. They all looked at me with astonishment, I may say with an expression of pity. I heard the word sausage passing from mouth to mouth, whispered in a variety of cadences more or less expressive of surprise, sorrow, contempt, and pity.

"An inventor of sausages!" exclaimed Mr. Bacon aloud, turning his eyes from the portrait and fixing them with astonishment, accompanied by a bitter smile, upon me. "What, sir!" said he, "is it possible that you do not even know, by renown at least, who was my great ancestor, the famous Francis Bacon—the antagonist of Aristotle—that great genius, the author of the "Novum Organum?" He is the ornament of our species, the most subtle wit which the universe ever produced, the glory of our country!"

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Bacon, with a shaking voice, "besides all that he was a Lord, one of the nobility, the friend of kings, and Mr. Bacon is one

of his descendants in the right line, and I am his wife."

"There is a live Lord, his representative, now in existence," said the elder Miss Bacon, blushing scarlet; "he is our relation, and we are his cousins."

To this short ebullition of feeling succeeded a confused sound of much whispering among the assembled family, when I heard the word "sausage" repeated with indignation. Certain other words indicating disgust, which I also heard, convinced me, that, although much exterior show of religion and retiring from the world might exist in this community, still they had not bid adieu to pride and the love of distinction. I now know that should I ever again be oppressed by their silence, the true method of breaking it would be to affirm that their famous ancestor was unknown, not only to me, but also to the whole of France.

CHAPTER XVII.

MARTIN FLATTERS HIMSELF THAT HE HAD MADE A VICTIM OF MISS BACON.—OF MR. SALT.

The present moment being evidently but little propitious for the advancement of my views upon the family of my father's correspondent, I took up my hat, made my bow, and rushed towards the staircase. I was about to descend when I heard the door open, and the rustling noise of a gown, accompanied by a light female step, following me. Turning my head to my great astonishment in the dim light of the staircase I perceived Miss Bacon coming after me, who, with a mysterious action of the hand, stopped my steps, and then desired me to wait for her. I was overpowered by my feelings. I felt a slight palpitation of the heart within me, for quick as lightning I perceived how much I had engaged the affections of this young lady. I could scarcely discern the emotion of her features, but she evidently was highly agitated as she approached towards me, and when trembling with excitement she placed a letter in my hand and said, "read that." I became quite sure of the conquest I had achieved. I accepted the letter with eagerness, but when I bowed down my head to imprint a kiss

upon the hand which gave it me, I saw her suddenly turn upon her heel, and depart, leaving me with my mouth wide open with love and astonishment. "Bravo!" I immediately exclaimed within myself, "bravo, friend Martin! Thy merits are acknowledged. Thou art loved at first sight. All women fall prostrate at thy feet. Thou hast only to appear, and the hearts of the English women are thine."

Full of these and similar reflections I left the house, and to such a degree was I dazzled by my successes, that I could scarcely say whether I was walking in heaven or upon earth. One powerful conviction became suddenly vivid in my heart, and it was this. That it only depended upon myself to obtain the affections, and to marry the richest heiress in England. As I walked along the street, which led from Mr. Bacon's house, I gave a free course to the vagaries of my imagination, and excited myself to make plans for the future. I determined forthwith to be upon my guard, and to remain satisfied for the present to be merely a looker on, without permitting my heart to take any part in the choice which I might make. That young and beautiful Bacon maiden, simple, artless, impassioned, and devoted as she had already proved herself to be in her love for me, might easily give rise to a passion in my heart (ever open to the finest feelings), but judging from the numbers of her family, particularly from the quantity of daughters, and recollecting the law

of primogeniture so prevalent in England, which allots the major portion of the fortune to the eldest son, I saw that, however rich might be Mr. Bacon, he would never be able to give his daughter a fortune equal to my expectations. I was, therefore, doubly determined not to cede any thing to positive love for the moment, and to throw every possible obstacle in the way of the love which I had excited in my new victim. But, what felicity! what glory! presented themselves to my imagination when I gave free scope to my thoughts. In one year, for certain, in less perhaps, I should be in possession of an immense for tune, with a young and beautiful wife, I myself the most envied of men, and she the happiest of women. I would then lead her in triumph to Paris, and there I would instal myself in a magnificent hotel (as far as possible from the Rue du Bac, be it understood) and surround myself forthwith with all the splendours and conveniences of life. My carriages and horses would be the envy of all the world. My race-horses would bear away every prize. Gold and silver would glitter throughout the furniture of my house. My servants decked and ornamented with gold lace would give themselves airs of haughtiness and impertinence as belonging to a man of consequence. I, too, would conduct myself in the same manner, as the one most fashionable man in Paris. People would come from afar to seek my protection, my opinions

would be quoted with respect and zeal, I should become the principal ornament of the court, and who knows (so much has wit to do with riches) I should very probably be applied to conduct the affairs of the State. I should be very careful however, not to commit myself by ceding to similar applications, for I would assert my love of personal independence, and put forth as a reason my extreme desire that my country should possess at least one good head in reserve, in case of a total failure and want of capacity in the public men who should be at the head of the affairs of the monarchy.

With these and such like thoughts I beguiled the way as I slowly bent my steps to my inn, and having reached the secrecy of my room, I then thought it a proper time to take the letter given to me by the charming Bacon from my pocket with the intention of reading it, however useless I felt before hand would be the avowal of her sentiments or her appeal to my feelings. Looking at it, before I opened it, I remarked that she must have had a great deal to say, which she must have written in a very short space of time, for the letter appeared to me to contain more than letters of that sort usually contain. There was an envelope but no address written. Indeed, how could the poor young creature have known who I was, or even my name, since I was seated next to her at table, without any introduction from her father? Her heart, therefore, must have sud-

denly been enslaved and carried away, by one of those witcheries which emanate from the combined graces of mind and body, and which fortune has so amply bestowed upon me. She must have written the letter between our rising from table and the inspection of the portrait of her ancestor. I opened it. What was my surprise to see a small printed pamphlet instead of a manuscript letter. She must have made some mistake. The poor thing was evidently full of nervous confusion of mind. I opened the pamphlet, and I read in the title-page thereof a title which appeared to me incomprehensible, although I was already tolerably advanced in reading English. It consisted of these words, "A certain Cure for the Lame." I turned these words over and over in my mind in order to discover how their meaning might be explanatory of Miss Bacon's love for me (for love is fertile in expedients) but the more I pondered, the less was my mind enlightened. At length, the nearest meaning which I could put to them was as follows: "*Un certain Curé pour L'Ame*,"—"a certain curate for the soul." Nevertheless, that could not be, for I asked myself, what possibility of affinity can there be, between me and curates? And was it possible that Miss Bacon could ever connect me with a curate, or with any church-going man whatever? I immediately saw that the subject discussed in the pamphlet was religion, and I knew that curates look

after souls, but it puzzled me to discover how such a subject could have anything to do with Miss Bacon's love for me. I brought my perplexity to this conclusion, that it is in France only that the passion of love is well understood, and that no French young lady well brought up, could ever have thought of putting a pamphlet, setting a curate forwards as the interpreter of her sentiments into the hands of the man whom she wished to propitiate.

I was full of such like thoughts, when the waiter came to inform me that a gentleman was in search of me, and that he was waiting below in the coffee-room. I did not lose a moment in receiving my visitor, and when I entered the room I found a man standing there, hat in hand, whom I recognised to be Mr. Salt, Mr. Bacon's partner, whom I had only partially seen when I paid my visit to my father's correspondents. Mr. Salt did not much sacrifice to the Graces, and I had some difficulty in ascertaining what might be the object of his visit, but when I had made out that, as my father's correspondent, he had come to return my visit, I did my best, by word and deed, to prove to him how very much I felt both his attention and his good nature. Mr. Salt was a man of few words, or rather, who suffered much from a difficulty of bringing his words to the surface, for which reason, after having superficially glanced at the comparative prices of hams between the two countries, I saw him preparing to take his leave, when luckily

it occurred to me that I might ask him to explain to me the meaning of the pamphlet which had been given to me by Miss Bacon. He took it into his hand, and having recognised it as coming from the daughter of his partner, he turned over a few pages of it, and then exclaimed with apparent disgust, "Cant!" What that word might mean in English I could not say. I recollected that such was the name of a German philosopher, and what could he possibly have to do with Miss Bacon? I saw Mr. Salt throw away the pamphlet with a frown on his brow, and heard him repeatedly exclaim, "Cant!—it's all cant!" Then, after a pause, in which he seemed to be absorbed in thought, he said, "Read Matthew, v. vi. vii. Everything is included there. One single ounce of practice in well-doing is worth a whole shop full of cant. Whatever you do always mistrust cant," he said to me; "but read Matthew, v. vi. vii. If you can practise one single of the holy precepts enjoined in Matthew, v. vi. vii., you will be much more benefited than reading thousands of such like books." After saying this, he shook me cordially by the hand and ran off. "There goes a man," said I to myself, "who hates the German philosopher, but who loves Matthew, whoever he may be." Everything that had just happened to me; my reception by my father's correspondents; my dinner with Mr. Bacon; his illustrious ancestor, Francis Bacon; his daughter; her love for me and

her pamphlet; Mr. Salt; his horror of Cant and his love for Matthew; all these things combined produced a perplexing effect upon my mind, and led me to make various reflections thereupon. Of Miss Bacon's intense love for me, there was not the smallest doubt; for was it likely, or even possible, that a young girl would follow a young man of my make and shape, simply to give him a book? of course she must be in love with him. It is true the said pamphlet demonstrated more interest for his soul than love for his person; but that subtle passion, does it not shew itself under a thousand different aspects, of which that of religion may, perhaps, be the most illusive? And Mr. Bacon, too, with his numerous family, what a singular mixture of pride and humility is he! They all seemed to fear, as a mortal sin, the necessity of eating and talking, and yet they were evidently more proud of their ancestor (though, after all, he was only the inventor of a new kind of organ) than if he were a lineal descendant of Charlemagne himself. Then comes the eccentric Salt, who seems only to have one object in life, which is, to hate the German philosopher, and to love Matthew. Upon this last point I was determined to come to an explanation with him on the very first opportunity, but in the mean while the impression which I had already received of England and the English was, that I had fallen into a nest of oddities, and into a country different from the rest of the world.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SUNDAY IN LONDON.—MARTIN FREQUENTS THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. PAUL'S, ACCOMPANIED BY MR. SALT.

The next day, early in the morning, in bed, my head well plunged into my pillow, I was surprised not to hear the accustomed sounds of carts and carriages rolling along the streets. That species of noise, usually so continuous by night and by day, had ceased, and the effect was as if a large body had ceased to breathe. In vain I opened well my ears to hear; no sound was heard. At length, impatient to learn the cause of this phenomenon, I jumped out of bed, and drawing the curtain, I looked into the street right and left with apprehension. The only living soul I perceived on the pavement was the milk-man; that was consolatory, for it was evident, thought I, that the inhabitants of the city were not all dead of the plague, for some evidently drank milk. Then, I remarked, that the shops were hermetically closed, as when a revolution had taken place in the State, and a disturbance might be expected. All at once the image of my friend Tugdug, with his body of Reformers, came before my imagination, and I began to think that he and his friends had re-

formed everything during the night. In order to settle my mind, I rang the bell for the waiter, in order to inquire from him what might be the true state of the case. He came in looking as calm and unconcerned as if nothing had taken place, and when I asked him what had happened, he informed me that it was Sunday, and then left me with a smile on his lips, evidently surprised at the liveliness of my astonishment. I had seen a Sunday at Dover, but it was quite another thing seeing it in London. What is to befall me to-day? said I to myself. What am I to do? whither shall I go? Everything is shut up; no one appears. It is positive despotism, it is an act of pure intolerance to treat foreigners after this fashion. Man is thus deprived of the seventh part of his existence, for what is life without pleasure? Can any one venture to uphold what the world is pleased to call the glorious liberty of the English, when upon each seventh day every one is obliged to shut himself up at home, there to yawn away the leaden hours as best he may? Such liberty is a farce. In France the Sunday is a day of rejoicing; man truly enjoys himself. Here it is torture; man sighs and wrings his hands. That dull and heavy English people should be quite happy to yawn and dose away their time, that is their affair; they are made for that purpose; but foreigners, particularly Frenchmen, what have they to do with their rules and regulations? As for me, I would not care a

straw about them, and go my own way to work, were it possible so to do, but, unfortunately, when everything is closed and prohibited, there is nothing else to do but to execrate and suffer.

As soon as I was dressed, I went down stairs in order to see if nothing was to be done to avert all the wretchedness which I contemplated, when I bethought me of the billiard-table. That was always a resource, and I immediately rung the bell to inquire if there was such a thing in the hotel. The waiter soon made his appearance, and I requested to be shewn to the billiard-room. With a self-important look and manner, he answered, "billiards are not allowed on Sunday." "How!" said I, "how is this? No billiards! barbarous, incorrigible country!" I immediately taxed him in good round set terms with the barbarism of his country. I said to him, "You are barber—your house is barber—all English barbers." He assured me that such was not his profession, that he was a simple waiter at an inn, but he still persisted in saying that no one could play at billiards on a Sunday, and that their billiard-room was closed. He left me apparently well satisfied with himself and with his country, but I could not prevent myself from exclaiming, "Miserable nation and people! among whom everything is sin, even to the simple act of striking a bit of wood against a ball of ivory."

In order to pass away my wretched existence,

I posted myself at the door of the hotel that I might see the people pass who were proceeding to the cathedral church of St. Paul's immediately opposite to me, for it was now near eleven o'clock, the hour at which all the English turn their hearts to prayer. Everybody wore their holiday clothes, but nothing, either in their faces or their deportment, denoted that it was a day of rejoicing; on the contrary, every one seemed duller and more serious than usual. Among those who were bending their steps to the church, I perceived Mr. Salt, carrying under his arm two gilt and well-bound books, and although he seemed to be plunged in thought, I took the liberty of addressing him as he passed by. I said to him, "Good morning, Mr. Salt, whither are you going?" He stopped short, and coming towards me, he appeared to be highly pleased to see me. He informed me that he was going to church, and then pressed me much to accompany him. A conversation then took place between us, which I should much have wished to be published and made known both in France and England, so well satisfied was I with myself and with my answers and observations. When Mr. Salt asked me to accompany him to the church, I said to him, "that having been to one once already at Dover that was enough for me, for, to say the truth, a church was a place where I soon became intensely tired." He then undertook to prove how absolutely religion was necessary, and that the

people could not enjoy the advantages of it without the aid of churches and clergymen. I did not fail to make him see that similar notions were ancient and obsolete, that at the present day no one troubled their heads much about religion excepting certain old women, who had nothing else to do. Upon hearing these words, Mr. Salt appeared to be utterly astonished. "How!" said he, "how, sir, is it possible that there exists in the world, a man who has no fears about futurity?"—Sir," answered I, "fear is unknown in France."

"But, Sir," said he, "you have a soul which you surely must desire to save."

I then drew myself up to my full height, and said these remarkable words, "Sir, be it known to you, that a good Frenchman *ne se sauve jamais.*" After which Mr. Salt ceased every remark, and said not a word, for I saw that he had been struck dumb by my saying (for which I hope to be immortalized) and he was about continuing his walk to the church, when recollecting that I had nothing to do, that the time would fall heavy on my hands if I did not occupy it in some way or other; that it would be better to see the inside of the fine cathedral before me, than to do nothing, I requested Mr. Salt to allow me to accompany him, and we walked on together. Upon entering, I was struck by the vastness of the cupola, and by the fine proportions of the building, but I asked myself, what can be the good accruing from such a place as this, so

totally useless? The service of the church was performed in a chapel separate from the great body of the edifice, containing but a comparative few, whilst the remainder of the circumference was a void space. The service having already begun, Mr. Salt hurried on to obtain a sitting, and I allowed myself to follow him, although almost mechanically. What I heard read and sung was precisely the same as what I had heard at Dover, with this difference that here more was sung than read, whilst the congregation in the capital, I observed, was much less in numbers than in the seaport. I also observed that there were but few of the better class present, an observation which confirmed an old standing conviction of mine, namely that religion was but little the fashion every where, not even in England, a country which would appropriate to itself the exclusive right of being esteemed the most moral nation in the world. Mr. Salt, however, be it said, went about his religion in good earnest, he did not remit his attention for a moment. He kept his nose well within his book during the whole service, he made himself heard, he sung well through that nose with all his might, and during the sermon he seemed to pay the strictest attention to the preacher, fixing his eyes upon him with great stedfastness. As for me I certainly persevered in keeping my place to the very end of the service, but, owing to its great length, I kept promising myself all the

while that I never again would place myself in a similar predicament, nor would I enter an English church again, excepting perhaps for the sole object of getting married, for I was aware that such an act was accompanied by an unavoidable ceremony there. Upon getting up to go away, Mr. Salt walked me about the body of the cathedral to point out to me certain monuments of white marble, erected in honour of the so called heroes and great men of England; among others he stopt me before a colossal and almost naked statue, dedicated to the memory of one Johnson. Viewing it with great respect he turned round to me, and said with considerable emphasis, "See, this is the famous Samuel Johnson."—"Ah, ah!" said I, "is it so? no doubt one of your famous boxers," and seeing that the statue represented a strong and well made man, I added, "a muscular rogue that." Mr. Salt said nothing more, and we left the church together. He accompanied me to the door of my hotel, and then would have taken his leave, but recollecting that I had something to say to him, I stopt him by referring him to our former conversation, and then asking him, "What did you mean by the word *Cant* and by Matthew, —five, six, seven, expressions so remarkable that I have recollected them ever since."

Mr. Salt at once lent himself to my wishes in the most friendly manner possible, and pointing to the book which he was carrying under his arm, he

said, "Your question is put at a lucky moment, for I have here wherewith to answer it." We then established ourselves in the coffee-room, where, by good fortune, there was no one but ourselves; and when seated opposite to each other, I saw the features of his face adopt a most benevolent expression, and placing his hand affectionately upon mine, he said, with tender emotion, "My young friend, I cannot tell you how much I am grieved to see you so lightly reject all the privileges and all the happiness which belong to a Christian man. Sooner or later you will judge better of the truth of this momentous question. You will grow old like me, that is inevitable; and you will ask yourself as I have asked myself, what am I to become after death? If your mind is allowed to remain destitute of consolation, as to what regards futurity, you are preparing for yourself a state of wretchedness, which no words can express, and it is the Christian religion alone, nothing else but religion, in all its doctrine and its practice, which can give you that consolation. It is on that account that I said, I hate cant, a word signifying hypocrisy, or the substitution of words for facts, smoke for substance. I look totally and entirely to practice, which I cannot hinder myself from knowing to be extremely difficult to acquire from beings so very weak and infirm of purpose as we are."

Softened by the very friendly and even paternal manner of Mr. Salt towards me, I felt my heart

open to him with sentiments of respect and affection, and I said to him, "But your Matthew, five, six, seven, what is the meaning of that? I can well understand the meaning of cant, but Matthew, explain that to me?"

The good man immediately most earnestly put on his spectacles, and then took to turning over the leaves of his Bible (one of the books under his arm) and having found the page he sought, he continued to address me in the same kind and benevolent manner. He then read me certain passages which were very impressive, and very much sobered down my natural liveliness, and I said to him, no doubt there are excellent things in the Bible; but I have never heard them before, and very few Frenchmen have ever heard them, in the way you have now placed them before me. 'Tis true, religion is becoming more the fashion in France than it was, and many young men give themselves the word to meet at Nôtre Dame whenever there is any celebrated preacher to be heard, for we admire wit, and fine language, and eloquence in any shape: but it is the fashion, also, to scoff and laugh at sacred things. There are many fine things, I allow, in the English service, but allow me to say it is too long. If a Frenchman hates anything, it is lengthiness, what we call *des longueurs*, and it appears to me, from what I have just heard, that you have joined several distinct services into one, and thus produced the

lengthiness I complain of. A Frenchman, owing to that very circumstance, would never become a convert to your church. You seem to carry through in your religious exercises, as you do in everything else, your desire to obtain as much as you can for your money, not reflecting that you thereby destroy the lungs and strength of your priest, as well as assail the patience of his hearers.

"This may be all true," said Mr. Salt, "but it has nothing to do with the essentials of religion."

"Oh! as to the essentials," said I, "a Frenchman's great point is glory—principally military glory—he must distinguish himself in some manner or another. When we had a Napoleon to lead us on, every religious feeling was satisfied, and no other has yet taken its place. I can say nothing more."

This answer of mine appeared to produce a very serious effect upon good Mr. Salt; he did not dare to continue sermonizing, and straightway gathering up his books and shrugging up his poor dear old shoulders at this, his discomfiture, he wished me good morning and left the hotel without saying one word more. He, I dare say, was one of the best of Englishman, but little did he know with whom he had to contend when he undertook to discuss religion with me. How ignorant must he be, and the general mass of his countrymen also, of the great height of glory to which France has attained, without the knowledge of these old women's tales, which seem to be all in all with them!

CHAPTER XIX.

HE VISITS MR. AND MRS. DIPPS IN THAMES STREET ON A SUNDAY.—HE IS INVITED TO THE LORD MAYOR'S BALL.

THE greatest part of Sunday still remained to be disposed of, and how in the name of goodness was I to dispose of it? That was the question. After having formed a thousand plans to that effect, I at length determined to pay a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Dipps, or rather to their only daughter. They lived in my neighbourhood, and consequently were more at hand than the Tugdugs. I found the counting-house in Thames Street closed, which shared the same fate as the shops; but after rapping at the house-door, I was immediately admitted by the foot-boy, who informed me that his master and mistress were at home, but that Miss was gone to church. I could not do otherwise than go up stairs; and there in the drawing-room seated in a corner, looking over a book which had much the appearance of a cash-book, I saw Mr. Dipps, who, with apparent confusion, thrust the book under a cushion. Mrs. Dipps was seated in an arm-chair fast asleep, and opposite to her on a table was a large book open, which I afterwards

ascertained was the Bible. He, having recovered from his confusion, received me with kindness, whilst madame, who had awoke at the noise made by my entrance, began first to rub her eyes, and then to beg my pardon for the absence of her daughter, who she told me was gone to church, accompanied by young Simpkins. She then inquired of me whether I had been to church, but all at once recollecting herself, she stopped as if she had said something wrong, and said, "I beg your pardon, I forgot, you are a Roman Catholic—you believe in the Pope, we have no pope in London. Now I recollect, instead of going to our church you go and 'make a mess,'" for it was in these words she wished to interpret *faire la messe*. After which, she began to talk to me about one Smit, a man of great merit, according to Mrs. Dipps's view of him, whom she entreated me not to mistake for another Smit, whose merits were equivocal, inasmuch as he had allowed himself to be overpersuaded by a woman of the name of Huntingdon, who had had sufficient influence to make him despise the church as by law established in the kingdom, and adopt her own view of the question, and to preach her doctrine. Her Smit, that is, Mrs. Dipps's Smit, was a man of rare and high qualities, and attracted multitudes to his church, whilst the objectionable Smit, according to those who admired him, was supposed to attract quite as many as his namesake.

Mrs. Dipps's Smit, according to her account of him, belonged to a church so high, and in such high order that the Queen, the Court, and all the aristocracy frequented it with enthusiasm, and she consequently was quite certain that she was in the right path. Mr. Dipps was quite of her opinion on that head, and they both of them insisted that their daughter (in the morning at least) should accompany them to their Mr. Smit, for she added, with a sigh, " I fear that my daughter has a hankering for the other Smit, and that she is gone to hear him this very evening, and has taken our Simpkins with her." I endeavoured much to console Mrs. Dipps by using all sorts of soothing and palliative expressions, assuring her, that, as far as regarded myself, I should not fail to take the part of her Mr. Smit, and, as far as it depended upon me, persuade her daughter no longer to frequent the perverse Smit, and, above all, to abominate the woman who had seduced him from the straight paths of duty.

Mrs. Dipps was good-natured enough to approve of my words and of my attentions to her, and she finished by giving me a slight sketch of her manner of passing the Sunday. I paid great attention to what she said; for to say the truth, as a question in philosophy, I was curious to ascertain in what manner the Englishman, who after all is a man, a human creature with senses perfect and entire, endowed with knowledge and intelligence

in certain things,—I was curious, I say, to know wherefore he was so persevering as to sacrifice one seventh portion of his existence to yawning, to weariness, to bewailing the misfortune of having nothing to do. According to Mrs. Dipps (and I may well suppose that her mode of passing the Sunday is that of all the English), the Englishman keeps his bed longer on a Sunday morning than on a week-day. He then rises without haste, and enjoys the pleasure of thinking over the leisure he is about to call his own. He then dresses himself to the best advantage in his Sunday clothes, and chooses out the most conspicuous bit of finery for the adorning of his person. The women, especially, distinguish themselves on that day. After which he breakfasts upon tea, bread and butter, and being in his best attire, he treats himself to slices of fried ham. He stretches himself and yawns until eleven o'clock, when having heard the church bell sounding during a previous half-hour, he takes his hat and cane, puts on new gloves, furnishes himself with a well-gilt prayer book, and bends his steps to the parish church. Should he be a married man, and the father of a family, he gives the arm to his wife, whilst the children, two and two, walk before them in procession to the gate of the sacred edifice. Then, through the intervention of a woman, paid for so doing, he and his family are installed in a pew which he rents, with lock and bolt, well carpeted, well cushioned, where, having

duly deposited his hat under his legs, he remains stationary at least for the space of two hours, his wife and children seated in a row on a bench by his side. There they sit, kneel, stand up, pray, sing, and listen, in short, do their best to keep their attention alive until the end of the service. That being over, they all return exactly as they came, he and his wife having exchanged a few words with their friends, upon the state of the weather, in the church-porch. Having reached their house, they dine. The dinner of every Englishman on a Sunday, the year throughout, rich or poor, great or small, consists of a piece of beef roasted, called *rosbif*, and of a certain pudding, composed of plain flour, grease, milk, and dried raisins, mixed up without discrimination, and then boiled up together in a little cotton bag. This mass is the *ploum poudin*. These two dishes are so entirely a matter of course with the Englishman, that I am inclined to admit that the principal basis of his religion is founded upon the act of eating them, and the more he and his family eat thereof, the more he is pointed out in the world for being a loyal subject to his sovereign, and the friend of the laws and of the British constitution. He dines thus early in order to curtail the labours of the kitchen, and to allow the servants to take their pleasure. Judging from what I with my own eyes saw performed upon the person of Mrs. Dipps, I should say that the extremely nutritious meat which the English-

man eats, accompanied by a heavy weight of pudding, both combined, must weigh heavily upon his stomach, and plunge him into lethargic sleep, evidently courted as a means of shortening the tedium of the day. If it be his aim to enjoy the reputation of a thoroughly conscientious man, he does not omit going a second time to church, which he does at three o'clock in the afternoon, going there and returning home precisely as he did in the morning. After which, should it be fine weather, he takes a walk, walking as slowly as possible, in order to fill up the time. Then comes tea, another great source of pleasure to the Englishman, with whom tea is as great a necessary as potage to the Frenchman, sour cabbage to the German, boiled rice to a Turk, or intestines to an Esquimaux. For the remainder of the day, until he goes to bed, tedium is the Englishman's portion. He can neither sing, whistle, dance, play upon a musical instrument, go to a theatre, nor play at cards. He must put an extinguisher upon his intellect, smother every sensation possible, and wait with resignation until Monday morning comes to his release, and restores him to the pleasures of life.

Such, pretty nearly, was the epitome of my conversation with Mrs. Dipps, who after having passed an hour in gossip, seeing me about to depart, requested me to await the return of her daughter, who would then be ready to preside at the tea-table. Mr. Dipps, during my conversation with

his wife, seeing my attention engaged, withdrew his cash-book from beneath the cushion, and continued his meditations thereupon. The young lady very soon after this appeared, accompanied by young Simpkins, having the appearance of being out of breath, as if she had been walking in a hurry, and an animated conversation ensued between mother and daughter, which, had it occurred in France, would very soon have degenerated into a quarrel, and perhaps have come to actual blows. The subject of the contention was the beforementioned Smit the preacher. According to my view of it, the name of Smit being frequently pronounced by them both, it seemed to me that the mother accused the daughter of persisting in going to hear the false Smit, when she had so often enjoined her to frequent the true one. The daughter who in truth had disobeyed her mother, defended her conduct with much energy, whilst she lauded to the very skies the eloquence and merits of the false Smit, comparing him, with derision, to the dull, and lukewarm discourse of the so-called true one. The words of the old lady appeared to me not a little to border upon those which, in Paris, we should assign to those ladies designated by the name of *poissardes*, or Billingsgate women. Those of the young lady were better selected, but still they did not do credit to the propriety and holy aspirations of England. During this little domestic ebullition I learnt several idiomatic peculiarities in

the language of the country, which I have noted down as important, for I am convinced that no foreigner can ever properly acquire a language until he has made himself acquainted with the idioms flowing from the ordinary events of every-day life. For instance, on this very occasion, I learnt that English young ladies must be necessarily instructed in the art of cookery, for several times during the discussion, Mrs. Dipps in a rage repeated that nothing should induce her to receive "the sauce" of her daughter. "I will have none of your sauce," she said over and over again, whilst Miss Dipps (perhaps from sheer modesty) assured her mother that she was as ignorant of making the sauce alluded to as Mrs. Dipps might be. "I have no more sauce than you have," were the precise words in which Miss Dipps retorted the accusation which was brought against her. As another instance, I learned on this occasion that English ladies enjoy certain prescriptive rights, independent of their parents, particularly the right of frequenting any one of the name of Smit, as often as they choose. The young lady frequently said to her mother, "I have a right to go to any Smit I like, and one Smit, in my eyes, is as good as any other." She constantly insisted upon enjoying her rights, using the words, "I have a right," as frequently as she could draw her breath, so much so, that I fully intend before marrying an English woman, to be supplied with the form of law applicable to females,

in order to ascertain the full extent of their rights. This constant reiteration of "I have a right," made it plain to my understanding that women in England must enjoy a code of laws of their own. At length, by slow degrees, the dispute came to an end; and the tea once poured out, everything resumed its wonted calm. I then seized upon this favourable opportunity to devote myself, with unrivalled assiduity, to Miss Dipps, to her who was the heiress to the riches of the house, and I at once saw by her manner of receiving my attentions, that she was all and totally mine.

The tea-service having been taken away, I approached her, and entreated her to favour me with some music, and to indulge my ears with the sound of her voice whilst she sang one of those charming airs to which she so well knew how to give a full effect. She exclaimed, with the sweetest of expressions, "Sing of a Sunday, Mr. Toutrond, that can never be—you are sporting." I now fell to sighing after the manner of a true Corydon, and I ventured thus to whisper into her ear, "Whether you chaunt or chaunt not, you will ever be an enchantress." This compliment, which I flattered myself was admirably turned, caused her to blush, and she then called upon her law, using the word law! with a strong emphasis, a custom evidently characteristic of a free country like England, and the whole proceeding, I perceived, produced a strong effect upon young Simp-

kins, whom I had long suspected to be my rival. After this, Miss Dipps presented me with a ticket for the Lord Mayor's ball, a great entertainment which was to take place on the following day, and requested me to come and escort her and her mother thither, assuring me that I should see a great many fine things, and promising that we should amuse ourselves very much by dancing with each other. I did not fail to thank her with most flattering speeches, and having done so, I took my leave with a positive promise to be at her orders the ensuing evening at eight o'clock precisely.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DIPPS FAMILY DEPART FOR THE LORD MAYOR'S BALL.—MARTIN ACCOMPANIES THEM.

I EMPLOYED myself during the whole of the morning in putting my toilet to rights, preparatory to appearing at the Lord Mayor's ball in a manner suitable to the glorious name of Frenchman, of which I was the bearer. This was the first time in which I had really produced myself in England, and I was determined to make myself talked of, and to shew to its inhabitants a specimen of true French gentility, as compared to the coarseness of their insular breeding. I had always been remarked as an excellent dancer, having laboured hard thereat with the famous Entrechat, and, I venture to flatter myself that no lessons were ever better bestowed. I was determined to carry the hearts of the English young ladies by assault, by the simple power of leg. My pumps, my gloves, my silk stockings, my waistcoat, my hair, all were unexceptionable, and, at eight o'clock precisely, I knocked at Mr. Dipps's door, in Thames Street, where I found the whole family on foot and ready to receive me.

But I now stop for a moment, and take breath, in order to express my astonishment at that which struck my sight on entering into the room of my father's correspondent. Wife, husband, and daughter were standing upright in a row, waiting for me, but dressed in so remarkable a manner, that I was on the point of losing sight of all the received notions of propriety common to my country, and bursting out into violent laughter. To describe Mrs. Dipps exactly as she presented herself before me would be impossible. In the first place, she was nothing but a confused mass of colours, brought together very much as might be those of a Turkey carpet. There was yellow, and red, and black, and white, and sky-blue, and pea-green, and I know not what more, mixed up together without taste or discrimination, upon the broad, fat, and accumulative person of the mother. Her head-dress was a thing by itself, a labyrinth of ridicule, without a beginning or an end, composed of feathers, lace, flowers, gold, pearls, a great comb, round curls, like guns in a battery, and, to keep everything in its place, a great plaster of black velvet, which was tightly compressed over the forehead. Her gown was made of a thick taffety, evidently aged, which must have passed on from mother to daughter, for many generations. The only indication of sentiment or feeling to be remarked throughout the general effect, was a portrait of Mr. Dipps, as large as a saucer, hung round the neck by a gold

chain, and which gave to Mrs. Dipps's bust the appearance of the front of an inn, of which the sign was suspended between the two projecting windows, standing out in strong relief. In short, the person of the wife of my father's correspondent presented a specimen of the national taste, which indulges itself in making a parade of its riches, be it in the head-dress of a man's wife, be it in his house, be it in everything which presents itself to the sight.

Mr. Dipps equally attracted all my attention by the change which he had effected in his person, for he, who on ordinary occasions, dressed himself simply and appropriately as a citizen, had, on this, allowed himself to be screwed tight, and inserted with much packing, into clothes so very little expansive, that he looked like something trussed up for the spit. Evidently at the persuasion of his daughter, he wore a cravat, so stiff and well covered that his face was become scarlet, and he looked as if he and death were staring each other in the face. His coat pinched him, his pantaloon appeared to have been pasted upon his little bandy legs, and he was trying to carry a folded hat under his arm with becoming airs. Mr. Dipps dressed and equipped for the Lord Mayor's ball, and Mr. Dipps my father's correspondent, wholesale oil and tallow merchant, were, in fact, two personages, totally different from each other.

The third person in the group was Miss, the

daughter, who had surpassed herself in the invention of a dress fitted for the occasion. The immense quantity of curled hair which fell all about her face, gave her the appearance of something more animal than human, until the protrusion of the end of her nose settled the question that she was human. From the back of her head floated in the air certain pennants made of lace, which fell in folds upon her shoulders, looking like linen hanging out to dry from a washerwoman's window. Her bodice was of black velvet, and her petticoat of satin was the colour of fire, whilst her arms were bare, and her shoes of black silk.

Having overcome my first emotion, I made certain exclamations, which were luckily received as the expression of my admiration, and which I took particular care not to disavow, and after I had walked twice round each of them, we descended and took our seats in a hackney-coach, which was waiting for us at the door. I assiduously helped the ladies into the coach, and, as I followed them, I laughed in my sleeve, comparing, in my mind, the difference that there was between a party of pleasure in France and one in England. I must not forget the young Simpkins, who, fat and puffy by nature, had increased the circumference of his cheeks by the stiffest of neckcloths, with which he had strangled himself, and on which, though unsuccessfully, he had essayed to tie the knot which I had taught him. He seated himself

on the box, next to the coachman, whilst the foot-boy clung on behind, and thus equipped, we proceeded, at a slow pace, to the Lord Mayor's house, called by distinction the Mansion-house.

Our progress was soon stopped, by a string of carriages, which were bound to the same place. I took advantage of the delay, to make myself entirely agreeable to Miss Dipps and her parents. The mother's thoughts were totally absorbed in her dress, and she did not open her lips, excepting, every now and then, to cry out with fright, lest the carriage might be upset owing to a rivality with another carriage. She consequently did not listen to my good sayings. The father, a man naturally pensive and taciturn, was also taken up with the uneasiness produced by his tight clothes, and scarcely gave tokens of life, excepting by an audible drawing up of the breath, caused by the tightness of his neckcloth; he, too, did not heed what I said to his daughter. She, on the other hand, did not shun the attentions which I paid her, and answered to them without hesitation. Her observations turned principally on the persons of her acquaintance whom she was likely to meet. I mentioned the family of the Tugdugs, of my friend, the brother, and of his two sisters. She wished to convince me how very much inferior to a tallow-merchant, one who was in communication with Russia, was the cheese-merchant, who only had dealings with Cheshire, and that,

consequently, he, the cheese-merchant, had no right to receive the honour of an invitation from the Lord Mayor.

During this our conversation, we gradually approached the entrance of the Mansion House, but all at once we heard cries, and perceived much agitation in the crowd which surrounded us. I thrust my head out of the coach-window, and I perceived behind us a fine carriage, drawn by horses full of life, driven by a coachman in full livery, who, with anger in his looks, was flogging on and inciting his horses by much swearing, with the intention of breaking through the line of carriages, of which our sorry vehicle formed a part. This carriage evidently belonged to some personage of consequence, one who evidently had a right to dispense with the weary dulness of a slow pace. But what was my surprise, when I saw issue from the crowd, one single man, wearing a shining hat, drest in a blue coat, with only one small stick in his hand, and forthwith place himself at the head of the capering horses, making signs and giving orders, evidently with the intention of keeping the carriage in the line. A battle then ensued, the coachman using his whip, the man with a stick impelling with violence. The mob, the surrounding coachmen, particularly the hackney-coachmen, all the persons within the carriages, all took part against the fine carriage which bore the man of consequence; whilst the man of consequence him-

self, and the lady his wife, were lolling unconcernedly upon the silken cushions, without saying a word on either side of the question. Mr. Mrs. and Miss Dipps very soon were much excited by what was going on, and made a loud demonstration of their feelings on the occasion, by crying out at the top of their lungs, the words, "shame, shame," and then shewing their knowledge of law, by loudly affirming, as relating to the action of the delinquent coachman, "he has no right." It was this infraction of the law which apparently gave them the most uneasiness, for when I observed that the owner of the carriage was probably some personage high in office, some member of the grand jury, some alderman, some lord, some duke,—they fell upon me and taunted me. "What is it to me," said Mr. Dipps, "who he is—what 's a duke or a lord to me—he must do like the rest. I have as much right to the street in my hack, as he has in his 'fine' carriage." "He is no gentleman," said Mrs. Dipps, red with rage, "if he does not prevent his coachman acting as he does—they ought to stop—he must be some impostor." "I hope they will take him up," said Miss Dipps, in French, translating her own idiom, by saying, "J'espere qu'on le prendra dessus," and then adding, "he ought to be sent to the *moulin des pas*—the treadmill." I was about inquiring where this mill might be situated, perhaps in some penal colony, when a loud exclamation of joy was heard to issue

from the mob, and then I saw that a second man, with a short stick, had come to the help of the first man, had seized upon the refractory coachman, and had pulled him down from his coach-box with violence.

The fine gentleman and the fine lady in vain protested against such an act of violence, and vowed ineffectual vengeance upon the blue coated men and their sticks, but the result was that they lost their place in the line, and our hackney-coach having pushed on, we lost sight of them and we never more heard how the affair terminated. In France we should have managed very differently. Our *gens d'armes* do not understand nonsense—ding dong—they would have produced order in a minute with a drawn sword. It must be allowed that the English are positive fools to allow themselves to be thus overcome by men without an uniform, without arms, and without the power which always accompanies numbers. I refrained from expressing my feelings thereupon to my friends in the hackney-coach, for what did they know of either military power or military glory? but I could not help bringing to my mind the famous saying of Napoleon, that England after all was only a nation of shopkeepers.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LORD MAYOR'S BALL.—MARTIN TOUTROND MEETS HIS FRIEND CAMILLE DESFORGES.

As soon as we had left the hackney-coach, we entered the Lord Mayor's mansion-house. He must really enjoy the dignity of a Colossus, this Lord Mayor, to judge by the congregation of horses which were heard at his door. We were received by a porter in the fullest of city liveries, with a gold laced cocked hat on his head, a great cloak, with an ample crimson cape on his shoulders, a face bursting with beef, bearing in his hand a herculean mace with a silver top. Having been informed of our names, he roared them forth with all his power, and they were carried on from mouth to mouth by footmen posted at convenient intervals. The name of Dipps was familiar to them, but mine was so clumsily treated, having run through the various changes of Tooron, Toran, Outran, Totron, that at length I succeeded in being introduced as Mr. Rotton. We made our entry into an immense saloon, already well filled with world and lighted up by an infinity of lamps and wax candles. The Lord Mayor was known

by a thick gold chain which he wore suspended from his neck, and his wife, who stood near him, had the air of a vulgar person, although dressed with all possible splendour and richness, and let me add with all the exaggeration of English ridicule we made our bows to them, a sort of bobbing and dipping, winking and blinking exercise ; for in the crowd which surrounded them there was not sufficient space to make a display of one's graces and attitudes, and after this we did as the others, that is, walked about and examined the dress and appearance of our neighbours. The variety of faces, dresses, and sizes, passes all description. My own Dipps's no longer appeared to me so extraordinary, for no French imagination could ever compass the ridiculousness of the different dresses which passed before my eyes. Though collected for pleasure, there was no appearance of joy or of enjoyment. No one, according to my view of enjoyment, seemed to be pleased with any thing. No one spoke—no one attempted to exhibit either wit of the mind or grace of the body. Every one had one stolid look, fixed and unmeaning, excepting some of the lighter women who turned their heads round with a look sufficiently stupid, merely to inspect the clothes of those who had passed them. I began to yawn and to feel the heavy dulness which surrounded me, when the music, which was placed aloft in a gallery, struck up, and this was the signal for the cavaliers and their part-

ners to stand up for the dance. I seized upon the hand of the fair Dipps, and we placed ourselves in as good a position as possible for dancing a quadrille, where I made a vow to myself that I would soon shew the citizens of London what it was to dance. I was all in readiness, and was about to spring into the arena with all the glow of one who was dying with the wish of distinguishing himself, when all at once my eyes fell upon my *vis-à-vis*, who (reader, judge of my emotion !) was neither more nor less than my old friend and schoolfellow, Camille Desforges. We first looked stedfastly at each other. I could no longer conceal my agitation, and I flew into his arms and we embraced each other with feelings of warm enthusiasm, which made the cold and inanimate nation which surrounded and beheld us, open all their eyes. It was quite a counterpart of the meeting of Pylades with Orestes, although I heard nothing about me but the whisperings of the word " Frenchman, Frenchman !" However, as the dance did not stop out of compliment to our emotions, we returned to our places, and we both of us began dancing with all our might, like two beings possessed by electrical power, excited as we were by the joy of a happy meeting. Camille was very skilful at cutting capers, he carried lightning at his heels and bounded about like a young he-goat. I shone in making pigeon's wings, and I made plenty of room for myself among the islanders, during the violent

efforts which I made right and left to expand my legs. I soon perceived that I had gained possession of Miss Dipps's heart, so much did she appear softened by my feats, and as I was passing through the air in a caper I caught a look from Simpkins, who, all astonished, was staring at me with envy and spite depicted in his features.

As soon as the quadrille was over, I hastened to join Camille. I found him in the crowd, giving the arm to a lady, extremely richly dressed and bedizened, but who was supremely ugly, and an Englishwoman to the very tips of her fingers. He looked a little put out at seeing me approach, and I thought that his manner had caught a strong tinge of the coldness of the nation which surrounded us. We addressed each other as old friends, and we evidently enjoyed considerable pleasure in looking each other over. He presented me to the lady, his companion, who I found was a countess, for so he called her, and I was all radiant with the pleasure of having a friend who could give his arm to a countess; but what was my astonishment, upon hearing this same countess address my friend Camille, a former sub-lieutenant of dragoons, by the title of count! How is this! Camille a count! I exclaimed to myself—this can never be! I immediately stept up close to him, and I said to him in his ear, "How is this? are you a count? what does this mean?" "*Chut*," said he, "not a word at present: I will explain everything by-and-bye;

come and see me to-morrow, and we will talk over matters together." Upon which he gave me his card with his direction thereon, squeezed my hand, and we separated. This sudden meeting for the moment checked my energies, and led me to make some curious reflections. Can it be, thought I, with a sneer, that in this country counts are made at pleasure, as easily we will say as my dear mother can make sausages in her back warehouse? That insignificant sub-lieutenant, what possible pretence can he have to nobility? Is it possible, though I doubt it, that he has invented something marvellous, some steam-engine, some reform bill, or something after that fashion, which has been of great use to the English, and that consequently he has been rewarded by a title and decorations? It may be, for who can say the ridiculous things that may not be achieved in this country? I was thus reasoning within myself, when, on turning round, my eyes fell upon the long dull face of Mr. Salt, partner to my father's correspondent, Mr. Bacon, who having recognized me, took my hand in the kindest of manners, and asked me how I did? I was too much taken up with the foregoing reflections to answer him as I ought to have done; but I asked him (I am afraid very abruptly), "Pray tell me, Mr. Salt, how is a count made in England?" He, who evidently misunderstood my meaning, thinking that I had asked him a question upon the mode of keeping accounts and upon book-

keeping, immediately threw himself into the attitude of a man about to make a dissertation. This was a subject upon which he was perfectly at home, for he kept the books of the firm, Bacon and Salt; and although we were surrounded by the intense bustle and noise of the ball, he did not hesitate a moment in answering my question, such as he understood it to be. I saw he looked upon me as the phœnix of young merchants, thus to be seeking instruction and information in the midst of pleasures. He held forth most enthusiastically upon the mysteries of his method, raising his voice in proportion as the fiddles, the trumpets, and the double-bases raised theirs. I paid every attention to what he said, though without any fruit, for in no manner did he answer the question which I thought that I had put to him. He was about proving to me, that an account well kept, was about one of the finest operations in nature, when I suddenly stopt him by asking him, whether the King or the Parliament made counts? Upon hearing this question, he looked at me quite astonished. "How?" said he, "what has the King to do with our accounts? We sell as many hams as we can, and we then make out an account in all due form." He then explained, with great zeal, that the Bill of Parliament and the bill sent in by a man in trade were things totally distinct; and proved to me so many things which I did not care to know, that in the very middle of one of his finest periods, I took the

liberty of plunging into the crowd, and throwing myself once more among the dancers. It was then that I saw young Simpkins dance. He had succeeded me in dancing with Miss Dipps. I perceived at once that he had taken me for his model, and that he was doing his best to copy my steps, and catch the grace of my person. He made some remarkable contortions, that young man—he was taking violent exercise in no very refined manner, and his cheeks were intensely suffused in consequence of his great efforts. He kicked about like one just hung; threw out his legs right and left, —acts which he flattered himself were taken for pigeon's wings, and bounded about snapping his heels together, flattering himself that he was cutting capers. Miss Dipps also did not dance for nothing. It might have been remarked, that she was throwing in much sentiment in her manner of dancing with Simpkins, had I not been certain that she had already given her heart to me. It was, however, very gratifying to see how much I had already given the tone (and, through me, France) to the citizens of a city and of a rival nation; and I was persuaded that I had thus instilled the first principles of dancing in a community which to this day had been living in a state of lamentable ignorance. Whilst I was contemplating the efforts which Miss Dipps and Simpkins were making to distinguish themselves, Mrs. Dipps, the mother, came up to me, and, looking at her daugh-

ter and her companion, pointing them out to me, she said with a thoroughly happy look, "they are going it with a vengeance;" that is to say, they are dancing in order to revenge themselves; words which proved to me, that the Englishman never dances from the impulse of joy or lightness of heart, like the Frenchman, but that he always has a mixt motive in every thing he undertakes, which partakes either of hatred or of interest.

Never losing sight of the principles of conduct enjoined to me by my uncle, my mother's brother, namely, never to speak to an English woman without a previous introduction, I obeyed them to the letter, although to say the truth, I found it very difficult so to do, for I was constantly challenged by looks of every description from the eyes of many a young beauty (for it must be acknowledged that the islanders are beautiful), who evidently dazzled by my person and my general appearance would all have been delighted to dance with me. But I held good—I was determined not to destroy the benefits of the victory I had gained over Miss Dipps, and therefore having once again danced with her, I was not sorry to hear that the time for departure was come. We returned as we had come, and having bid adieu and wished good night to my future father-in-law, and to my future mother-in-law, I returned to my hotel, half-dead with fatigue, though quite certain as to the result of my night's operation—the fair Dipps was mine.

CHAPTER XXII.

OF WHAT TOOK PLACE IN THE DIPPS FAMILY AFTER THE BALL. — ASTONISHMENT AND DISGUST OF MARTIN.

The next morning I arose making certain serious observations. I had profoundly examined the character of the English. I now perfectly understood their manner of thinking, their views, political, religious, and commercial, and the general scope and intent of their complex and intricate government. I had partaken of their pleasures, as well as become acquainted with the secrets and interests of their domestic life, and I saw that I could do whatever I chose with them owing to my own superiority, and I was determined, therefore, to pursue these advantages for the advancement of my fortune. I was already tired of the country and of its inhabitants. As to comparing it with France, one might as well compare lead with quicksilver. Life weighed heavily upon me. I was quite resolved to break with them at once—to cut them dead, and to marry Miss Dipps. Thus having secured a good fortune in all honour, with brilliant hopes for the future, I would take her

with me to Paris, and there all in good time she would accustom herself to our manners, and to our way of thinking, and more than all to our dress and personal appearance in which she was above all deficient. I made these and similar reflections, whilst I dressed myself, and the result of them was that I should proceed forthwith and make my proposal in form to the object of my desire on this very morning, and immediately that the marriage ceremony should be over, that we should depart for France. My heart really jumped with pleasure when I reflected upon the happiness which awaited me. On the one hand, I saw a young creature rendered perfectly happy by possessing the affections of a man like me. I enjoyed the effect of her adorations, and delighted myself in hearing the expressions of her ecstasies, and as we were about getting into the travelling-carriage, I felt myself receiving the parting benediction of her parents, who could not enough express their gratitude to me for having consented thus to make their child happy. On the other, I saw the carriage after a prosperous journey, stopping at the threshold of my paternal mansion, I saw the dear authors of my being with outstretched arms rushing out to receive us, my wife timid and fearful seizing hold upon the skirt of my coat lest she should be left to herself. Then would ensue heart-stirring embraces, fallings upon necks and weepings, cries of joy, tears of affection, and a most

pathetic scene of tender welcome upon the approach of my wife. All this would pass in full day, and in full sight of the whole Rue du Bac, which would also be set a crying with sympathetic tenderness and joy.

I then proceeded on my way, my heart imbued with pleasure in thinking upon the happiness which I was about to bestow upon a respectable family (and above all rich), and I hastened the quickness of my step from sheer nervousness as I approached the door of the house in Thames Street. I was surprised to see a postchaise at the door (the travelling carriage of common use in England), which struck me as something strange, since I had never heard travels or travelling discussed by my father's correspondent. I just looked into the counting-house, where I did not see the young Simpkins. Every door appeared to be thrown open. The foot-boy, whom I had met on entering, seemed to be struck with idiotism, for he had not a word to say. Words of anger and sounds of interior bustle struck my ear, and I was overpowered with astonishment when I perceived the Father Dipps coming down stairs, two steps at a stride, his face convulsed with anger, his eye fixed and fierce, his great coat half-buttoned over his breast, a great stick in his hand, swearing and cursing between his teeth, like one who was much ill-used, and who was determined upon revenge. I attempted to stop him, and to inquire what had happened, but I

heard nothing but these words, "She is gone, dam her!" and then without more ado he threw himself into the carriage, and drove off like lightning. My impression was that some ship had set sail in which he was greatly concerned, without his being apprized of it, and that he was gone off in a great hurry to stop her on the coast. Soon after, however, I met Mrs. Dipps, the mother, who was in tears and blubbering out certain mysterious words, touching the payment of certain debts. "She shall pay me for this," she said, following up the current of her emotions by a terrible explosion against something of the masculine gender, thus, "a young villain!—an audacious upstart!" I endeavoured to console her grief by inquiring after Miss Dipps, when an explosion more violent than the former took place, when I heard to my utter surprise that it was any thing but the departure of a ship which had caused all this outbreak, but that, in truth, Miss Dipps herself it was who was gone off. How is this possible! exclaimed I, it cannot be. She would have waited for me—myself. There must be some mistake, I said to myself, we were perfectly understood. She fixed herself upon me. She never ceased looking at me. Was always saying, yes, yes, and often touched her nose with her spread out hand, when I bantered her about Simpkins. I kept repeating to Mrs. Dipps that there certainly must be some mistake. That she might be gone to morning church with

Simpkins to hear the false Smit, and that a fault of that description ought not be visited by such anger.

"How!—mistake!" exclaimed Mrs. Dipps; "what do you mean by your mistakes and your Smiths! See these letters! Here is his letter—the letter of the young rascal—and her letter; letters which talk of love, and hearts, and couldn't help it, and a pack of nonsense. She did not even go to bed after the ball: she left us her old shoes and took her new ones; she has made us a present of her old shawl and run off with the new one; she made a parcel of her new bonnet and in her haste forgot to take it with her; and the wretch Simpkins has left the key of his own chest of drawers, but has carried away that of the iron chest. They are gone off to Gretna Green, that is quite sure; and there is Mr. Dipps, who will never be able to overtake them before the blacksmith has done the job, for they are at least six or seven hours ahead of him."

All this appeared to me to be quite impossible; for either the young lady must have totally lost her wits in taking that thickheaded Simpkins instead of me, or we should soon see her return home as if nothing were the matter.

Mrs. Dipps, notwithstanding my representations, continued to encourage her violent feelings, and was constantly saying to herself, "But what will Peter Crumb say? I wonder what Peter Crumb

will say?" Who can this Peter Crumb be, I asked myself. Here is a name which I never before heard. No doubt he must be some rich relation, from whom the family entertained great expectations. In order to clear up my doubts, I determined to ask Mrs. Dipps the question. Her heart was full, poor woman! She was entirely overcome by her great misfortune. She evidently was softened by the sympathy which I expressed, and she was thus encouraged to confide to me without any concealment, and in full faith in my sincerity, the whole of her family plans. She confessed to me that the man Peter Crumb was the individual which she and her husband had delighted themselves to contemplate as their future son-in-law. He was a corn and flour merchant, rich, well to do, punctual and exact in his dealings, and much esteemed for his integrity and for the influence which he exercised on the Exchange and in the corn-market. He seldom frequented the house in Thames Street, for he was always overwhelmed with business, and consequently had no time to make love; "but," added Mrs. Dipps, "he was not left in ignorance as to the fortune which he would get with our daughter, and that certainly alone set his heart at rest and stood him in lieu of downright love. For our daughter will be very rich; she is an only child, and we intended at our deaths to leave her all we have; but matters have changed. Mr. Dipps swore this very morning that

he would cut her up (*decouper*) with a shilling." (This, it seems, is the received manner in England of punishing a disobedient child.) "But unfortunately," continued the sobbing mother, "she is already independent of us; for an aunt has lately left her ten thousand pounds in the three per cents, and the rascal Simpkins having found that out, set his wits to work, and has succeeded in seducing our daughter from her duty to her parents."

She then ceased talking, took to her tears again, and I remained perfectly astonished at what I had heard. "How!" said I within my inmost thoughts, "I, a Frenchman, born under the Empire, having taken part in the glory of Napoleon,—I, Martin Toutrond, that I should be humbled by a booby—an ass — a great jolter-headed English creature like Simpkins!—that he should have the audacity ever to think of supplanting me in any manner whatever, but with one to whom I did the honour of paying my addresses, this it is which excites my imagination and aggravates all my fine feelings. For, to make a comparison between us, without flattery I may say, that as compared to him I am as day is to night, as—what shall I say?—as a rose-garden to a dunghill, as Champagne is to English beer, as an angel is to a four-footed beast! And to have been deceived, played upon, and set on one side by a wretched little slut, without shape or make, without wit, and without sufficient sense to discover where real merit lies. She, who was

making eyes at me from morning till night, and who made me quite sick at stomach every time she attempted to put a few phrases together in French ! No man of understanding had ever been worse treated than I had been. If such an event had taken place in France, that land of gentility and the Graces, where all the little deceptions common to love-making are admitted and put into practice with tact and good breeding, it would have happened to me as to many a better and cleverer young man than myself; but in England, that coarse-grained country, so deeply imbued with animal matter; that country in which the passion of love is unknown, excepting the love of gain ; that country, in fine, where man drives the woman from his table after he has well eaten and drunk, in order to be better at his ease to drink more, and where, in short, when he is tired of her, with a rope round her neck, the husband takes his wife and sells her as he would a beast in the market. That such like insolence should have been offered to me in my own person, and in such a country, was that which made me die with vexation. And when I set myself down to reflect, and to calculate how much I had lost in actual cash by this proceeding, I found that ten thousand pounds sterling of which I was sure, positively sure, ready to be put into my purse, had already slipped through my fingers. That sum alone would at once have given me an agreeable income, until I obtained more. I

might have cut a figure in Paris, dressed myself in the first style of elegance, kept a beautiful carriage and horses, and held up my head with the first-rate young men, who now are pleased to pass by me without deigning to look upon me. And when I thought upon the whole of the Dipps's money which would have been mine, all the fortune which Mrs. Dipps had assured me would ultimately have become her daughter's (for need it be said that I could easily have supplanted Peter Crumb, who never even avowed himself to be her lover), when I thought, I repeat it, upon these great advantages lost and this opportunity gone, I perfectly trembled with rage, and in my fury I determined to crush the young Simpkins as with a thunderbolt upon the very first opportunity. But what can I say more? I left Mr. Dipps's full of similar feelings, with a determined resolution never more to set foot in the house, and when wishing goodbye to the wretched mother she gave me her hand in friendship, I could not help muttering between my teeth, the Devil may take all English women!

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARTIN PAYS A VISIT TO HIS FRIEND CAMILLE, WHO INSPIRES HIM WITH AMBITION.—HE BECOMES A VISCOUNT.

Setting foot in the street, after leaving Mr. Dipps's house, I more than half determined to leave London, and the so much vaunted Great Britain, and devote the remainder of my life to our adorable country. But, recollecting that I had promised my friend Desforges to pay him a visit, and depending upon his friendship, and moreover on his knowledge of the English people, I conceived that he might give me some advice how best to act, and accordingly I bent my steps straight to where he lived. Upon his card of address were inscribed these words:—

"COUNT DESFORGES,
Great Judd Place West, City Road."

Seeing that the geography of his address was too complicated for my knowledge of London, I hired a hackney-carriage, which, after an immense journey, took me there in safety. The approach to his house was through a little garden, bordered by a few flimsy poplar trees, blackened by the inexorable smoke of London, and having been received

by a footman, dressed in a suit of livery, I was forthwith introduced into a study, where I had the pleasure of finding my friend alone, and delighted to see me. He was still in his morning-gown, seated on the best of easy chairs, and surrounded by every comfort, such as books, here and there, engraved pictures in frames, handsome mahogany tables, carpets, cut glass lustres—in short, by every thing necessary for rendering life agreeable. We embraced each other after the mode of our country, as if we were in France, and having made all sorts of exclamations upon the singular circumstance of our thus meeting in a strange land, we wound up by a succession of peals of laughter, addressing each other in English, with that peculiar accent emanating from the throat, which characterizes that language, and mimicking the little demonstrative manners of the islanders, and the rigidity of their first meeting. "How are you?—how goes it? — hearty? — fine day — yes — does it rain tomorrow? — yes it was — perhaps — well — dam it — ha — hum — good morning — good bye." In this manner we pulled to pieces an English visit, where more is thought than said, and where monosyllables have the best of it. In fine, having well purified our spleen, at the expense of our English neighbours, we began to talk seriously. Camille first began to question me upon the object of my journey to England—he well knew that such a journey had in time past been discussed in

the Rue du Bac, but he wished to know whether any result had been produced. I began from the beginning and I told him every thing, from the moment of my arrival at Dover, described my bed filled with nuts, my adventures in the stage-coach, and then went through the history of my love of Miss Dipps, and of its termination. Camille laughed till he cried, as long as my narration lasted, but when I came to that part of it where I made the description of my rival, of the manner in which he had carried off the young lady, from under the eyes of her father and mother, from Peter Crumb and myself, I thought he would have fallen into convulsions from laughter, which caused him to roll about on the floor. "How," said he at length, gaining breath, "how, a heavy English lad has taken you in! — where, then, was your French cunning? You must do better than this — you must come to me and I will tell you how to set about getting a wife."

It was now my turn to question, and I immediately requested him to explain to me how he had become a Count, husband to a Countess, owner of a good house, full of furniture, and rejoicing in the appearance of a man perfectly at his ease.

"Friend Martin," said he, "I am not without a certain share of personal merit, that you will allow, but also it must be said that my success in life has been brought about by much good luck. I came to England seeking my fortune like you, having no

better outfit than a tolerable good face, a pair of moustaches, spurs to my heels, a good person, and a letter of recommendation to a certain Mr. Button, a tailor of great reputation in London, who was much the fashion and well known at Court. This most excellent of tailors took a great liking to me, perhaps because he liked the cut of my coat, which he wished to imitate, and without loss of time he introduced me to his wife and daughters, and invited me to dine with him on the very day of my arrival. It was then that I well understood how mean and base in his natural state is the Englishman, and that the principal desire of his heart is to be noticed by the rich and the great, abasing himself before them by adulation, imitating them in their manners and in their tone of superiority, when dealing with their inferiors. I found collected at dinner certain titled personages, certain young men of fashion, who, so I afterwards heard, paid the debts which they had contracted for clothes, by lending out their presence during dinners and assemblies. To my great surprise, during the whole of the dinner, my host and his wife called me Count, or, as the English pronounce the word, *Ki-ount*, and they evidently flattered themselves that by giving currency to this lie, they were increasing their own importance in the estimation of their guests. I will not say that this title was displeasing to me, and therefore I did not reject it; thus for ever after they never addressed

me but as Count Desforges. Seeing how much this name and title gave me consideration and dignity among the English, I never thought of repudiating the honour and advantages accruing therefrom, and I need not tell you that my only right to the title I now bear, proceeds from no other source than the circumstances which I have just told you. I soon made the proper alteration in my visiting cards, and from simple Camille Desforges, which I professed to be, I am actually become Count Desforges at your service."

I could not help laughing in my turn at the expense of my friend, so much was I amused at his simple and unaffected manner, and I then pressed him to inform me how he had so soon managed to get married, and to settle himself thus comfortably in the world.

"To say the truth, my dear Martin," answered Camille, "it had been better had I not been in so great a hurry to marry, for, after the ceremony was irrevocably over, I learnt but too late, that owing to my title I could have succeeded in placing myself infinitely to better advantage. I do not say that I am positively disgusted with the possession of my present wife, for, in truth, she is a good little—good insignificant little woman, and she is not handsome—as for that—no—there is no mistake, she is not beautiful—on the contrary, she is ugly, yes, palpably ugly, and I could have had one pretty, that is, one not altogether repugnant.

As soon as it was known that I was engaged to marry Miss Moon, for that was her name, several young ladies came about me, ogling and caressing me, among others the only daughter of a rich hatter, pretty and attractive, who let me fully understand how happy she would be to become the Countess Desforges. But, I felt my honour compromised in keeping faith with my intended, who, be it said, was the daughter of a Governor, and in actual possession of more revenue than the daughter of the hatter could at present expect. I will at once say that I was dazzled with the title of Governor. I had a faint recollection of the famous governor of the Philippine Islands in 'Gil Blas,' and I allowed my imagination to run riot in viewing my future father-in-law as the Governor of some fine kingdom in the Indies, or elsewhere, where, through his influence, I might obtain the nomination to some distinguished situation, in which I might make a great and rapid fortune.

Everybody congratulated me upon the conquest which I had made over the heart of Miss Moon, because she was known to possess a fortune independent of her father, which set her at liberty to dispose of her hand as best suited her inclinations. I found that the Governor was opposed to her marriage with me, for he is a downright Englishman, who hates all the enemies of his country, more particularly France and Frenchmen, and, consequently, he refused to appear in person when

the marriage ceremony was performed. It was only after the wedding that I began to acquire true information concerning the family of my wife and her relations, and then, to my astonishment and mortification, I discovered, that instead of being the Governor of an island or a distant kingdom, or a fortified city, he was, in fact, only the Governor of a Mad-house. When I was first apprised of this, I could not help exclaiming, 'Here is another proof of English baseness! In order to give himself the appearance of associating with the great, that wretched tailor always talked to me of Miss Moon as the daughter of Governor Moon, without ever hinting of his connection with mad people.' All my ambitious views fell to the ground, under a stroke so unexpected, and forthwith I resigned myself, with all the philosophy I could command, to the enjoyment of my very comfortable revenue, although encumbered with the dead weight of my ugly wife, and I was determined not to torment my mind upon the uncertainties of what might be my future fate. Such, in a few words, is the narrative of my adventures, which I might have extended by an infinity of details. I might have told you of all the adverse circumstances thrown in my way by the relations of my wife, particularly in drawing up the marriage articles, but all was overcome by the extreme love which I had inspired in the breast of Miss Moon, who loudly and boldly insisted upon begin-

ning with the marriage ceremony before anything else was achieved."

'But, my dear friend!" I exclaimed enthusiastically, "you are actually a happy man. You are a man enjoying dividends; you are a man keeping house, with a livery servant at your tail; what do you want more? Let your Governor and all your high aspirations go to the devil. Have not you money enough to spend? are you not surrounded with every luxury? You would never have heard me grumble, had I succeeded in obtaining possession of Miss Dipps. You would then have seen the sort of house I would have kept."

"It only depends upon yourself," said Camille, "to do as I have done. Make yourself a count or viscount, and before long, I answer for it, that you will be just as well married as I have been, equally rich, and equally possessing all the advantages which I enjoy. I know the English well. Napoleon well said that they are a nation of traders. They must always get a good equivalent for their money. A title, it does not signify which or what, has a charm in their eyes quite insurmountable, and every one who is rich aspires thereto; for, all being more or less opulent, riches do not confer distinction, and it is then that a title, or an order, or any designation whatsoever, becomes an object of great value. They accuse us of being vain and frivolous, but you will soon find

out that the Englishman is equally so, and that coarsely and heavily, unaccompanied by any of the grace or gentility of manner which so much distinguish our nation."

I was perfectly overpowered with enthusiastic feeling, upon hearing Camille hold forth. All he said I felt was full of truth, and I determined, on the spot, to follow his advice. I became a nobleman by the simple impulse of my heart. I felt nobility coursing through my veins, beating at my heart, and insinuating itself throughout my whole being. I exclaimed, with a voice at once firm and unflinching, " I consent. As thou art a count, so I create myself a viscount. Confirm this act by your fiat, and the creation will be complete."

Upon hearing these words, Camille got up, and taking his sword from off a peg, he drew it from the scabbard, and, with an accent the most serious, and a look abundantly severe, he flourished it over my head, and having ordered me to fall on my knees, he roared out, " Arise, a viscount." I did kneel; I did rise; and then we fell to laughing and making antics, like men overtaken by delirium, all indicatives of our relative rank and positions and of the respect due to our respective dignities.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARTIN BECOMES A VISCOUNT. — HE IS INVITED TO DINE BY CAMILLE, WHO RELATES TO HIM WHOM HE WILL MEET AT DINNER.

"We must give you a better name than Toutrond," said Camille, after having given himself time to reflect. "Toutrond is too common. We must give you more of a grand name, something that will raise you above the vulgar;" then, striking his forehead with his hand, he cried out, "I have found it; yes, I have it; a *chat* will do your business; prefix a *chat*, and there you are Chatourond, or Chateaurond, which is the same thing, and you will be fitted to a name which may go with that of the Bayards and the Montmorencies. You are to be Viscount Chateaurond, and I will introduce you to the world as such, and I promise you that, before long, you will have caught your English wife, positively rich, possibly handsome, but probably ugly, for, to say the truth, I entertain an axiom in my mind, which sayeth, that great riches and great beauty being rare, they seldom go together."

I was overpowered by feelings of gratitude, and

I expressed as much to my friend for the trouble he had taken, and was about to take, to promote my views in life, and I readily acceded to adopt all his suggestions. On that very day, I left my lodgings near St. Paul's, and I established myself in furnished rooms in a private house, in Camille's neighbourhood, where I took upon myself the name and bearing of Viscount Chateaurond, from Paris, and where I exercised my first privileges of nobility in criticising and abusing the furniture and general appearance of my apartment, as little worthy of my dignity. These tactics did not produce all the effect which I had expected; for my landlady, a severe and incredulous woman, after having examined me silently and long with her eye, requested to be informed what references I could make respecting the respectability of my character, and the truth of what I asserted. I was at first disposed to take her demand as an insult, but afterwards I thought otherwise; and in order to prove to her that I was not totally unprovided with English friends, I vauntingly threw the names of Dipps, Tugdug, Bacon, and Salt in her teeth; but seeing that this produced no effect, I requested her to go seek her information at the house of my friend Count Desforges, who, owing to the house he kept, to the handsome dress and appearance of himself and his wife, had established a good credit and reputation in the neighbourhood, and who I was sure would answer for me. She went and re-

turned perfectly satisfied; and I then took possession in all due form, making a display of all I possessed,—clothes, linen, jewellery, cane and umbrella,—all to produce an effect, and to procure me respect and consideration. Scarcely had I seated myself on my own sofa, before I received the largest of cards, informing me in very readable characters, that the Count and Countess Desforges requested to have the honour of my company to dinner on a day and at an hour duly named. This said card came most opportunely in aid of my respectability, and immediately produced a visible change in my favour; for, from that moment, my landlady could not sufficiently exhibit the extent of her subserviency. Never was a viscount better installed in his high situation than I was; and she seemed to take a particular pleasure in constantly repeating my name and title, by way evidently of giving splendour to her wretched mansion, as one sometimes sees artificial roses exhibited in winter, in order to make believe that it is summer.

In returning my visit, Camille informed me that it had come into his head to give the dinner in question purposely to have an opportunity to introduce me to several persons of his acquaintance who might be useful to me, and more particularly to a young lady said to be very rich, and who, he believed, was very anxious to make herself distinguished by a title. Words failed me to express all my gratitude; for, to say the truth, I felt so

happy to be emancipated from the very contracted circle of my father's correspondents, and raised to the society of persons of more importance, that I rejoiced in the prospects before me, feeling, since I had come into possession of my title, that the nature of my thoughts were changed as well as the bearing of my person. Camille then thought it right to give me a slight sketch of the guests whom he had invited to dinner. First and foremost, the principal personage was an old milord, a man of weight, called Crûcheaulait, although the English write his name Crutchly. He was the friend of his wife's father, and took the greatest interest in the mad-house, of which he was the governor. Madness, in all its various degrees, excited his curiosity as much as his benevolence. His lordship was ever the first to call upon and inspect a fresh madman, and espoused all his interests as he would his own. Did he discover any abuse in the mode of treatment, he was the first to give information to the authorities, and the whole nation was sure to be advised thereof through letters in the newspapers, if that abuse were not promptly remedied. He was averse to every man who did not love a madman as well as he. He lived for the sole object of administering relief to the wretched, particularly those deprived of reason; he superintended their comforts as he would those of his own children, and never ceased his endeavours to interest every one he met or knew in the

sadness of their fate. In fine, never did England possess a man so great an amateur in madmen as the same Lord Crûcheaulait (for so I intend to call him). The second in importance were relatives of Camille's wife, Sir Snoukès and his wife Miladi Snoukès, a name which the English write Snooks, and pronounce in one syllable, without grace or charm. He, the man, had been a commander-in-chief of the armies of a princess of Bengal, a country situated in the East Indies, where he had acquired great riches. He had the reputation of having massacred an unheard-of quantity of Hindoos, Begums, Mufties, Sheiks, in short, whole tribes, in his zeal for the welfare of his princess, always taking possession of their goods (a received mode of proceeding in that country), of which he kept a considerable share. His wife was a lady of high pretensions, extremely rich in the possession of Cashmere shawls and pearls, and famous, among other things, for riding well on elephant-back. Camille hoped, through the mediation of these persons and of Lord Crûcheaulait, to be taken into favour by his father-in-law, who continued to be inflexible with respect to his marriage with his daughter. He made mention of several more persons, but the one amongst them who most attracted my attention was the young lady whom he had fixed upon as the future Viscountess Chatoutrond. He described her to be as tolerably handsome, but superlatively rich. She was an only child, and

would possess the entire fortune of her father, who was also to be one of the guests on this occasion. This father, it appears, who was a man newly enriched, had been the first to introduce into his country a famous manure. He had been sharp enough to discover that in certain islands in some distant ocean, situated near unknown countries, sundry birds and beasts had, since the beginning of the world, carefully deposited and accumulated manure of their own, which, according to the instincts of my future father-in-law, was the sole commodity capable of giving impulse to the failing agriculture of the country, destroyed by the bad management of the government, and more particularly by the manufactories of cotton; and, in truth be it said, judging by results, his sagacity was never better exercised. Camille advised me, when I conversed with the young lady in question, to abstain from any allusion to the subject of manures in general, for that she was extremely thin-skinned on that subject; but, in order to gain her heart, he prompted me to talk big upon nobility and great families, to entertain her with the deeds and sayings of dukes, counts, marquises, and even kings, and to make her understand that nobles and men of high distinction were my principal companions.

I pondered over his advice with care, and as soon as Camille left me, I began to study a

certain book which gave an account of the English nobility, and by the help of which I hoped to soften the heart and obtain the goodwill of my Dulcinea. But where begin such a study with any hopes of success! What names! What singular combinations of consonants and vowels! Let me ask how will it ever be possible for a French mouth to overcome such words as Arbuthnot, Buccleuch, Donoughmore, Kircudbright, Cholmondeley, and thousands of others equally barbarous. I felt that it would be better to trust to the invention of a name as the occasion might require than to study the truth, and, having so determined, my mind was at rest. In the meantime, I tried to recollect and marshal into order in my head all the fine names in the history of my own country, and to compose an off-hand genealogy for myself, which would place the name of Chatoutrond in affinity and alliance with all the great and noble families of France.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DINNER.—MARTIN FORMS AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH MA'M-SELLE GROBETE, OR MISS GRUBBIT.

THE day of the dinner having arrived, I dressed myself in the very highest style of perfection, and I observed that in leaving the house to go to Camille's, my landlady opened all her eyes with astonishment at seeing me so well equipped. It is quite certain that the English in general, notwithstanding their cold and stolid looks, are much influenced by a handsome exterior. On reaching the door; I made an astonishing demonstration with the bell and knocker, in order to assert my nobility, for I have always remarked, that the Englishman, the better he thinks of himself, the harder he knocks, and I was not mistaken: for in proof of the effect produced by my vigour, the door was opened as quick as lightning, and a little footboy, with a triple row of buttons on his livery, received my hat and cane, and then I was ushered up by another servant, who was lying in wait for me at the top of the staircase. Then, for the first time, I heard myself announced by my title. The

blundering footman, not having caught with precision the nicety of my name, announced me with a loud voice as Count Chatteron, which disconcerted me not a little on my entrance into the room, for I observed a smile on the faces of several of the assembled guests, but the amiable manners of Camille, who immediately introduced me to his wife, having restored me to all my self-possession, I was left at liberty to make my observations. The first person whom I recognized, was Lord Crûcheaulait, a respectable-looking old gentleman, rather a caricature in appearance, but still full of dignity. He came up to me, and, without any preliminary speeches, asked with much eagerness, whether we had any madmen in France? Being already acquainted with his singularities, I assured him without hesitation, "Yes, yes, milord, we have plenty of them, and of all sorts, and I am sure they will be very happy to make your lordship's acquaintance." These few words, and my manner of saying them, which, to say the truth, was remarkably lively and frank, appeared to inspire the old gentleman with every sort of good feeling towards me, and he immediately seemed to adopt me as a friend. In endeavouring to discover among the assembled guests, my promised wife (who, however, was not yet come), my eyes fell upon a little man, yellow, dry, and emaciated, whose thin and meagre body, and legs unconscious of a calf, denoted a total absence of

bodily strength. This was the Sire Snoukès, whom Camille had described as a tiger for valour, a slayer of Hindoos and Begums, and near him, in a large and ample arm-chair, well adapted to actual circumstances, sat my lady Snoukès, a very voluminous woman, fat and stout, red in the face, severe in looks, clad in satin, adorned at all points, whose hands and fingers, red and short, groaning with bracelets and rings, appeared quite inflamed with the burdens imposed upon them. Scarcely had I had time to become astonished at the contrast which existed between this couple, when the door was again opened, and the servant announced Mr. and Miss Grubbit, for that was the name of my young lady. She walked in, followed by her father. With a subdued self-sufficient look, as if saying I have two thousand a year in my pocket, she came in smiling, and was received by the host and hostess with all the accustomed courtesies, whilst her respected father made two or three little vibrations of the head, which in England pass current for bows, and all is said. Allowing a few intervals to pass away, Camille then took me by the hand, and in form introduced me to Miss Grobête (for so her name ought to be pronounced), dwelling strongly upon my name and title, calling me his best friend, a young man highly to be esteemed, much distinguished in France in every way, adding to my nobility of birth great personal merit, with considerable expectations for the fu-

ture. I immediately perceived how much the young lady's attention was engaged by this, more particularly by the sonorous name of Viscount Chatoutrond, and how much I might hope for ultimate success, particularly when I contemplated my own good looks and my exquisite dress, which were calculated to give splendour and diffuse gaiety into Camille's entertainment. I purposely said but little to the young lady before dinner, and in truth, I had but just time to make the national remark, that the weather was fine, but that perhaps it might rain on the morrow (an observation which I firmly believe every one in the room had made), when the dinner was announced, and I enjoyed the satisfaction of giving the arm to two thousand pounds sterling per annum, as far as the dining-room, and, moreover, of sitting down next to them. We began by a sharpish cannonade of furtive glances, which I flattered myself would end on my side by a complete victory. Camille was perfectly right in saying that beauty and riches were seldom found together, for in the present case Miss Grobête confirmed the truth of his general rule. She was not beautiful: she had a small nose, or rather a beak, standing out from the centre of her face, flanked by two little round cheeks, with a pair of green eyes peering over them, which, however, were not deficient in expression. She had a dark brown complexion, slightly dotted with black spots. She ate well and drank better; she was

evidently charmed to have a viscount as her neighbour, and without loss of time she began to inquire about the Court of France. "I hope the King of France is well?" she first asked me.

"Yes, miss, yes," I answered, "he is well; but he is afflicted by a small pulmonary cough, that's all."

"And the Queen?" she continued, "I hope she is well?"

"Oh, ah! the Queen!" I answered; "we love our Queen much. She is always tormented by her anxiety for the safety of the King; but we, we, the young men of France, we keep watch over his life."

"Ah!" she said, "maybe you belong to the Guards, or perhaps you are in the Blues."

I was a little put to it to know what she might mean by the Blues, seeing that I was not the man to wear so vulgar a dress as a *blouse*, but recollecting to have heard that one of the English regiments wore a blue uniform like our own troops, and consequently were called the Blues, I soon regained my self-possession, and said, "No, madam, I neither belong to the Guards nor the Blues, but I watch over my King and my Queen, in common with all loyal subjects." This appeared to satisfy her inquiry. She then inquired whether I was a peer, *pair de France*, or whether I sat in the *Chambre*, or rather as she was pleased to say, "the House" "*la maison*." I had the wit to

pass over this question, by an innocent pun, hoping that she would thereby understand that I was both noble and witty.

"*Pair de France*, madam! how could I be so, I so young? No, madam, not yet. No,—I aspire to becoming *père* in England first" (and here I threw out a most telling glance), "and of that object of my ambition I hope you will kindly approve." Upon hearing these words, I saw her swallow a whole potatoe, evidently to conceal her emotion,—and a silence ensued between us, which, I am sure, must have been taken up by her in making deep reflections.

She then asked me whether I had been presented to the British Court, and whether my reception was such as I had the right to expect. I refrained answering this question also, saying, that my family and that of the French ambassador had formerly been intimately acquainted, indeed, upon a footing of great friendship, but that, unfortunately, political dissensions had intervened to check that intimacy, and, consequently, I had not yet been presented at Court, but that I should not fail, all in good time, to claim the privileges which my birth and my position in life entitled me to. She then asked me whether I was acquainted with the Duke of Wellington. "How, madam!" I exclaimed, "not know the Duke of Wellington! He belongs to the whole world! He is known of all the world! Although we Frenchmen are not

disposed to appreciate his military talents, and although we are totally opposed to the prejudices of English people, who flatter themselves that he was the conqueror at Waterloo, still, as the honourable adversary of our Emperor, the great Napoleon, we are not so base as not to give him all due credit and respect." Seeing that these words did not quite please Miss Grobête, I did my best to give a more favourable aspect to my opinions by adding, "as for myself, individually, I admire his character more than words can express, but in France, generally, his name is in bad odour." Without due reflection as to what I was saying, I unfortunately translated these last words thus, "his name is in bad smell," and then I was struck that I had said something which had put her in mind of her father's line of business.

At the words "bad smell" I perceived that she became red in the face, and that she turned her back to me. I then broke out into a thousand compliments upon her zeal for the glories of her country, which, luckily, she received most graciously; when, anxious to change the subject of our conversation, looking to the head of the table, I there saw the dear Lord Crûcheaulait in a most glowing heat, carving a large turkey with every demonstration of distress, a dish which had been placed before his neighbour the lady of the house. "How is this?" said I, "enlighten me a little upon your national manners. Is it a received rule

that your principal guest should cut up and help a turkey? See, a little, I beg of you, that old and respectable nobleman, how hard he works—he has not a spare moment to eat anything himself." "Yes," she answered, "the rule is imperative with us. The lady of the house sits at the head of her table in order to do the honours thereof. The person of the highest rank sits next to her, which is the place of honour, and he cannot do less than help her—consequently, milord must help the turkey." "But, madam," said I, "everybody sends for turkey." She answered me drily, "He must carve." "But see, madam, he perspires."

"Well," said she, "and what then? he must perspire."

After that I had nothing more to say, and luckily I was accosted by the Sire Snoukès who

invited me to drink wine with him, a circumstance which explained to me one of those English customs which form so essential a feature in the national character. In order to accomplish the object which he had in view, that is, to see me drink a glass of wine, my challenger undertook a negotiation, apparently with as much gravity as if he were about negotiating a Treaty of Peace. In the first place, he requested me to name the wine which I wished to drink. I, on my part, entirely left that important point to his decision. He rejoined by more entreaties, when, at length, I felt myself bound to cede to his wishes, and I confessed that I preferred champagne. He, then, fearing that this wine might be too spirited for his dull digestion, begged my permission to drink sherry, which having been duly settled, the negotiation came to an amicable compromise, he drinking sherry and I champagne, when, after certain sympathetic plunges with the head, the whole affair was brought to a conclusion by our drinking off our respective glasses of wine. And let me say, this is a true specimen of the English. The time which we pass generally so happily and merrily at table, when every one lays by the cares of life, and gives himself up to a free expansion of his thoughts and feelings, here is taken up by frivolous ceremonies, similar to those I have just described, for want of something to say, or, perhaps, through the fear of saying or doing that which might com-

mit their dignity. At the same time, I must say that the feelings thus elicited between the General-in-Chief of a Bengal Princess and myself might have laid the foundation of an intimacy likely to beget acts of hospitality on his side, and feelings of gratitude on mine. My Lady Snoukès also shewed her desire of exhibiting her good-will towards me, by assuring me across the table, that she was very partial to French cooks, who were so very clever at making certain rolls, which were well known as "French rolls" throughout England.

During this little colloquy, I observed Camille every now and then casting malicious and significative glances towards me, looking as if he were greatly amused at my expense. He never lost an opportunity of upholding me to his guests as a young man of the highest expectations, and before the dinner was over I had the satisfaction to feel convinced, owing to the attentions bestowed upon me, that I was looked upon as one of the happy few in the world who have issued into life from between the legs of Jupiter at least.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE DINNER DESCRIBED.—THE LORD, THE AMATEUR MADMAN TAKES MARTIN INTO HIS FRIENDSHIP.

The consequences flowing from this dinner were of high importance. Every one was anxious to be acquainted with me. Every one became active in shewing me attentions, which came out by knockings at my door, and by cards with names thereon inscribed, a simple and cheap mode adopted by the English to exhibit their good-will. The following morning I paid a visit to Camille, in order to congratulate him upon the perfect success which had accompanied his entertainment, and to assure him of my thankfulness for the introduction he had given me to an acquaintance with his friends, and particularly for that to Miss Grobête. He received every word in the most affectionate manner possible, and assured me, in return, that I had left a strong impression in my favour among his guests. Miss Grobête had even gone so far as to acknowledge, that my manners, my conversation, and my person were agreeable to her, and he finished by saying, that it now only de-

pended upon myself to continue to advance in the estimation of the English, among whom, he was sure, from what he had already seen, that in some manner or other I should not fail to lay the foundation of my future fortunes. "But I must tell you," he added, "that English people in general have very contracted views of things, and are full of the most extravagant prejudices. Only conceive, that formerly, and even to this day, there are many among them who positively believe that Frenchmen live wholly upon frogs, salad, and *soupe maigre!*"

"Ah, bah!" I cried out, with vehement action.

"Another powerful conviction exists among them, which is, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen, although this is a belief which diminishes daily, seeing how glorious are our feats by sea and land; but there is one thing which they all believe and assert, even to the best-informed among them, namely, that we are totally ignorant of the nature of true liberty, and that there has only been one man in the world who knew how to govern us, and he was Napoleon Bonaparte."

"That is capital again!" I exclaimed, "we, who have taught them what is a representative government!—we, who have reduced a King of France to be a King of the French!—we who, perfectly frantic with our liberty, make that said King so apprehensive for the safety of his person, that he never dares to shew himself in public without being sur-

rounded by his guards !—we, in fine, who so openly assert our republican principles, that we allow our beards to grow as emblems of unrestrained liberty, and who boldly publish our opinions in all sorts of newspapers, thereby annihilating the foolish adherents to our gone-by tyranny !—we,—but words fail me,—Is it not ridiculous, is it admissible, is it not execrable to give heed to English opinions, when we have our own ?" I repeated with violence ; and was lashing myself into downright rage, when Camille, afraid of greater explosions, gradually calmed my transports, by bringing to my recollection that Miss Grobête had two thousand pounds a-year in her pocket ; and that, in order to obtain possession of them, it was positively necessary to put up with that which I could not help.

Upon leaving Camille, and having reached my lodgings, not very long after, I received a visit from Lord Crûcheaulait, who, recollecting how much I had entered into his feelings as regarding madmen and madhouses, at once revived the subject with unabated zeal. He informed me that he was actually in full pursuit of a new madman, whose case had been much recommended to his notice, and that he called upon me to ask me whether I would accompany him in order to make his acquaintance. I was not a little taken aback by his request, seeing that I was engaged in the Grobête affair ; but, upon reflection, thinking that through the intervention of this old

lord I might still further obtain the goodwill of men of rank and distinction, I acceded to his wishes. He first gave me a slight sketch of this madman's history. It appears that he was an author who had exhausted the powers of his brain by writing and publishing books which no one read, a result to his labours which so entirely soured his spirit, that he had lost his wits and become insane.

"His madness consists," said milord, "in one idea. He looks upon all books in the world, excepting one alone, as superfluous; and straightway, whatever books come in his way he seizes upon them and tears them to pieces. To hear him argue upon the subject, one begins by being of his opinion. 'See,' says the madman, 'the enormous number of books which are daily published. — Everybody writes. Every one believes himself to be capable of issuing new ideas to the world. Now, there are no more new ideas— there is no such thing to be had. The human mind is totally exhausted—what then is the use of writing? The fact is, that what is now-a-days called literature, is, in truth, only a merchandize and a means employed for gaining money. The point considered, is not, what addition is obtained to human knowledge, but what profit will descend into the pockets of the booksellers. I myself have been writing for this last quarter of a century, and have never to this day received one penny

from them. Those rascals the booksellers have swallowed up everything, and consequently I declare open war to them.'"

"Such is his language," said milord; "and so much is he in the right that many who hear him agree with him, and deny his being mad. Not long ago he was taken before the lord-chancellor, who wished to be able, from his own observation, to judge to what extent he enjoyed his reason. His lordship received him in his library, and treated him with the greatest kindness. He ordered every one to leave the room, in order to be left *tête-à-tête* with the poor man. At first the madman was reasonable, expressed himself with precision and even with eloquence, opened upon his subject with arguments so ingenious and convincing, that the lord-chancellor was much taken with his understanding, and became convinced in his own mind that he was not mad. But the poor man did not long remain so quiet, for observing the books by which he was surrounded, piled up around in all forms and sizes, he began to feel uncomfortable, and little by little his eyes rolled, his hands extended their fingers, until at length, unable to repress his feelings, he seized upon a folio and straightway hurled it at the head of his lordship. This attack was quickly followed by others,—quartos, octavos, duodecimos, thundered down upon the devoted head of the great chief of the law, who, crying out help! with

all his might, and ringing his bell as for his life, was at length rescued from his perilous situation, and all doubts were thus cleared up as to the sanity of his visitor. His lordship forthwith ordered him to be kept in the closest confinement. Having given me this little sketch, Lord Crûcheaulait invited me to follow him, and we proceeded in his carriage to the house in which the maniac was confined. Situated in the confines of London, we reached the door of a house of good exterior, in a garden, which was well-fortified by a wall and an iron gate. Upon his lordship's arrival, every one was on the alert, for his carriage was well-known, and he was received with every indication of respect. A well-dressed servant received us at the door, and we were introduced into a clean and well-furnished room, where the head of the establishment was ready to await his lordship, making many reverential bows and shewing him all the attentions due to a person of consequence. I was introduced as a French nobleman, a great *connoisseur* in madmen, and one who had made the subject a particular study. The chief overwhelmed me with every sort of civility, and made many questions relative to the nature of our establishments in France, which I answered as well as I was able, always entrenching myself (when necessary) behind the difficulty of explaining myself intelligibly in English.

However, I hazarded much, for it would not do to appear ignorant, and I hope that I succeeded in leaving good impressions of my knowledge and intelligence. 'Tis true, the man to whom I was speaking did not appear to be endowed with much quickness, for he was slow to seize the meaning of my words, which, perhaps, though not strictly English, were still well to be understood—as, for instance, I wished to make him understand that our *maisons de santé*, or mad-houses, were excellently well administered, that they were *montés sur le meilleur ton possible*, which I translated, "our health-houses are mounted upon the best town possible." The oaf did not understand me. A Frenchman, under similar circumstances, would have jumped to a right conclusion. But he kept asking me a multitude of foolish questions. — Whether these health-houses formed a district of the city, or whether they were built upon a height, or whether by some new and ingenious invention we had managed to build one town upon another, thus lodging the fools above and the wise people below. In order to explain what I wished to say, I informed him that the servants of such establishments wore a handsome livery, that the inmates lived most luxuriously, fed off plate, had always clean napkins, drank good wine, but that no knives were allowed. Still he did not understand me, and our ideas remained unadopted, he all the while admiring my knowledge and sagacity,

and I, as far as regarded him, persuaded to the contrary.

After having entertained us with long descriptions of the rules to be observed in his establishment, having much lauded the salubrity of its climate, and pointed out its excellent situation, and having given a sketch of the histories of his principal patients, milord requested him to let us see his last arrived lunatic, whose state had made some noise in the world, and who, since his famous attack upon the lord-chancellor, had become a person of celebrity. The chief immediately acceded to his lordship's request, and, as a preliminary precaution, having put all books and papers on one side (excepting one), for fear of exciting his madness, he forthwith left the room to lead him to us.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MARTIN HAS AN ADVENTURE WITH AN ENGLISH MADMAN.—HE EXPLAINS HIS VIEWS UPON RELIGION.

The madman was soon after brought in and introduced. He was a man of a certain age, apparently docile, and enjoying the use of his faculties, and as he approached, saluted us with a good air and perfect manners. Milord received him with marked attention, and spoke to him as he would to one endowed with every sense and every virtue. Whatever the madman said at first, appeared to me to be full of truth and good sense. Having exhausted the old subject of the weather, and discussed the news of the day, he glided with great dexterity into his favourite subject, and undertook a dissertation upon modern literature.—"Only see," said he, "the immense quantity of books that issue daily from the press, periodicals as well as publications of news. The capacity of the human mind is not sufficient to embrace such a multitude of subjects, consequently no one reads but in a superficial manner. No one ever sees the announcement of any work of importance; every

thing that sounds well, is found to be a collection of old ideas served up under new names. As to Travels—does one ever learn any thing new? Every object on this our globe has been seen and described a thousand times. History is a drug. It is esteemed a misfortune to be looked upon as a poet, and literature, in short, is turned over to novel-writers and story-tellers, who, both male and female, write as if they were running a race. Gentlemen," continued he, "all this must be put an end to. It is a reproach to the human understanding that such a state of things should be allowed to continue. It will then be my turn to have my labours brought to light, and my thoughts will then be read and receive their due reward. It will be then that the bookseller, the rogue who kills us for his own advantage, will become our servant, and he will then pay us for our studies, our knowledge, and our industry. Let us destroy every thing, gentlemen," said he, with great excitement, "and then the powers of the human mind will become exalted, the light of reason will shine, and the world will become informed, substantially and profoundly instructed, instead of being plunged in ignorance, or, at best, satisfied with skimming over the surface of things."

During the progress of this speech, the features of his face gradually became animated, and his eyes began to assume that wild appearance which belongs to the mad. He turned them about,

evidently seeking something in the shape of a book, upon which he might fasten to exhibit his hatred of modern literature. There was only one book in the room, which was placed upon a small table in the corner, upon which he darted as quick as lightning. Having seized it, he was about tearing it into a thousand bits, when his hand suddenly was stopt, his fury arrested, and he appeared to be entirely confused. He replaced the book whence he had taken it, turned his back upon the spot, and said no more about it.

This act of his, so remarkable and unexpected, surprised both his Lordship and myself extremely. What book can that possibly be, said I to myself, which can thus check insanity and calm the fury of a madman? I ventured to approach it, to handle and to open it, when I discovered that it was only the Bible. During the few moments which passed in my so doing, I perceived the eyes of the madman fixed upon me, with a look of animation such as I shall never forget. As I have ever looked upon that book as a collection of fables I returned it to its place, and in so doing smiled and shrugged: whereupon my man walked up to me with a deliberate step, and with a power of eye which damped enjoyment, and said to me in a firm and determined voice, "How, sir, is it thus you treat the only Book in the world worthy of protection?" I immediately made many apologies, saying, "I beg pardon, sir, a thousand times; but

I am ignorant of the contents of that book, consequently I could not be guilty of any want of respect to it."

"How, sir," he continued with an increased excitement, "how is this? you are ignorant of its contents! You then are ignorant of your duties as a man, as a Christian, as a responsible being. You then are a creature without religion—a brute beast drest up in coat, waistcoat, and trousers, passing yourself off for a man. Ah! ah! is it so? You do not read your Bible? Have I then found you out? A being walking about the world without fixed principle, without any decided rule of conduct before you—ready to lie, to cozen your neighbour, to lead a profligate life, to steal, to kill, to blaspheme —for," he roared out, "I have a right to draw all such like conclusions, when you tell me that you are ignorant of the contents of that book. Ah,— ah!—an atheist, a conceited coxcomb, who thinks himself more enlightened than the rest of the world —a wretch—." He continued to rave after this manner, until I perceived that he began to foam at the mouth, and that he was preparing to assault me.

Milord did not appear to be at his ease, as well as myself, and we began to look wistfully towards the door, when fortunately the head of the establishment came in, and disconcerted by his presence the further progress of the madman, whom he led quietly out of the room, and left us at liberty

to take our departure. As soon as we found ourselves well settled in the carriage, we began to take breath, for in truth a madman is bad company; and my companion complimented me upon having escaped from the assault which he was evidently preparing for me.

"But," said Milord, "is it indeed true that you are ignorant of the contents of the Bible?"

"Ah, Milord," I answered, "I make no doubt you are perfectly aware that a Frenchman does not trouble himself with many things which the rest of the world esteem necessary. In France, the age is enlightened. Many strive to make us believe that religion is necessary for a nation, and we agree, that for the lower orders it is so—superstition and ceremony are good to keep them in check; but the man of the world, the enlightened man, is above similar puerilities; he can do without a Bible. Thus much be it known, the age is much more enlightened in France than it is in England."

Upon hearing these words, Milord turned towards me with an air of benevolence, and said, jokingly,

"If your age is enlightened, I very much fear that 'tis the devil who holds the candle. Believe me, my dear young man, that we all of us require a rule of life, and if you allow yourself to be guided by your reason alone, sooner or later you will bitterly repent thereof."

"O, as for that," I also answered jokingly, "I am young, there is time left me for repentance; in the meanwhile, let us rejoice that we have got well out of the fangs of the madman."

The dear Lord Crûcheaulait appeared to be amused by my youthful liveliness, and he very soon after began to question me upon the state of madness in France, upon our institutions, and our madhouses. I felt that it was, in every way, advisable to give him a good opinion of my understanding and of my powers of information, and, although the subject about which he appeared to be so anxious was to me new and unknown, still I did not, for a moment, hesitate to give him my opinion thereupon.

"As to madness in France," I said, "it must be owned that we are not quite so mad as you are. The Frenchman in his nature is lively; he exists by emotions and sensitiveness; his constant vivacity secures him from gloomy estrangement of mind, for, like sparks which prove that the fire burns, the gaiety sparkles and the gloom passes away. It is true that the Frenchman's gaiety is much allied to madness, but it is not in fact madness. He eats well, but his food his light; whilst the Englishman, on the contrary, is gross in his mode of nourishment, and he lives upon heavy meats which overload his stomach. The Frenchman drinks light wines and wine and water, whilst the Englishman loves strong wines and beer, of

which he drinks copiously and thereby creates bile. The Frenchman is naturally inclined to dance and sing, and to pleasures engendering fun and buffoonery. The Englishman, on the contrary, is with difficulty made to bestir himself, his pleasure is to grumble, and his amusements are solemn. When a Frenchman is afflicted, when he is tried by losses in business, or is disappointed in any enterprise, he is soon reconciled thereto; he may fume and swear a little more than usual, and then goes to the theatre to seek consolation: but the Englishman, on the contrary, when unhappy, should he lose at play or fail in his speculations, goes to the first bridge at hand, and there throws himself into the river, or perhaps cuts his throat, after writing a letter to his best friend, or most likely is deprived of his senses, and takes lodgings in a madhouse for the rest of his days."

"But your institutions—your madhouses—your hospitals, tell me," said his lordship, "how do you manage them? Which of the two systems is now adopted, the system of severity or that of gentleness and moderation?"

This question being entirely foreign to my powers of information, disconcerted me, but I did not hesitate, for an instant, to shew that I was entirely the master of it. I strongly upheld the system of severity. I answered,

"Severity, with us, is of primary necessity. Had we to manage a madman, such as the one

we have just visited, he would soon be tied and bound with a hundred thongs. He would have dealings with men of inflexibility, who would make him implore for mercy whenever he chose to offend."

Upon hearing these words, that dear and good Lord Crûcheaulait shrugged up his shoulders, and I heard him muttering to himself certain little words peculiar to all Englishmen, such as "bad — dam bad!" and then he said to me, with more than his usual vivacity, "But then, civilization has made no sort of progress with you."

I answered, equally excited, "But, Milord, is it necessary to love madmen in order to be civilized? The madman, having once lost his wits, no longer understands the meaning of hard cudgelling. Perhaps a smart stroke with a whip would be more likely to give him pleasure than the contrary, for, having lost all feeling of mind, he would be happy to find its existence in his body. And, moreover, with a military nation like ours, severity is a positive necessity, and is as much a part of its nature as it is the nature of fire to burn. It appears to me a monstrous piece of nonsense to toady a madman, to treat him as a friend, when he is only watching his opportunity to cut your throat. No, be persuaded that the severity which we have adopted in our hospitals, is better worth than your system of kindness."

My lord answered me that, according to his

principles, there was only one rule of life, in all things, and that was to be found in the Bible. "There it is enjoined that the strong should have compassion on the weak; that alone is sufficient to point out the proper path to follow."

To this I could say nothing but words of civility, but I could not help reflecting, after a pause, that the book in question must be a book of singular power, considering that it was worshiped by the mad, and also seemed an infallible authority among the sane.

A brilliant thought flashed suddenly across my mind. I became convinced that by following it up I should reap innumerable advantages to myself, and enhance the prosperity of my country. It was this. To compose a New Bible—a Bible which should do honour to France and the French, and through the power of which all the difficulties which encompass and shackle governments, and the innumerable combinations of social life, would be reduced to easy practice. Nothing could be more feasible than to set on foot an association of young men of wit and intelligence, who in adapting rules, drawn up with judgment, to all the various changes and chances of human life, would produce a New Bible, to be the book of reference for the whole world, and which would totally annihilate the English Bible, from being as superior to it, as in fact the Frenchman is to the Englishman. My mind was so deeply engaged in

this notable project, that I did not perceive when the carriage stopped at my door. Upon taking leave of me, that dear and good Lord Crûcheaulait, apparently delighted with me as a companion, as a young man of wit, and as a great connoisseur in madmen and hospitals, requested me with great earnestness to do him the honour to dine with him on the following day, an invitation which I received and accepted in a manner which entirely enchanted him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MARTIN TOUTROND PAYS A VISIT TO MISS GROBÊTE, IN THE CHARACTER OF VISCOUNT.—HE RELATES WHAT TOOK PLACE AT THE VISIT.

However, before I made my appearance among the noblemen and the great people of the country, I reflected that I ought not to lose sight of my real interests, and never to forget in my pleasures, that I had my fortune to make. Consequently, I determined to pass the morning in paying my court to Miss Grobête, of whose place of abode I had previously obtained information. Camille had already informed me of all the particulars relating to morning visits in London, and I flattered myself that success was about to accompany my steps. It was necessary, it seems, in the first place, to arrive precisely at the time when the meal called luncheon should be over, when the servants have finished their dinner, and about half-an-hour before the coming of the carriage, which is ordered all over the city (such is the prevalence of national habit) precisely at three o'clock. Then having found the prescribed number of the door, he urged me to ascend the steps

with an air of steady assurance, carrying my nose well up, and knocking most unflinchingly at the door three or four times with decision; and should I find the words *knock and ring* inscribed on a brass plate, to follow the direction, and ring with zeal, though not with excess of clatter. Camille assured me that all these minutiæ were well understood among the English; and that the footman

by internal evidence could recognise the quality and pretensions of each person who wished to obtain admittance, by his mode of knocking or ringing. One knock was the representative of a dun, or of one of no pretensions; two knocks, announced the postman; three or more, a visitor on foot; a peal of many knocks, like the beating of a drum,

was sure to be a visit made in a carriage in all due form.

The house in which Miss Grobête lived was situated in a long street, dull as death, but the residence of rank and wealth. I ascended the flight of steps, knocked with resolution, and rang the bell with all my strength. My invasion soon brought out a footman in full livery, gold lace, white stockings, velvet breeches, with his head well powdered, who, having looked me over from head to foot for the space of a minute, at length consented to allow me to enter; and having again well inspected my person, asked my name. I answered with all the conceit of an aristocrat, dwelling with emphasis upon my title of Viscount. The lout had the impertinence to smile and make faces, and when he announced me, he so thoroughly bungled my name, that I was on the point of giving him a good box on the ear, had not the presence of Miss Grobête intervened. She advanced towards me in the most encouraging manner possible, and begged me to be seated. The room in which she sat had been newly furnished, and no doubt handsomely, for every part was covered with brown holland, in order to preserve it from the smoke. There was much gilding about the walls and ceiling, and it was easy to conclude that no expense had been spared. But all was carefully covered over, and the latent splendour was, no doubt, reserved for grand occasions.

The Miss began by making excuses for the absence of her father, and tried to convince me, mincing her words and hesitating as she spoke, that she was not in the habit of receiving morning visits from gentlemen, "for," added she, "my situation is somewhat embarrassing, and although heiress of my father's wealth, still I am obliged to seek a *chaperon* when he cannot accompany me." Never had a gentle cavalier a better opportunity afforded him to pour out his compliments, and to exhibit his ingenuity by flattering expressions, than I had; but unfortunately the avowal that she was sole heiress of everything which surrounded us, and that she was eventually to possess enormous riches, so took me by surprise that the effect was stunning. I lost my breath; I was stupified, and with my mouth wide open I remained in an unhappy state of bewilderment. "How! all this is to be mine!" I mentally whispered to myself. I already felt myself to be in possession of her person, her fine diamond earrings, her diamond necklace, in short, of all her jewels; I was master in the house; I gave indefinite kicks to the valet who had opened the door to me; in short, I beheld myself well installed in the house, as son-in-law to the wealthy discoverer of Guano, who, whilst he was comfortably disposing of his goods, allowed me to enjoy life in a manner singularly agreeable to myself. But, quickly awakening from my reverie, I could not contain myself

when once I allowed myself to speak in admiration of the house and of its furniture. "The taste therein displayed," I exclaimed, "exceeds Versailles in its best days. The wisdom and cleverness which shines forth in every selection and every adjustment speak for themselves," and, bowing low before my goddess, I added, "and when such qualities are joined to beauty and grace, as they are here, happiness becomes supreme." I did my best to interpret all these fine sentiments in words drawn from my best English, and I saw that they produced their effect, for I fancied to perceive the starting of a tear; and she answered me with tender emotion, saying, "Monsieur the Viscount, I have a favour to beg, for I am persuaded that you have a good heart, and that everything can be expected from a person of your high breeding." Having looked over several papers, she at length placed one within my hand, and said, "I am employed in forming a new society which is likely to produce a great moral effect in the world, and my object is to promote its success by the names and countenance of persons of rank and importance. I ask you to allow me to affix your name, and to permit me to appoint you a vice-president." I immediately answered with great excitement of manner, that I was quite ready to do anything which might prove to her my entire devotion; that my sole ambition was to see my name allied with hers, and that I should not fail

to exhibit to the world with exultation a title so flattering as vice-president, since it was to her to whom I was indebted for it.

She appeared to be delighted with this expression of my feelings; and, seeing how entirely I was devoted to her, she ventured to say that perhaps I should be happy to prove the sincerity of my zeal by some outward act, and, in my character of vice-president, give encouragement to others to do the same, by adding a donation from my own purse to the sum already subscribed. Upon which, I did not hesitate for a moment; I put my hand in my pocket, and, with a burst of generosity that nothing could equal, I drew therefrom several of my gold pieces, which I threw down and made jingle on the table, an act which was repaid by glances from my Miss,—glances of gratitude, as well as glances of another description, which made the recesses of my heart jump again, and which gave me full security that my gold pieces would very soon be repaid with unbounded interest. She further proved to me how much she felt the liberality of my conduct; for, after saying some flattering words on the subject, she added: "Perhaps, Monsieur the Viscount, you, who are a stranger here, might like to possess certain tickets, which, I am quite sure, to a tender heart like yours, are likely to give you many a happy moment. Allow me to present you with a packet." Upon which she presented me with a small

parcel neatly closed, which she requested me to open and use as the necessity might require. Fully persuaded that, by this gift, I was possessed of a bundle of Opera-tickets, I received them with joy, thanking my Dulcinea with abundance of words, and assuring her that I would not fail to make use of so precious a gift, at the same time never allowing her image to be lost to my recollection.

Having thus ascertained that I had produced the most favourable of impressions on the heart of Miss Grobête; that, in her, I had secured a rich wife, with a fine house and furniture complete, with servants in gold-laced liveries, with an Opera-box, and a generous soul to boot,—ready to give up all in order to procure respect for her husband, since she had created me a vice-president;—with such like convictions in my mind, I took my leave, resolved to follow up my conquest, and not to neglect so admirable an opportunity to settle myself in the world, although that world was not my own happy glorious France, but the sad, dull, and monotonous England, which is always getting richer and richer, but still grumbling more and more.

In quitting the house, Miss Grobête requested me to leave her my address, since it would be the wish of her father to return my visit; and with my heart full of the most brilliant hopes for the future, I left her, making my farewell with words full of expressions which recorded my sentiments for her.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MARTIN PAYS A VISIT TO HIS FRIEND CAMILLE, WHO LAUGHS AT HIM.

As soon as I returned home, I determined immediately to communicate my happiness and all my fair prospects to my friend Camille. I cried out in my joy: "Well, for one morning, I have made good work of it! An invitation to dine with a great man! A successful visit to the lady of my hopes! And I created an English vice-president so immediately after having been made a French viscount; besides all which, a handful of Opera-tickets! If all goes on thus, I shall, indeed, have surpassed Camille!"

Taking with me my patent of vice-president and my tickets, I soon reached Camille's door, the which, notwithstanding his little page, who kept watch thereat, was always open to me. I entered into Camille's room, jumping and dancing, making all sorts of comic gesticulations, and throwing myself into various attitudes, all indicating gaiety of heart and an overflow of the highest spirits.

"What has happened?" exclaimed my friend,

with astonishment; "you seem to be as gay as if you were possessed. Have you succeeded with Miss Grobête? or, perchance, has your friend, the old lord, given you a place among his madmen?"

"Long live the Grobête!" I exclaimed at the top of my voice; "long live French cleverness,—long live all English vice-presidents,—long live opera-tickets!"

"What has happened to you?—out with it," said Camille, "or are you clean run mad? What means 'vice-president and opera-tickets?'—explain."

It was then, after making myself hoarse in roaring out my triumph that I gave him the paper given to me by Miss Grobête, by virtue of which I fully believed I had been raised to the dignity of a vice-president. Camille having looked at it and inspected it, clothed his face with malice, and having turned the sheet inside and out, and upside down, at length burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, making most ironical signs, which soon excited all my curiosity, and somewhat checked the impetuosity of my joy.

"What do you mean by being a vice-president?" said he, scarcely able to speak, tears flowing down his cheeks from laughter.

"Vice-president!" exclaimed I, "to be sure I am one in all due form. I have been appointed to that post by Miss Grobête; to whom, more-

over, I have given certain pieces of gold as a consideration."

Whereupon Camille was seized with a still stronger fit of laughter, holding both his sides, and almost rolling on the ground from excess of merriment.

"My dear Martin, do you know what all this means?" said he, at length. "It means nothing more nor less than you are made one of a society, whose object is to provide flannel-petticoats to old women. Translated into English, you are a vice-president of 'the Flannel Petticoat Association.'"

After pausing for a few seconds, during which I was overwhelmed with astonishment and disgust, I broke out into much swearing and malediction.

"What have I to do with flannel-petticoats!" I exclaimed. "May the devil take every vice-president, and all the old women to boot! This is abominable work! infamous! and, moreover, to take my money also! That Miss must be possessed with an evil spirit, thus to set about robbing me of my gold pieces—" But, however, stopping short in my exclamations, I continued. "I have got my opera-tickets—I have secured something at least."

"What do you mean by your opera-tickets?" said Camille, still scarcely able to contain himself for laughter, and taking the tickets from me, he

threw them all at me, exclaiming—"Read, read; see what is inscribed upon them. They have as much to do with the opera as with the philosopher's stone. Don't you see, that you thereby obtain soup—soup for the poor. You thus become a man addicted to charity. You will be highly respected in the parish. Go—walk the street—give away to the right and to the left, and thus you will gain the affections of Miss Grobête."

"What can all this mean?" I cried out. "I can make nothing of these curious English people. One never sees soup at their tables, and still they serve it out in their highways to the poor. Are they mad or stupid? What can I possibly do with these tickets? Tell me upon what I may depend—explain to me what is the object in life of this nation, at once so rich, but still so eccentric. I only beg of you to tell me, what Miss Grobête could possibly have seen in me, a young man, well-made, well-dressed, gay, lively, a Frenchman by birth, a Viscount if you please, making a morning visit to pay her his court, first, to give me an official title to distribute flannel-petticoats to old women, and next, to give me the power to distribute soup to beggars in the street?"

"My dear Martin," said Camille; "I do not at all wonder at your being astonished. Every thing one sees in this country must excite wonder. There is no general rule by which one may judge of the conduct of the English, for

you will never meet two among them who think and act alike. Among the highest, as well as the lowest, you will always find singularity and an original mode of thought. This proceeds from the liberty which each individual enjoys, a power of liberty known and acknowledged throughout all ranks, and so well defined, that every one knows the exact amount of extravagances which he may practise, without being amenable to the law. Add to that, the great inequality of wealth and circumstances, which lead rich and poor, each in their different interests, to assert their rights after their own manner. The poor man exaggerates his poverty, the rich man his riches. The one urges with arrogance his right to be relieved, the other is always seeking some mode for acquiring more consideration than he is by position entitled to. As soon as an English person has acquired a handsome independence, he then casts about him to obtain consideration. By hook or by crook he must have consideration; whether it be acquired by the reflection of high connection—whether by the countenance of nobles and aristocrats, whether by fashion, whether by religion and its reputation, and by acts of high-sounding charity. Your Miss Grobête is one of that class. She is rich, and therefore she requires consideration. She is tired of sitting at home doing nothing, and therefore she requires occupation. The charitable line is that which presents the greatest advantages, as

it is likely to give her both occupation and consideration. She wishes now, it appears, to acquire the honour and glory of forming a new institution. All the different modes of charity having nearly been exhausted, she hopes to have found a new one, in the want which English old women have of flannel-petticoats. She therefore becomes active —bothers much, and becomes importunate to obtain her end. This gives her an introduction to persons of importance, who in this country are ever ready to give of their wealth for the relief of the poor. If she can obtain a Sir, or a Lord, as a subscriber, she is happy. She then can make use of their names and talk of them as of intimate acquaintance. When she can rub herself against a Marquis or a Duke, so much is gained—she has acquired consideration and she then begins to try for a title herself. Thus, my dear Martin, thus you have appeared just in the nick of time to excite your young lady's ambitious views. Only manage matters well, and I promise that you will be sure to see Miss Grobête ready to become the Viscountess Chatoutrond whenever you will please to propose to her."

This clear and convincing statement very much helped to open my eyes upon the conduct and manners of the English; and though I much regretted the golden pieces which I had so inconsiderately given to Miss Grobête, still, with the certainty that I should regain possession of them, I re-

treated again upon my good spirits, and danced and bounded about the room like a young goat.

"If such be the state of the case," said I to my friend, "I will forthwith go and make my proposal in form to Miss Grobête. I long most impatiently to be like you, to be at my ease; to possess house, servants, carriage; in short, I long to be rich—above all things I must be rich."

"Ah, my friend," exclaimed Camille, "you may become rich, but you must be circumspect, and feel your way with prudence and discretion. When a marriage is in the wind in England, there stands on the very threshold of the event an awkward sentinel—a very devil—called settlement, which makes one shudder, and which frequently destroys the best laid scheme."

"What in the name of goodness is *settlement?*" I asked with much emotion. "Is it anything which relates to religion? if so, I am quite ready to meet it in any way you please."

"No, no," said Camille, "money is required—lands, goods, and chattels are required. A lynx of a lawyer, in spectacles, with eyes of fire, with a caustic uncompromising look, asks you coolly what settlement do you make upon your wife and upon the family which you may possibly possess?"

"Ah!" said I, after a pause, "by my faith I have nothing: here is my umbrella—here my stick—these are all my possessions;" I said this, easing my exuberant spirits by bursts of laughter. "But

stop," I added, "I forgot; I have still by me the sausage which my mother gave me on quitting Paris: I will propose that as my offering, and will place it at the feet of my bride as my settlement."

At these words we laughed till we could laugh no more, like two fools.

"But you—you," said I to Camille, "you—how did you manage? You had neither land nor money."

"O, as for me," said Camille, "that is quite another question. My wife was madly in love with me, and we married without settlement. She insisted upon it. She nobly rejected every pecuniary consideration, and delivered herself over entirely to the impulse of her affection for me."

"Well," said I, "Miss Grobête will do so likewise. I will go and make her so madly in love with me, that she will be ready to overwhelm me with all her respected father's manure, and throw herself at my feet at the same time. Nothing more easy."

"We shall see," said Camille. "There is a difference betwixt individuals, as there is a difference between intensity of feeling."

"How?" said I; "do you think yourself a handsomer fellow than I? Well, indeed, for once and away that is too amusing. Come, I am taller than you are by two inches, and as straight as a pique-staff."

"We shall see," repeated Camille. "English young ladies require sentiment; they care little for either your pique-staff or your inches."

"She shall have plenty of sentiment, I warrant you. Be easy—I am as sentimental as a monk; and before long you will see Miss Grobête running wild after me, and begging me to marry her, as one has often seen England suing for peace to France."

And thus, half in earnest half in joke, we separated, and I hurried out to dress myself, preparatory to dining with Lord Crûcheaulait.

CHAPTER XXX.

MARTIN DINES WITH A GREAT MAN.—HE DESCRIBES WHAT HAPPENED AT THE DINNER, AND HOW HE GOT OUT OF A SCRAPE THERE.

The house of Lord Crûcheaulait was situated in one of the finest parts of London. Greatly different, indeed, was it from that of the Dipps', the Tugdugs', or even of Miss Grobête's. It was, in fact, a palace, vast and magnificent, situated in an open space, which was adorned with trees, with lawn, and shrubberies, although kept from common use by an iron palisade all around; in fact it was a square. I was quite ashamed of my wretched hackney-cab, when I stopped at the door thereof, which was opened to me by a battalion of footmen in gold-laced liveries, with powdered hair, who received me with great demonstrations of respect, as soon as I announced myself to be the Viscount Chatoutrond. Dazzled by a magnificence to which I hitherto had been a stranger, I could not help asking myself the question, whether it were possible that what I beheld could belong to the good old man with whom I had passed the previous morning, humble and unpretending in his manners,

and who looked more like a taxgatherer than the man of high rank which he assuredly was. I walked on, saying, "We shall see," and, having again repeated my name to a young man, who looked like one who acts the part of lover in a comedy, a person of excellent manners and civil speech, he announced me, upon opening a door, according to the true pronunciation of my name. I immediately walked into a very handsome room, sparkling with gilding, looking-glasses, and pictures, in which I found many people assembled. My friend, the old lord, came to me immediately, as soon as he heard my name announced, and, taking me by the hand, presented me first to an old lady, doubtless his wife, and next to two young ladies, lovely as angels, before whom I made several very low bows, advancing a step or two, and then retreating, as I have seen the ceremony performed on the French theatre, on grand occasions. I might as well have saved myself this trouble, for the old lady and the two angels paid no more attention to my efforts at gracefulness, than they would to a Chinese figure in the window of a tea-shop. They, however, looked most kindly at me, and my old friend having informed them that I was a great connoisseur in hospitals, the old lady asked me whether I had been well amused (at least so I understood her to say) during my morning's excursion with her husband. I was about to answer with point and grace, when a stir

took place throughout the assembled company, and I understood that the dinner had been announced. I immediately jumped forward and presented myself to one of the young ladies, beauteous as the Queen of Love, and I enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing myself preferred to others; for several among them had also stepped forwards to dispute the conquest which I had achieved. I was perfectly enchanted with my position, and, as we went down

the handsome staircase which led to the dining-room, I could not help exclaiming, in a burst of enthusiastic delight, to the lady who held my arm,

"You keep a very fine hotel," an exclamation which I am sure pleased her, since she laughed outright in the most enchanting manner possible. The dining-room was magnificent and most brilliantly lighted up. In the centre of it was the table, sparkling with silver and gold, with glass and porcelain, and with everything denoting unbounded wealth and admirable taste. It was impossible for me to connect the possessor of such things with the attendant upon hospitals and the lover of madmen. "As for me," I said to myself, "were I in his place, I never again would place myself within the clutches of a maniac, as we had done in the morning." However, of that enough.

I seated myself next to the beautiful person whom I had escorted, and I endeavoured by my manner and looks to make her understand how happy I was in being so seated. I had every reason to believe that she too was very much flattered to have me for a neighbour, although on her other side a young Englishman, with mustache and a handsome figure, had placed himself, and, if I am not much mistaken, was very jealous at the preference shewn me. The young lady and I soon began to talk upon those little nothings, which elicit wit without offending good sense. She first complimented me upon my knowledge of the English language, a homage which I willingly accepted, since, in truth, I had made considerable progress therein since my arrival in the country, and, al-

though she no doubt talked French like most of her countrywomen, that is, more or less well, yet she did not appear to desire to try her skill before me, but on the contrary she did her best to make me speak in her own tongue. She so much encouraged me, that I talked every species of nonsense and folly, and to such an extent, that I ventured to make English jokes, which seemed to amuse her, for she laughed like a child, and she communicated them forthwith to her neighbour on the other side, who also laughed very much. Seeing a plateful of excellent soup before me, a thing so rare in England, I cried out with ecstasy, for I wished to compliment her upon the *bonne chère* that I saw about me, "You make good *chairs* in England."

"Yes," she answered, "the best are Taylor's in Berners Street."

She said this with a cunning smile full of meaning, which set her other neighbour laughing, and the real intent of which I could not fully comprehend.

"The Taylors! how is this?" said I to myself. "Can that Taylor of whom Camille gave me so curious an account, be the man in London who gives the best dinners!" I was every moment more and more astonished at every thing I saw and heard which related to this strange people, and I could not refrain expressing my astonishment on this occasion. "Every thing which I

see and hear in England," I said to my beautiful neighbour, "is a perfect enigma."

"How is that?" said she.

"I repeat," said I, "that every thing I have seen to-day, Miss, has led to much thought in my mind. In the first place, Milord, your father, a man of distinguished rank, one of the nobles of the kingdom, passes his morning in paying visits to mad people,—then, from what you have told me, I may infer that he might dine with his Taylor, or that Taylor you have just named who gives the best dinners in London."

"And why not?" exclaimed my attractive neighbour, with the greatest simplicity of look and manner. "Is there any sin in so doing?"

"Sin—no—but want of congruity—yes," I answered. "The Taylor may make you a good coat, but wherefore eat his soup, however excellent it may be? As a nobleman myself, I am all for preserving consistency."

After this exposure of my opinions, I turned from my laughing neighbour to give attention to an observation made by my neighbour on my right, whom to this moment I had not heeded. He was a stiff-looking man, with a thoughtful countenance, a broad forehead, and a sharp eye. "Sir," said he, "the reform which will soon take place in the representation of the people in Parliament, will produce an amazing effect among all ranks of the community." I immediately perceived that a good

opportunity was given to me for exhibiting the sprightliness of my wit, and for drawing the general attention to my merit. Being quite aware that Reform was the subject above others which was agitating all classes in England, and which formed the grand object of public discussion, I answered with an increased power of voice, half joking, half in earnest, "You must be a very wicked nation, sir, that the Reform which you wish to adopt should be so very difficult to put into practice." This remark immediately drew the attention of the whole table upon me and produced the effect which I expected and desired.

"Sir," answered my neighbour, "what is, perhaps, easy to an individnal is very difficult for a whole nation. Perhaps, sir, you do not feel the necessity thereof — so much the better — but we luckily know that the first step towards the attainment of virtue, is to know one's fault, and the next, is to endeavour to correct it."

Seeing that the affair was likely to become personal, I adroitly glided by the subject, by asking the following question :—"But, sir, only let me ask you, how can your Reform lead Milord to go eat his tailor's dinner ?" This happy turn which I gave to the discussion made every body laugh, but still, after the sensation which it produced had subsided , my neighbour continued to address me, with a serious and concentrated look.

"Sir," said he, "the consequences of the Reform

Bill are natural and inevitable. Once allow every common interest to be discussed by those who have a right to talk thereupon, then great and small meet upon a footing of equality, and the mixture of those classes becomes a matter of course. Milord meets his tailor in the vestry-room, whither they go to consult upon parish business—every man speaks his own opinion — Milord proposes something, which the tailor seconds with sense and judgment, immediately different bonds of union are formed between the two individual men, than those which usually exist between the artisan or shopkeeper and his customer, and that is the reason why Milord goes to dine with his tailor."

"*Et voilà justement ce qui fait que votre fille est muette*," said a gentle and laughing voice, with the best of pronunciations, which I knew to be that of my charming neighbour, and which crushed a long political discussion that would evidently have ensued, by a word spoken in time. In order to put an end to the affair entirely, the young Englishman, with mustaches, invited me to drink wine pointing out champagne as the best settler of all questions—an invitation which I immediately accepted, and which succeeded in placing us quite at our ease.

It must be owned that this apparently strange custom of drinking with each other among the English is accompanied by many advantages, for it often leads to the beginning of friendship, and

thus the longings of the throat bring on the ebullitions of the heart. I also observed the effect which my fearless vivacity had produced upon all the table, for every one hastened to invite me to drink wine, in order, no doubt, to shew their gratitude to me for breaking a dead silence, and dispelling the tedium which otherwise would have oppressed all their spirits. For it must be allowed that the English, if they possess either wit or spirit, keep it wonderfully well corked up. Nobody ever hears a burst or a sally from their lips; they have always the appearance of fearing to commit themselves by saying the smallest word or using the most insignificant gesture, as derogatory to their dignity; and instead of making dinner an enjoyment, they seem to look upon it as the great business of life, as a matter of much importance. They also are the slaves of certain ancient customs and prejudices (for it must be said that the Englishman idolizes his ancestors), which much destroy the pleasures of conviviality. I ask only, can there exist a custom more barbarous than that of making the master and mistress of the house carve the intricate dishes placed before them? See a fine lady, brilliant with beauty and jewelry, with fair white hands and naked arms, brandishing a large carving-knife and a long carving-fork, who asks you with a sweet and silvery voice to eat of the dish before her. Mayhap it consists of two fowls and a tongue revelling in white sauce. Who can see

her struggles and contortions without dismay? At the opposite end of the table, a model of patience, sits her lord, equally expert in the exercise of sharp weapons, who does not cease during the course of a long dinner cutting up fish, or mutton, or game, whilst the table is surrounded by a battalion of footmen, looking on with their hands across, who ought, in fact, to be doing that which is performed by their master and mistress. One must be, indeed, an Englishman to submit to such drudgery. On the present occasion I saw my dear and respectable friend, a peer of the realm, the venerable representative of a long race of ancestors, beloved by a numerous family, rich enough to distribute the Bœuf Gras itself from his own means—I say I saw him perspiring to the skin in struggling to help those who required mutton, of which he was the appointed carver.

I continued to make myself agreeable until the departure of the ladies from table (an indispensable custom in England), and when my fair friend was about quitting my side I did not fail to say something essentially smart, which she took kindly, for she gave me a parting look that made the young man in mustaches bite his fingers with envy.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MARTIN TALKS POLITICS.—LITERATURE.—SHAKSPEARE.—COOKERY.—BUT HE IS OBLIGED TO CUT AND RUN.

I HAVE often heard it said, that, the dinner over, the ladies gone, bottles of port wine on the table and the door locked, the English then really enjoy themselves, that is, they talk politics, and drink of wine copiously. I had already perceived that the present party was one purely English, and that I was the only foreigner among them. There were six men (myself not included) totally unknown to me, excepting the master of the house, and I must say that I had never seen faces so little attractive. The young man in mustache was tolerably good looking, but the others were without the least pretension to wit, or intellect, or attraction of any kind, apparently met together for the sole purpose of eating and drinking. No one spoke; the silence became to me so oppressive that I could stand it no longer, and therefore began to make known my opinion without reserve, upon the great subject

which engrossed all the world in England, namely, Reform. I soon drew upon me the attention of all present, for, to say the truth, I spared no one. I took care to inform them that if such a necessity had ever made itself felt in France, we should soon settle the question; for the Frenchman, clever and energetic, would overcome every difficulty, whilst the Englishman, slow and uncertain, would allow many a precious year to elapse, during which he passed his time in weighing his yes's and his noes, before he came to a definitive resolution. "As for example," said I, "I, gentlemen, such as you see me, give me forty-eight hours,—what do I say?—twenty-four hours, in order to take the subject into consideration, and I will undertake, before that time is elapsed, to give you a decision so clear and convincing, that all difficulties would be settled, and every future discussion avoided. The obligations you would feel towards me would be so great, that you would not fail to erect a statue to my memory, and, moreover, vote me an annuity of ten thousand pounds for the rest of my days."

Opposite to me sat a little man, yellow, thin, and emaciated, with a sharp look and a turned-up nose. He did not cease looking at me and laughing in his sleeve at all I said. With a little tone of malice, he quietly asked me whether we in France knew what a rotten borough meant? "What means rotten borough?" said I. He

answered me, "By rotten borough I mean to say a great lie, that is to say, a sign by which one thing is set forward when another is meant." Without being disconcerted, for I perceived the insidious object of the question, I said to him, "A Frenchman, though he may be vivacious, is true, and he does not wish to be informed about your rotten borough." And then one word following another, the conversation took a turn, which led us to discuss the relative qualities and capabilities of England and France. I flatter myself that I admirably upheld the glory and interests of my country. With respect to our military glory, I did not allow myself to cede one inch. I owned that the great Napoleon had at length discovered a general among the English worthy of meeting him in the field, who, by his obstinacy in allowing himself to be beaten, had at length made his way into France; but I hinted that all this was done by dint of silver and gold, by dint of treachery.

"The battle of Waterloo," I insinuated, "was won by English gold, for it is most certain, whenever our officers ransacked the pockets of the English officers, who had been made prisoners during the battle, gold and silver were always found in them. It is also well authenticated that the emperor, so long a prisoner upon the rock of St. Helena, would have liberated himself by the simple power of his genius had not all the women of England, Bishops,

Archbishops, the Clergy, the opposers to the Slave-trade, the busy in charity, the Society for the Protection of Animals, in short, all those called 'excellent people,' had they not collected together in Exeter Hall, and there made a petition to the Opposition in the House of Commons, to prevent the terrible misfortune of seeing our great Emperor again installed upon his throne."

Then, with respect to literature, I proved our superiority, for in two words I overcame the pretensions thereto in England. In speaking of their famous Shakspeare, I asked with emphasis, "How is it possible to uphold an author, who, in his opera of Othello, stuffs Desdemona on the very stage?"—for thus I rendered *étouffer*, to the great amusement of the company. This was a remark to which no one dared give me an answer, and I remained invincible in my argument, notwithstanding the ironical laugh of my audience.

Seeing my success, I boldly continued my animadversions upon everything English. I gave it as my opinion, though in measured terms, that our steam-navy would overcome eventually that of England, and carry desolation along her coasts. I complimented my auditors much upon the great geographical advantages which their country enjoyed as an island, a circumstance alone which, according to Napoleon's views, had prevented her from being wiped from the earth as a nation. He had asserted that any twenty batalions of the

old Imperial Guard would have sufficed for that purpose, and I prayed them to consider that she would not long enjoy a similar security, for thanks to our marvellous invention, space no longer existed either by sea or land.

To all these observations I saw that my opposite neighbour, with his clever looks, was eying me as he would something quite rare and marvellous, whilst the other guests, entirely taken aback by what I had advanced, could not utter a word, but looked at each other as a people entirely lost. At length our host, that dear Lord Crûcheaulait, with his peculiar kindness of manner, said to me after a short pause, "My dear Viscount, perhaps there might be some difference of opinion between us as relating to the superiority of France in all things which you have just put forth, but I am sure that there can be but one opinion with respect to your superiority in cookery. There, indeed, your nation is supreme. Let us leave steam for the present, and let us talk of things more solid, of roast meat, for example, of boiled beef, and of all the arts of peace. Do tell me, I pray you, how you found the dinner to-day, which I have had the honour of offering to your notice.

Swelling out my breast, and throwing myself into the attitude of a connoisseur, I answered thus, "As for England, my Lord, your dinner is passable. Yes, well—a very good dinner. It is what

we should call in Paris a second-class performance. Yes, not bad—in truth, England begins to copy France in everything; but, agree, that there is still much lee-way to bring up."

"Well!" said our host, "I really thought that I now had obtained one of the best artists that France could produce. Can it be possible that the French cook degenerates the moment he has crossed the straits of Dover? He has been recommended to me as a famous *cordon bleu*."

"Ah, my Lord!" said I (for I was aware how little the English are supposed to know about cookery), "You have been fobbed off with a blunderer of a cook, a poisoner, for a *cordon bleu*; —nothing more easy—be perfectly convinced that you have been thoroughly duped."

"You shall see him," said Lord Crûcheaulait. "He is a young man of very prepossessing appearance and of excellent manners. He only arrived two days ago," and then turning round to his butler, who had just brought in a fresh bottle of wine, he said, "Tell Pierre Toutrond to come up, and to shew himself here."

At the words "Pierre Toutrond," I felt the blood come into my face, succeeded by a strange throbbing of the heart. When I left Paris, my first cousin of that name, son of my uncle Jacques, was pursuing the profession of cook and artist, and had already been installed as an apprentice in one of the first kitchens in Paris.

Could it possibly be the same? Such a question flashed across my mind like lightning: and if it be he, thought I, what is to become of me? Pierrot here, the good Pierrot, cook to Lord Crûcheaulait, can it be possible? He will recognise me instantly, it can't be otherwise—we were children together — little blackguards together—young men together; he will not fail to recognize me — I am lost — I must do something to get out of this scrape. During the pause that took place the door opened, and in came Pierrot, the very youth, my dear Pierrot, handsome, well-dressed, with a prepossessing person, and clever; he walked up to the table, making his bows in the best manner possible. Every one present turned towards me to see what I might say to him, when by the happiest thought, I covered my face with a napkin, making believe that my nose bled, and thus concealing my features, I quickly reached the door, and then, to make myself authentic, threw out two or three sonoriferous *damns*, just like an Englishman. The good Milord immediately rose from his seat to help me, and inquired, with much interest, what had happened. I answered in a loud voice, in very good English, keeping him off with my hand, "damn my nose," and thus having left an undoubted impression in Pierrot's mind, that I was some young scapegrace of an Englishman,

I left the room. Once in the passage and the hall, I there found my hat and stick, and, without more ado, I issued forth from the street-door, and made the best of my legs homewards.

CHAPTER XXXII.

APPLIES TO HIS FATHER'S CORRESPONDENT IN THE CITY FOR MONEY.—HE RECEIVES A LETTER FROM HIS MOTHER.

As soon as I found myself safely landed in the street, and having had time for reflection, I cried out, "Oh, heaven! I have had a pretty escape! what a lucky thought was mine; but for that, there was an end to my success in English society, and as for my Viscountship, there was also an end to that. I might have said good-bye to Miss Grobête, and all her manure, for those fiends of English, when once they find themselves deceived are capable of going all lengths. They are not sharp enough to be on their guard against a cheat, but when once they have swallowed the bait they then flounder about like stupid fish who have a gridiron before their eyes. I then laughed outright with all my might. What will all those gentlemen say at my sudden retreat, after having heard so many home-truths from my lips? And Pierrot, with his graceful bows, what will he say? Little did he think that his cousin Martin was so

close to him. But as I walked on I made certain reflections which not a little put me out. Without that accursed title of viscount, I should now be perfectly at my ease, I should not have been in so mortal a fright at seeing Pierrot, who, had it been otherwise, would have rejoiced my eyes, and I should have been delighted to have hugged him in my arms. But, on the other hand, no viscount, no Grobête, a circumstance which did not suit me, since it was decreed that I was to become rich by marrying an insular beauty, and thus surpass Camille. Should I, after all, and this might happen, be seized and denounced as an impostor, as a cheat, Heaven only knows what might happen to me. I should be obliged to submit to the penalty of habeas corpus, or I might be made to pick oakum in Whitecross prison, or I might be delivered over, bound hand and foot, to the House of Commons, and there be thrown into a wretched minority. "What can I do!" I exclaimed. I at length determined to go and consult Camille, and in the meanwhile retreated to my lodgings, in order still further to ponder over the state of my affairs.

On entering my room, I found upon my table a little note, containing the account of a quarter's rent due for my lodging, which having read, I determined to go, on the following morning, to seek Mr. Dipps, my father's correspondent, who would furnish me with the necessary money in

exchange for a bill on my father. I knew that the English were unflinching in exacting payment under every circumstance, and in order to sustain my credit among them, now of more consequence than ever, I determined to do nothing which might in the least call it into question. I therefore hastened, the next morning, to bend my steps to Thames-street. I was also curious to ascertain what might be the present state of the Dipps family, and what had happened subsequently to the elopement of the fat Simpkins with the young lady.

I presented myself at the counting-house, the same place where I had made my *début*, and there I found the same Simpkins, seated on the same stool, writing at the same desk, but it was no longer the young Simpkins. I saw the married man, fatter, more puffed out, no longer caring about the tie of his neckcloth, but rather dirty, and instead of the stupid, self-satisfied face which belonged naturally to him, I saw a face full of care. Upon seeing me, he ceased to write, and held out his hand, a certain and sure mark of reconciliation common to all grades of Britons. He informed me that Mr. Dipps was suffering from gout, and that I should find him at home, as well as Mrs. Dipps and their daughter, his wife, and that they would all be happy to see me, upon which I mounted into the drawing-room, where, in fact, I found my father's correspondent, stretch-

ed out upon an easy chair, covered with flannel, one leg extended, and a night-cap on his head. His wife was there, also, as well as Madame Simpkins, and when they saw me they made an exclamation denoting surprise. The father made a face, for, owing to the pain he was enduring, he could not do otherwise. The mother said, "Lawk!" a word which would puzzle commentators to discover its derivation, and the daughter gave free vent to her emotions, by saying, "Mr. Toutrond, you are a stranger; you have cut us; *vous nous découpez*." Continuing to repeat these assertions several times over, and talking French after her own fashion, she excited all her mother's curiosity to know what she was saying, and then I found out that she was accusing me of never coming to see them, and, to make use of the English phrase, that "I cut them." I excused myself in the best manner I could. I informed them that I had found an old schoolfellow, in Mr. Camille Desforges, in whose neighbourhood I had taken a lodging, and that I passed my time in seeing London and its environs. Mrs. Simpkins, I soon saw, wished to be on the same terms with me which she formerly was, for she undertook to banter me with regard to the Miss Tugdugs.

"Ah, ah," she said, "we know—we know all about you, Mister Toutrond. You like Radical ladies—you are fond of butter and cheese."

"Ah, madam," said I, "if you wish to say that

I am paying my court to the Miss Tugdugs, allow me to assure you that I have not seen them for an age."

"But we know better," said Mrs. Simpkins, and all I could say I could not persuade her to the contrary, for she insisted that I was in love with a Tugdug, and we continued to carry on a war of apology and reproach, until Mr. Dipps, no longer able to bear our skirmishing, groaned with pain so loud, that we thus learnt how happy he would be when our conversation ceased. This having been effected, I quietly asked him to give me money for a bill on my father. Money with him was a subject which always awoke his attention, and, forgetting his gout, he turned over my request in his mind, and then informed me he would be happy to supply my wants, for he possessed certain merchandize in hand which my father had lately consigned to his care. He then desired me to apply to Simpkins, who, he informed me, had become his partner, and who would settle the business. I immediately took my leave, but the piece of information which I had just received that Simpkins was become the partner of Dipps, gave a great shock to my feelings and awoke all my regrets.

"See," said I, as I walked down stairs, "see what I might have been. My fortune would have been made—husband of Miss Dipps, the partner of her father, I should now be a merchant of im-

portance, flourishing in my affairs, and able to look every one in the face without one mortal fear. But now, a cheat of a viscount, seeking to get married under false appearances, I dread even to encounter my good and dear cousin Pierrot. However, to say the truth, there is a charm in the society of great people and of the well-educated world, however English it may be, which carries me off my legs, and which would prevent my passing the rest of my days with the Dippses, the Tugdugs, or even the Bacons and the Salts. We shall see—we shall see!" I exclaimed with a sigh, as I entered the counting-house, and again accosted Simpkins. I soon told him the object of my second visit, and squaring his elbows like a man who feels proud at being able to draw a bill, he straightway signed a check upon his banker in my favour. We parted with all the appearance of a reciprocity of friendship between us, but when I was just about to leave him he desired me to stop, saying,

"Here is a letter which has been waiting for you several days past, for we did not know whither to address it." I caught at it with avidity, and seeing that it came from my mother, I was overjoyed and opened it with great excitement. She began by accusing me of negligence in not writing home, for she had not heard of me for ages, but having no faith in the honesty of the English, who for political reasons she thought

might have detained my letters, she would not lay any blame upon me or accuse me of want of affection for my parents, in which she was sure I was not deficient.

She was extremely impatient to know how my affair was coming on with the fair daughter of my father's correspondent, and informed me that she had already prepared an excellent apartment for our reception; that every thing for making tea and punch after the English manner was quite ready, and that she was now fully instructed how to roast beef *à la rosbif*, and how to make pudding *à la plumboudin*. But the great piece of news she had to give me,—news which redounded to the honour of the Toutrond family,—was that Pierrot, that good Pierrot, her nephew, eldest son of Jacques Toutrond, having past an excellent examination after a long course of study in the first of kitchens of Paris, had been appointed chief, by a great English Lord, and that he was already gone to take possession of his post and its emoluments, which were very liberal. She then begged of me instantly to go and see him; adding, that she was not acquainted with the name of the great lord in question, but that, no doubt, it would be easy to find him out. Dear good mother! she wrote, as believing that there could be only one such great lord in England rich enough to keep and pay a French cook. Entirely taken up by the promotion

of Pierrot, and by his hopes for the future, she seemed engrossed by this one idea, for she finished her letter in a hurry, leaving me to conclude that all was going on well at home, and that there was nothing more to be said.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MARTIN RECEIVES MONEY, BUT GETS INTO A TERRIBLE SCRAPE.—HE IS ROBBED.

After having read my letter, I forthwith went to the Bankers pointed out to me by Simpkins, and there I duly received the sum for which I had drawn my bill, which I enclosed in a pocket-book, and inserted the same in an inside-pocket. Then, meeting a public conveyance going to my end of the town, I got in, seated myself in a corner thereof, and began to think over the contents of my mother's letter. Scarcely had I done so, than I was followed by two young men, well-dressed and of respectable appearance, one of whom sat by my side and the other opposite to me. Full of my own affairs, I remained quite silent; when one of them addressing me with unexceptionable civility, said, having been some time in France he was quite enthusiastic about that country, and about every thing that belonged to it, and that he never lost an opportunity of paying his court to every Frenchman whom it was his good fortune to meet. I was altogether flattered at receiving so disinterested a proof of the greatness

and superiority of my country; and throwing a rapid glance over my own person, I was happy to know that, owing to my general appearance and manners, I was sustaining the honour of France. My companion then drew comparisons between the English and the French, with such apparent truth and sincerity,—much to the advantage, be it said, of the French,—that my heart really yearned towards him.

"Sir," said he, "the Frenchman is as superior to the Englishman as day is to night. Only remark his shape and make, and his perfect manners. He has always something agreeable to say, or to answer civilly to any remarks made, instead of which the Englishman is close, suspicious, and sometimes brutal. The one is gay and good-tempered, the other, on the contrary, appears to be full of care, dull, and taciturn. Besides," continued he, "I take yourself as a proof of what I advance,—see with what taste and elegance he dresses himself. His good taste shews itself in everything,—in the choice of colours, in the tie of his cravat, in the cut of his coat. It must also be said that you surpass us in manufactures. As, for example, look at the cloth of the coat you are wearing, which, by the bye, fits you so remarkably well, it is as superior to mine, and to that of my friend," turning himself towards him, "as your language surpasses ours in apt expressions and pleasing allusions."

His friend, who hitherto had not spoken a word, and who appeared to me a little less agreeable, remarked, that he considered English cloth to be quite as good, if not better than French, and forthwith began to feel and consider the skirt of my coat, as a clothier might do, whilst the other approached me familiarly and quite close, in order to exhibit to me the texture of the cloth which he wore. I answered as well as I could to their observations, and little by little, word exciting word, such a lively discussion arose betwixt them upon the comparative excellence of cloth, during which they almost seemed to forget that I was present, that they took to pulling my coat, to push me about, to press me hard, and I expected every instant to see them break out into the national box, all to prove to me their zeal in the sincerity of their opinions. All at once the carriage stopped, when both the antagonists, still quarrelling, still exhibiting every appearance of violence, abruptly left me, jumped out of the carriage, and hastily stepped along the street, whilst I followed them with my eyes, utterly astonished at the singularity of my adventure. But, to say the truth, I was truly delighted to have discovered how much my country was appreciated, and, moreover, to ascertain the effect which my personal appearance produced, since upon men totally unknown to me, men whom I had never before seen, I had produced so lively an interest.

If such were the case, I asked myself what must be the effect which I produce on my English acquaintance, and particularly on the females thereof.

After this I continued my reflections upon the contents of the letter I had received from my mother, and upon what I ought to do as to my cousin Pierrot, and the line of conduct most advisable to adopt. Here now, said I, is my mother, in every way good and praiseworthy, as a mother, as a wife, as a Parisian woman, in fine, as the head of a provision-warehouse ; but it must be added ignorant of the world and its manners, as might be a nun in the wilds of an Arabian desert. There she is, perfectly convinced that a chief cook, wherever he may be, is the first object in nature, and that, placing his foot upon English ground, Pierrot has only to announce publicly that he is cook to Lord Crûcheaulait, and immediately every door will be open to him. She also reasons thus, that I, a young man well-dressed, very good-looking, well-introduced into English society, that I, already well-known for my agreeableness and my grace of manner, that I should only increase my reputation by acknowledging my relationship with the cook, and thus introducing him into all the houses which I frequent. Little does she know, thought I, how little the English care for the art of cookery, a department of domestic life which, even in their great houses, is placed in the hands of a certain

class of women called *couke*, women generally of uncultivated minds, round and fat, whose principal merit consists in roasting the *rosbif*, in making the *plumboudin*, in boiling potatoes in their natural state, and in composing the only sauce known in English cookery, namely, *melted butter*. This dear mother, then, having my advancement in life before her eyes, requests me to proceed immediately to receive Pierrot with enthusiasm, and to lead him about in triumph through all the streets of London. Little does that good parent know the point to which I have attained in English society, arm-in-arm as I am with one of the most celebrated peers of England, the agreeable man of all his dinners, admired by his daughters, admitted to share the intimacy of his friends, and partaking of his tastes, recognised as a viscount, and received with all the honours of one. Already much advanced in securing the love and good will of an immense heiress, she is only waiting my declaration to decide upon giving me her heart and hand: and, having altogether left the Dippses, the Tugdugs, and the Bacons far behind, I shall soon present myself at Court and take my place among the sires and the baronets,—what more do I require? Still I asked myself this question,—how could I, thus situated, go and associate with Pierrot? As soon as it should be known in the house of Lord Crûcheaulait that I was cousin-german to his cook, all my fine hopes would fly away, together with my fine title. Who knows

perhaps I might be denounced to the authorities as an impostor, and then heaven only can tell what might happen. In result I concluded that the first object to achieve was to marry Miss Grobête off-hand, and, once in possession of her fine fortune, I would assert myself to be the Viscount Chatoutrond in all form,—for honours are to be bought,—and then I would proceed to Paris, where the world would not be able to contain me, so powerful a sensation should I produce.

Full of these and similar thoughts, I left the carriage and reached my home, and with all the appearance of one perfectly satisfied with himself, and with the security which the power of paying his debts gives him, I rapped at my door and went up stairs. I immediately requested my landlady to come to me, and having placed the account of rent before her, I put my hand into my side-pocket in order to take therefrom the pocket-book containing my notes, but—how shall I say it?—I did not find it there. The blood left my cheeks, and I became pale from fear, and I then became scarlet from very rage. I looked into every pocket—no pocket-book! I then cried out, "O heaven! what have I done? Have I left it at the Banker's? No! that can't be; it was in my pocket when I got into the carriage; it must have fallen out—no, the pocket was all safe!—what then can have happened?" At length the real truth suddenly flashed upon me. I roared out, "I have been robbed!—

the rascals!—the villains!—it must have been done by those demons in the carriage! Oh, the traitors!—the assassins!—the unmitigated thieves and villains!"

My hostess, who was standing by expecting the payment of my debt, upon seeing me in so sad a plight, opened all her eyes, and she looked at me with astonishment and no doubt with suspicion. I endeavoured to explain to her in English what had befallen me, but I could not find the appropriate words so to do. The more I tried to make her understand that I had been robbed, that two villains of her nation had managed with arts peculiar to themselves to deceive me by delusive words, and then to rob me of my pocket-book containing bank-notes, the more she became suspicious, and very probably thought that I was acting a part in order to deceive her; but seeing my agony, that perspiration was actually flowing from me, excited as I was by my misfortune, she at length asked me whether she should not send for a police-officer. I was about acceding to her advice, when it occurred to me that I ought first to proceed to the banker who had furnished me the notes, and also to see Simpkins, both of whom might give me the best advice how to proceed. Without a moment's delay I adopted this determination, and set off with the swiftness of lightning, directing my steps to Thames Street. The exclamations which I made as I hastened along the street must have

made the passers-by believe that I was mad. "Oh, those rascally English!—cheats and liars!" I exclaimed: "whilst they were making me believe that I was the ninth wonder of the world, one of the sneaks discovered that I carried my pocket-book in my inside-pocket. They were evidently partners in theft. One was making discoveries on the one side of me, whilst the other was pulling me on the other, pretending a difference of opinion with respect to the quality of cloth. I recollect everything now. Oh how I have been taken in! Heavens! could I but catch them, as sure as fate, if there be justice to be found in this odious country, I will hang them. One hears of nothing throughout the country but that all goes ill, that matters are ill-managed, that the poor are oppressed, that murders are committed in broad day, that houses are set on fire on purpose, that the government is not worth a rush, that all is job and abuse,—how then shall I expect to get back what the rogues have stolen from me?" This I said to myself as I threaded my way in haste through the streets; but on the other hand I consoled myself by the thought that I was a Frenchman, that I belonged to a nation not backward in obtaining satisfaction for an affront, and which never abandoned her subjects in distress and under ill-treatment. "Yes, yes! we shall see!" I exclaimed. I was determined first to apply to the tribunals for redress, and then, should

I not receive proper satisfaction, I would straightway proceed to my ambassador, and make my complaints known to him, whilst I would breathe the utmost hostility against the rascals who had so infamously despoiled me.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HE FINDS A TRUE FRIEND IN AN ENGLISHMAN. — HE RECEIVES A NOTE FROM MISS GROBÊTE.

I ARRIVED quite out of breath, and stood before Simpkins. When I had related all that had happened to me, he scarcely exhibited any astonishment. His great stupid face was ruffled by no emotion, and the only consolation which he could think of giving me, was, by saying that such things happened every day, for pickpockets swarmed in the City, and particularly infested the doors of banking-houses. But when he saw how really wretched I was at my loss, with a sort of blundering kindness, he said he would go with me to the bankers, where we should obtain particulars of the stolen notes, and then give the necessary information of the theft to the police-officers. We forthwith set out, and in a short space of time the Bank of England was informed of my loss, and so well-informed that if peradventure any one should present one of my notes for payment, the bearer thereof would instantly be taken up and made to confess how he

had come into possession of it. After that we went to the police-office, where I had the satisfaction to learn, from the description which I gave of my two rascals, that they were well-known as two of the cleverest and most accomplished of pickpockets, and that sooner or later they would most certainly be arrested. But what could I do in the meanwhile? It was that which I pressed upon Simpkins. My money stolen, and my landlady urgent for payment, I found myself involved in a terrible difficulty, for it was impossible for me again to draw upon my father, who could not afford an additional supply of money. It was then that I discovered how extremely unjust I had been towards Simpkins, who, without a moment of hesitation, said with a frankness of manner and a sincerity of kindness which I shall never forget, "Hear me," said he, "I am not rich, I am but just entering life as a married man; but if you will permit me, I will lend you the sum you require, and you shall repay me when you are able." These words entered deeply into my heart, and I became ashamed of myself for having despised this young man, and for so little appreciating his merits. His heavy and reserved appearance and manner, in truth, gave a false covering to a warm heart and to a liberality of feeling, rare, inasmuch as it was disinterested. For what possible affinity could there be, 'twixt me and Simpkins? None. On the con-

trary, ought he not to fear me as a dangerous rival in his wife's affections, who in marrying him evidently had not given up the hope of making me her victim? I met his offer by expressions full of thanks and gratitude, and was about to throw myself into his arms and to press him to my heart, when I remarked that Simpkins did not respond to such an emotion, which caused me to recollect that the Englishman in matters of sentiment, is a piece of ice compared to the Frenchman. I accepted, however, with all sincerity and frankness, the offer made to me by my new friend; and without further delay he paid me over the sum of money necessary to my wants; and, I need not say, that this time I took particular care of it. I left Simpkins with an overflowing heart, and returned home as fast as I could, and having paid my landlady to the utmost farthing, I then discovered how much I was promoted in her estimation by my punctuality. I really believe that the shortest cut to an English heart, is punctuality in money-matters; for I am persuaded, in her admiration, that particular woman was ready to propose me as Member of Parliament for the City of London, and that had she made a speech, including a catalogue of my virtues, I should be quite certain to obtain a majority in my favour.

It was quite settled between the Bank of England and me, that when one of my notes should appear, advice would be sent thereof, and then

I should have a clue to the discovery of the remainder. Upon which I determined to submit quietly to the injustice inflicted upon me, until the moment came when it would be necessary to act with firmness and vigour. In the meanwhile I made up my mind to follow up the Grobête affair with renewed alacrity. I was in the very act of considering how I should set about it, when I heard a tap at my door, and a note was delivered to me. It was contained in a pretty envelope, with a seal in pink wax, upon which was stamped this new and clever device, of a bir which flies from its cage, and cries, "*qui me neglige me perd.*" My delight may be more easily conceived than expressed when I found that the note in question came direct from Miss Grobête herself. It ran thus:—"Mademoiselle Grubbit fait ses compliments à Viscount Chatoutrond et lui prie de prendre quelque thé avec elle ce soir à huit heures, avec un peu de persons et de personnes ami. Monsieur Best pondera."

This note gave me immense pleasure. Joy and happiness seemed to have given themselves the word to fall into my mouth, for, to say the truth, I was uncertain what path to take in order to reach my Dulcinea in safety. I read the note over and over again, before I could well comprehend its full meaning. That there was a question of tea-drinking, of that there was no doubt, and that there would be an assembly of friends, both male

and female, that, too, was equally clear, but who was Mr. Best who was going to *pondre* — what could that word mean? Did she mean he was to hatch eggs? Was he, perchance, a conjuror, who was about to act hen and lay eggs before the company? Or, this might be an English idiom, which meant conjuring and playing tricks in general? Whatever it was, I determined to go, and forthwith dressed myself in my best, and, full of hope, at the proper hour, I reached Miss Grobête's door. Having left my hat and stick in the hall, I followed the footman who led me into the drawing-room, and there I found an assembly of about twenty people. Miss Grobête received me with great demonstrations of satisfaction, and introduced me right and left to several ladies and gentlemen, dwelling with emphasis when she repeated my name, upon my title of Viscount. She was dressed with the greatest simplicity, almost, I might say, shabbily, which surprised me not a little, considering the joyous occasion for which we were assembled, and when I observed the costume of the other guests, I found that they were dressed in a similar unostentatious manner, so little like the generality of English people, and that something doleful must be in the wind, so much seriousness was there in every face. Miss Grobête took especial trouble to introduce me very markedly to Mons. Best (which in French is pronounced Besette), a thin man, with a pale and resigned

face, who, in return, said not a word to me, and who did not even give himself the trouble to look at me. I observed that every body paid him

great attention and hoarded up his words as so many precious pearls. Tea was drunk with solemnity and with few words. Conversation was conducted in whispers. The effect which this apparent sadness produced in me, was heaviness at heart, accompanied at intervals by an extreme desire to laugh. At length, not knowing exactly what to do, I made a movement towards my fair hostess, and seating myself by her side, I asked her in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard by all the room, whether she had been to the Opera, to see the famous new dancer, whose name was so conspicuous all over the town. Had

a bomb-shell fallen into the midst of the room, the effect could not have been greater than my question. Miss Grobête looked at me with an eye of severity. The rest of the company evidently esteemed me as a savage just fresh from the woods. I, nothing daunted, looked about in perfect indifference, and straightway asked for tea.

After I had been served, Miss Grobête, in pity for my ignorance, explained to me that the object of the present assembly was to enjoy the distinguished privilege of hearing Monsieur Besette make certain serious expositions, which he was now about to achieve in a manner quite unrivalled. She did her best to convince me that he was a man of extraordinary merit, not like other men, but that he had his own opinions, different from those of his own order, and that he had been, and was, waging a controversial war with the world in general, which was obtaining for him a very marked celebrity. He kept aloof from the clergy in general, because he held them all to be in the wrong, whilst he alone was right; and had I given credence to all Miss Grobête said, it was evident that I had the rare good luck, little though I esteemed it, to stumble upon the very first of men. But what could I do in such an emergency, I, who cared little for serious matters, and still less for Mr. Besette? I could not run away—that were indecorous; but I saw that I should soon have to put a good face upon a bad business, and therefore,

always keeping a good look out upon the comfortable fortune of my fair hostess, I determined to give myself up to hypocrisy for the rest of the evening, in order that every body might believe that I looked upon Besette as a second oracle of Delphos, and that she Miss Grobête should now and for ever be my beloved Dido.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HE FINDS HIMSELF IN A RELIGIOUS ASSEMBLY. — OF THE MANNER IN WHICH THE ENGLISH ATTEMPT TO MAKE CONVERTS.—MARTIN RUNS OFF.

The tea-drinking being over, and the tea-things carried away, the company settled themselves around a table, at one side of which Monsieur Besette had taken up his position, with a large book before him. I placed myself next to Miss Grobête, determined to be a close observer of what was about to take place. Soon after, the servants of the house, both male and female, came and placed themselves in a row behind the company. The sitting opened with a prayer. Everybody knelt down; the hands in front and the forehead on a chair. Mr. Besette, in a voice of profound seriousness, began what was evidently an extemporaneous prayer. His first accents were slow, then he warmed up, and he at length spoke with considerable fervour. No one knew what he was about to say, since there appeared to be no sort of preparation, therefore he it was who prayed, the others only gave ear. During all this time what was I about? There I was, extended full length,

with my forehead on the seat of a chair, having all the appearance of praying, whilst, in fact, I was angry at heart for having been so taken in, for I came to be amused ; in fact, I came with the view of advancing my suit with the heiress.

I was now neither more nor less than an hypocrite —and whose fault was it ? Not mine, most certainly ; for was I not compelled to do as I did ? But the fault was in the wretched English system, which goes through all their acts ; now in a political party, then in a religious sect, all of which they call *joint stock*, and which screens the actions of individuals by the party or sect to which they belong. Instead of keeping to their churches, to times and places properly appointed for public worship, here, as in this instance, they collect to pray where they ought to recreate, all the while puffing their minds up with self-approval that they are more righteous than their neighbours. They evidently esteemed all in fault excepting themselves and their sect, whilst those opposed to them, laugh, thus making sacred things run the chance of being turned into ridicule. These and such like ideas passed through my brain during the act of penance which had been imposed upon me, and, at length, so tired was I that I was about to fall asleep on the very spot, had not Mr. Besette at length brought his effusion to an end. The good man then settled himself well

down in his chair, blew his nose, and opened the book before him, with great solemnity of face and manner. His auditors, too, settled themselves in their chairs, ready to attend to what he should say, all excepting myself, who, to say the truth, felt possessed by a devil, and I most certainly should have taken to my heels without once looking back, had not the vision of my fair heiress and her large fortune stood before my eyes. I pinched myself in very spite, saying, "Patience, patience, friend Martin!" and with that, clothing my features and the attitude of my person with the hypocrisy of a true Tartuffe, I settled myself well down in the arm-chair, acting the part of one determined to pay the greatest attention. Besette, having made choice of a subject, began to pull it to pieces and descant. It appeared to me, as well as I could understand, that the subject chosen, was the necessity of believing without wavering upon all that he should expound; and it also appeared to me that he chose that subject purposely on my account, for at any word pronounced with emphasis, I perceived that every eye was turned towards me. Although I knew enough of the English language to make my way pretty well in conversation, and even to read it tolerably, nevertheless it was difficult for me to seize the full meaning of a long spoken dissertation, particularly on a subject which to me was totally new. Consequently, the words of the

good man entered into the portals of my understanding but very imperfectly.

I saw it was all very well for the English present, for they understood what was said, and they seemed to be of one mind upon the subject; but I, who believed in nothing, felt myself to be in a hopeless minority. A palpable injustice had been committed in enticing me, under false pretences, to hear a dull discourse upon a dull and tiresome subject, pronounced by an old bore of a pedant, when I expected to have passed an amusing evening. The trick was worthy of the clumsy and would-be-doing English, and it would have been nothing had I been allowed to walk about; but there I was, seated in one spot, obliged to be quiet, to look resigned, without the power of uttering a word in answer to the address which was evidently directed to me. This threw me into so great a passion, that I should never have restrained myself, had I not, upon turning my eyes towards Miss Grobête, observed that she too was watching me narrowly. At length Besette made use of an expression, turning round and looking at me well in the face, which caused every one present to look too, which made my very blood boil. The words he made use of, I well understood. Raising his voice, he said quite distinctly, certain words which I dare not repeat. They were so full of energy in the mouth of an Englishman, and resounded so loudly, that I felt

he purposely intended to insult me. How! I, a Frenchman! a subject of the greatest nation of the world, to be treated in so insolent a manner by a wretched vagabond of an Englishman, who tells me, without any provocation, that I am one d—d, and for ever; the whole proceeding was so abominable, that I was on the point of throwing myself upon him, in order to demolish his nose, when my eye, glancing towards Miss Grobête, I perceived that I should sink in her esteem for ever, did I not shew how much I was affected by the excellence of her conduct, and persuaded of the exalted merit of the great Besette. In consequence of which I advanced towards her, and with that grace of manner peculiar to myself, and adopting that tone of voice which, I remarked, went immediately to her heart, I did my best to assure her how much pleasure and instruction I had received from the words of her holy man, and how much it was my intention for the future to endeavour to follow his advice. My words produced an immediate effect, for Miss Grobête no sooner heard them, than she smiled upon me most graciously, and taking my hand, I really thought she was about at once to throw herself into my arms, instead of which she only led me towards the odious Besette, and, with enthusiastic joy, informed him that he had entirely converted me by the power of his words, and that for the future I intended to be his disciple. I gnashed

my teeth with vexation, but what could I do? I was doomed to be a hypocrite, and a hypocrite I was, and instead of shunning the man I made him fine speeches, licking his hands as a dog might do its master's. He with great self-complaisance received all I had to say with the air of a saint, and adopting a softened tone of voice, he sighed and said,—"Would to Heaven that all your nation were as docile as you in receiving the truth! but yours is a nation of the faithless, a nation doomed to endure torments upon which I do not dare to think."

This was more than my patience could endure. What! was it not enough that I had lowered myself before a bit of scum, like Besette, all to pay my court to Miss Grobête, but I must also hear his deliberate, self-sufficient impertinence, by which he coolly devoted a whole nation to the regions of perdition, and that nation mine, the nation by prescription, the nation covered with glory, and who, by its intellect, power, and wisdom, has made itself the model of everything which exists on earth? The feelings which the atrocious words abovementioned made upon me were so violent that I became almost blind with rage, and I was about to break forth with all the noble indignation of a true son of France, and answer all the base insinuations therein contained by a torrent of eloquence, when Miss Grobête very happily turned aside the current of my

gloomy thoughts by a little soft touch on the arm, drawing me towards the pianoforte, saying she wished my assistance, as all the company were about to sing some words adapted to the occasion. I could stand it no longer. My love and its allurements fled upon hearing this proposal. That I, Martin, a young Frenchman, sprightly, full of the love of my country, and proud of my position in the world, that I, should demean myself to become a chorister for the English, who, without any knowledge of the observances of society, commit all sorts of strange extravagances, this was more than my patience and my common sense could support, and, under pretext that I was obliged to return home immediately, I made a hurried bow to Miss Grobête and to her company, and ran off as hard as my legs could carry me.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MARTIN GOES TO SEE HIS FRIEND CAMILLE DESFORGES. — REFLECTIONS UPON THE CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH.

As soon as I had reached the street, my good sense began gradually to return, and I cried out, "Art thou a fool, Martin, or art thou not? Have you lost your wits? How? you throw away the chance of obtaining a rich wife and its accompanying advantages, all because you are impatient at the nonsense of a fool,—an animal whom, most likely, you will never see again, and whom you ought to hold in derision."

Checked by this reflection, I was about to return whence I came, and present myself once more before Miss Grobête; but my sense of national dignity (of which I possessed an abundance) came to my help, and I continued to bend my steps towards my lodging. So entirely were my spirits discomposed, that I determined the very next morning to pay a visit to my friend Camille, in order to consult with him what would be the best line of conduct to pursue in the present posture of my affairs. Accordingly, at eleven o'clock in the morning, I rapped at his door. I

found him exactly as I had last left him, flourishing and surrounded by comforts. He soon perceived that I was ill at ease, and forthwith began to question me thereupon.

"What has happened, my dear Martin?" said he, in the kindest manner. "I see that I may be useful to you, for you appear to be wanting the advice of a friend."

"You have hit the right nail on the head, my dear Camille," said I,—"in fact I am perfectly at my wit's ends how to treat these strange originals of English. I can no longer control my impatience."

I then gave him a general view of the state of my affairs with Miss Grobête; and particularly dwelt upon the scene which took place the preceding evening; and I wound up my narrative by a volley of maledictions upon the head of the devoted Besette. Camille paid the closest attention to what I said, and had the good nature not to laugh at me thereupon, seeing how much I was really interested in the matter.

"You will never succeed with the English," said he, "for you too easily lose your patience. It is true, that it requires time to become thoroughly acquainted with their character and their ways; and although I have now lived among them above five years, and am, through marriage, connected with many individuals among them, still I am far from being able to say that I know them. From what you have just told me, I

should say, that you have already made great advances in gaining the affections of Miss Grobête. Her party last night was evidently entirely for you. The English are extremely attached to their religion, and she was anxious to ascertain what your feelings might be thereupon before she received you as a professed admirer. On that account she invited Besette to her house; and however odious he may be, still, as an able tactician, you ought to have shewn all submission to him, and not exhibited the disgust, which it appears you did. The English are great calculators in all things — even in love. English women, too, are always putting two and two together; and, indeed, the national character is very much founded upon the necessity of always being busy. The *get on* is their principle of life; that is, they are never easy until they have risen from the situation in which they are born, into one higher and higher again. No one is contented with the lot Providence has assigned him;—a merchant having become rich, immediately strives to rub himself against those of noble blood. His wife's first ambition is to get titled ladies to call upon her. They ruin themselves in giving entertainments to their superiors in position and estate, who naturally repay them by laughing at their invitations and pretensions. A Sir wishes to become a Lord; a Lord longs to become a Member for Westminster, or to be elected Blue Ribbon,

which he wears for a garter. When once an Englishman has been created Member of Parliament he can do whatever he pleases. He can contract debts and not pay them. He can say whatever he likes in the House of Commons; and when some one who has been aggrieved begs to know what he means, he spits in his face and cries out privilege, privilege! and walks away snapping his fingers with joy at the security in which he lives. The same desire for the *get on* pervades the lower classes. A footman only thinks how he may become a butler; a groom how he may become a body-coachman. The butler sighs for the joys of independence, and dreams of keeping a public-house, a place which he soon promotes into an inn or hotel, and so forth. It is quite plain that Miss Grobête aims at becoming a viscountess, but then it is fitting that she should look to her reputation as a Christian, which is of great importance to her in the eyes of the world. In order to establish that reputation, she must hate Roman Catholics, and devote the Pope to perdition, whilst she is loud in her request to give no quarter to the Irish.

"Now, my dear Martin," continued Camille, "if you really desire to possess the affections of Miss Grobête, go and persuade her that what you heard from Mr. Besette has entirely converted you to his way of thinking, and that you are a new being. You will then see that she will accept you forthwith."

"In truth," said I, "your view of the case is admirable. My dear friend, I thank you,—I will become whatsoever you may choose to make me, Quaker, Bishop, Dissenter, Imam, Mufti, Bonze, any thing, even an Englishman, which is saying all, in order to become rich, and thus to acquire consideration. Yes, I will go throw myself at the feet of the adorable Grobête, tell her that I love her, and in order to prove to her the extent of my devotion, I will declare myself to be a convert, ready to believe every and any thing which Besette may expound, thus making his heart expand with delight, whilst that of his antagonists will burst with envy.

"O, O, do I then possess thee at last, divine Grobête, and your sublime manures!" I exclaimed in a fit of enthusiastic delight, an exclamation which drew forth interminable peals of laughter from Camille, and which made me forget all the miseries I had lately endured. We then began as usual to criticise England and the English, a most inexhaustible subject for Frenchmen, and we parted, rejoicing that France, that noble and admirable country, had been our birth-place, and that it was to her we owed all those gifts, both of mind and body, which ever shine so conspicuously in all her sons.

Walking slowly homewards, I then revolved in my mind all I had to do in order to obtain a happy and decided result to my various future pro-

jects. With respect to my conversion and my feelings thereupon, I was quite easy in my mind; for, in truth, when there is nothing to convert, one side of the question is as good as the other, and without blushing it is as easy to call oneself a young man believing in the Archbishop of Canterbury, as a young man believing in the Pope of Rome, for I believed neither in one nor the other; besides, it belonged to my frank and open character, to my quality of a gallant young man, of one devoted to the fair sex, to give a proof of my devotion to the lady of my heart; and by announcing to her the entire submission of my principles to hers, I fulfilled that object in a most noble and disinterested manner. I determined with the view of producing an effect, that I would allow two or three days to pass away before I paid her a visit, in order that I might be able to say I had given myself up to meditation upon a subject so serious, and, thus prepared, I felt that I should be able to make my declaration in all truth. During this interval I intended to study the English language, in order to render myself competent to make my declaration in clear and precise words, and also to exhibit the superiority of my intelligence by the elegance and happy turn which I should give to my expressions.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MARTIN COMPOSES A DECLARATION OF LOVE IN ENGLISH, AND LEARNS IT BY HEART.—HE DISCOVERS FRESH QUALITIES IN THE ENGLISH.

I SAT myself down in my dressing-gown opposite to my writing-table, with a dictionary on

the one side and a grammar on the other, with the intention of composing a declaration of love which

should not have its equal in the annals of the tender passion. After having worried my brain for a whole hour during the morning, and having made essays in several phrases in the sentimental and romantic style of composition, I felt it was possible that an English mind, which requires precision, would not be able to seize upon the grace and the flowers which it was my aim to spread throughout my discourse. Consequently I abandoned the flights of lofty enthusiasm, and restricted myself to the pure impulse of nature. It was thus I made my declaration:—

"Il faut que je parle. Le silence me pese. Je n'en peux plus, belle et adorable Miss. Je vous aime—en un mot—oui—ou je parle, ou je crève. Mon cœur et ma main sont tout à vous. Je me jette, moi, ma personne, mes titres, ma fortune, mes esperances, tout je jette à vos pieds. Disposez en. Les transports m'enlevent—je ne me possède plus. Je me consume par un feu lent. Je souffre de mon esprit ardent. Ne soyez pas insensible, vous qui faites mes delices. Les courants de ma vie se calmeront si vous me regardez avec compassion, mais si vous me repoussez, l'amertume et le desespoir me tendent les bras. Croyez donc à mon amour, O adorable Miss! Croyez que je suis prêt à faire un grand sacrifice. Oui—je le fais—dès ce moment je le fais—sachez votre pouvoir. Dès ce moment je me declare. Je m'arrache le mot—je cède—je deviens Besette. Je le jure sur la cendre

de Napoleon." This word, Besette, was the culminating point of the declaration, for it being necessary to give a proof of my sincerity, that sincerity was marked by the sacrifice which I was about to make. I was now certain that Miss Grobête would accept me. Everything led me to believe this; but as she was but slightly versed in French, speaking it but little and understanding it less, I proceeded to translate my words into English, which would be the surest way of making her understand my real meaning. Here follows my translation:

"It must that I speak. Silence weighs me. I can no more of it, beautiful and adorable Miss. I love you with one word—yes—or I talk or I burst. My heart and my hand are all at you. I throw myself, my body, my title-deeds, my fortune, my hopes to your feet: dispose them. Transportation enlivens me. I do not possess myself any more. I consume myself by a slow fire—I suffer from ardent spirits. Do not be without sense, you who make my sweets. The currents of my life will be sweeter if you regard me with compassion, but if you push me, bitterness and despair tender me their arms. Believe then to my love, O adorable Miss—believe I am ready to make a grand sacrifice. Yes—I make him—from this moment I make him—know your power. From this moment I declare myself. I pull out the word—I am Besette. I swear this upon Napoleon's cinders!"

Having relieved my mind by this burst of love, I forthwith began to learn it by heart. I purposed so entirely to fill my memory with the words I had written down, that when the moment for pronouncing them came, I should have all the appearance of speaking from the pure impulses of love and enthusiasm. I paced the room backwards and forwards, repeating them over and over again quite loud, at the same time making use of gesticulation and attitudes which represented the ardour of a real passion.

This exercise continued during the whole morning, but in the middle of it of a sudden the door of my room was opened, and my landlady made her appearance. She was a stout fat woman, with remains of beauty, and seemed to be frightened, evidently supposing that she had a madman for a lodger. I was saying these words, "I consume myself by a slow fire—I suffer from ardent spirits," words which I was repeating with all the fire of a heart in a flame, advancing towards her with considerable emotion, when she threw herself back and cried out with a loud voice—"Murder!—lud!—he 's drunk!" I heard many footsteps on the staircase, and soon after saw several persons come, who had been alarmed by her cries. Their presence stopped both my ardour and my speech, and being restored to my right senses, I begged leave to inquire what they wanted and what was the object of their visit? My self-posses-

sion soon produced its proper effect. The landlady became self-possessed also, and turning towards the intruders, she said, "It is only the French gentleman!"—words which sent them away without more ado, but she remained. She then looked tender. She turned her eyes towards me with deference and humility. I saw well that the expression of my animated face, the ardour of my looks, and the imposing attitude

of my person had seized upon her imagination, and, had I waited another moment, I am sure that she would have thrown herself at my feet and begged for mercy. But recollecting my en-

gagement to my heiress, I allowed of no advances, and I restricted myself to merely saying, "Very fine day, Mistress Cobb," for Cobb was her name. These few words evidently gave her courage, for she then undertook to relate to me a very long story. She informed me that she had been brought up in great luxury—that she had always lived amongst the great and noble of the land, and then gave me a catalogue of the Lords and Duchesses who were her acquaintance, adding thereto a little sketch of their characters and anecdotes of their private history, with hints relating to the caprices and flirtations of the young ladies, daughters of the same. She even assured me that the bonnet and the gown which she wore were precisely the same as those worn by those great personages, and, in fine, finished by persuading me that she herself was a person of importance. She then continued to inform me that in a moment of weakness she had listened to the addresses of Mister Cobb, who, if I understood her right, was simply a porter—a *portefaix*—a man who carried burdens on his back for hire. This fearful and ill-assorted match appears to have occasioned her misfortune, for, so I understood her, it led to her being disowned and abandoned by all her noble relations, and eventually to her devoting herself, she and her husband together, to the service of the public, "in the public line" as she called it, from which I gathered, that he had consented to bear the public

burthens, and she to attend upon that hard master, the public, to the best of her abilities. However that may be, it is quite plain that that calling did not answer, for, shortly after, collecting whatever money they possessed, they bought the house in which I was a lodger, and, by letting out rooms, she informed me that she just managed to live. In the meanwhile Mr. Cobb, her husband (whom, by the by, I had never yet seen) enjoyed, so she made it known, a place under Government. She did not exactly explain what that place might be, but I afterwards learnt that it was sub-director-in-chief of sweepers and cleaner of streets and lanes in the parish of St. Marylebone.

Having exhausted all that she had to say, I hoped that she would have finished by wishing me a good morning. Not at all. There was something still behind the curtain; for after many wry faces, tender looks, and deep-drawn sighs, evidently the harbingers of smothered affections, she gave me to understand, that she was in want of money; that creditors were pressing for debt; and that if I would lend her a sum of money, or pay my lodging in advance, that she would owe me an eternal debt of gratitude. And thus the veil fell from my eyes, and I discovered the real object of all her fine stories. I shall never cease believing that love had a great deal to do with it, although money might have still more. The good woman, however, really interested me, for she cried with

vexation, and considering her high birth, and the low state into which her ill-assorted marriage had thrown her, I felt that she had a right to soften my heart. But what could I do? I did not possess a farthing. My hopes were now founded upon the fair Grobête and her riches; and consequently, it was out of the question at present to listen to her request for assistance. I expressed how much I regretted my inability to be of use to her; but hinted that my prospects were brilliant; that wealth was in store for me; and that, sooner or later, I hoped to prove to her that I was not insensible to her distress. In the meanwhile I advised her not to relax in her endeavour to make it up with her family, powerful and influential as it appeared to be, to force Mr. Cobb to help her with the salaries which he might draw from his office, for the payment of their common debt, a sacrifice which a husband ought always to be ready to make. She thanked me much for so much good advice, and I then hoped that I should be free of her; but no, she did not move, evidently hoping by dint of perseverance to draw my money from me, but at length, seeing that I remained fixed in my determination, she left me with slow and deliberate steps. I saw that she had still left something unsaid, some avowal which she had not had the courage to communicate.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MARTIN FEELS HIMSELF IN A HUMOUR TO MAKE HIS DECLARATION OF LOVE. — HE SALLIES FORTH TO DO SO. — HE NARRATES THE RESULT THEREOF.

The moment was at length come, when I was to set the seal upon my good fortune. I found myself in the very best of humours to make my profession of love to Miss Grobête, and Englishwoman though she were, my determination was irrevocably fixed to sacrifice myself without any further delay. The morning was beautiful, and every thing combined happily to make me feel assured that before many hours should pass I should have become the master of an immense income; and that for the future every prospect of my life would be to the last degree, smiling and exhilarating. I dressed myself with the greatest possible precision and care; although I had long been aware that the Englishman is, in his nature, insensible to what constitutes the niceties of dress, and is at best but a poor adept in giving himself an handsome set off. Still I was persuaded that woman in every country and in every climate allows her heart and feelings to be influenced by the sight of fine

clothes. For, seriously, is there anything more attractive than highly varnished boots, and gloves of an amber colour? I had taken the greatest possible care to see that my pantaloon was fitted like wax to the whole length of my leg (for I am well made), and that my cravat was tied in a manner so seductive, as to break the heart of every Englishman through rage at his inferiority. At length and in fine I sallied forth. During my walk towards the scene of action I trembled with very delight, in anticipation of all the happiness that was awaiting me.

Carrying my written declaration in my pocket, I did my best, during my walk, to fix it still deeper in my memory, and I fear that I was so energetic in some of my demonstrations, that probably the passers-by took me for some Member of Parliament rehearsing his speech before he spoke it in public. At length, having reached the corner of the street in which resided the object of all my affections, I stopped, for an instant, to take breath, and to repeat, for the last time, before I should deliver it for good and all, that declaration which was about to make me the happiest of men. With slow and measured steps I proceeded onward, counting the numbers of the houses with deliberate resolution, until I should reach the one blessed number which I was about for ever to call my own. But, on reaching it and looking upwards, I was intensely surprised and startled by

seeing the front of the house covered over with broad and wonderful-looking placards, above, below, and on all sides, and I was struck by the possibility that the whole circumstance was a case in which Besette might be at the bottom. I also saw certain pieces of carpeting floating out at the windows, and the whole house, from top to bottom, appeared to me to be possessed by a devilry essentially English. I stepped up to ring the bell and rap at the door, but I found the door already wide open. Instead of a footman in complete livery I found a greasy-looking individual, with a small cap on his head, made of a carpet, and wearing a green apron, the sign of a working man among the islanders. I addressed him, and inquired of him what all this meant.

"Where is Miss Grobête?" said I. He looked at me and answered nothing. "Whither is she gone?" I still inquired, with more interest in my manner.

"To the devil!" he answered, with a significant smile.

"But — how—what do you mean?" said I: "and where is Mr. Grobête, her father?"

He scarcely seemed to hear me, and would not answer; but at length, turning his head round and looking at me over his shoulder, he said, "Bankrupt!"

How shall I describe the effect which this word produced upon me? It crushed me to the ground.

"How! Mr. Grobête a bankrupt, and Miss Grobête without a fortune! — ruined! — all my fine hopes gone!" I fell from the very clouds. I was about to rush upon the greasy old man in order to break his head, so utterly did despair disorder my intellect, when I was stopped by hearing a great sound of contending voices quarrelling above stairs. I made two strides up the staircase, and found myself forthwith in the drawing-room, the very same room in which so very recently I had been a guest listening to Besette: but alas! what a change was here! The room was full of a set of villainous-looking people, to all appearance Jews of the worst sort, who were quarrelling with all their might over certain articles of furniture, which a man standing at a desk, with a hammer in his hand, was selling at auction. My heart was ready to burst with rage and vexation at the scene which presented itself to my eyes. I remembered several pieces of furniture, such as chairs, tables, and looking-glasses, which I had often admired, and which I had flattered myself would be mine; but now I was fated to see them bought up by a set of rogues who cared nothing for my feelings, but quarrelled as to whether a few miserable pence more or less had been bid for them. I almost lost my wits, when I reflected upon a ruin so sudden and entire. "But," said I to myself, "What can that fool Grobête have done to ruin himself so totally? And who

but a dolt of an Englishman would ever have thought of making a fortune by buying and selling manure? And his daughter too, the Miss, with her house in great style, with her assemblies of pious people, and her desire to convert me and make a Protestant of me, and who, by the bye, had succeeded in obtaining from me certain pieces of gold for charity sake, which she will never be able to repay, what am I to think of her?" Thus I cherished my complaints and my ill-usage, until I almost screamed with rage. Having, in some measure, digested my mortification, I obtained sufficient power over myself to inquire from one of the men at the sale how this event had happened, inasmuch as Mr. Grobête had always enjoyed the credit of being enormously rich. He informed me, that as an object of speculation the unfortunate man had bought an island all to himself, which he flattered himself was entirely composed of the manure of birds, adapted to the purposes of agriculture; but, most unluckily, after having carried away therefrom many ship-loads, it was found that the article failed, and at length the purchase, instead of producing a fortune, had been productive of ruin. His creditors immediately seized upon every thing which he possessed, and the sale of house and furniture followed as a matter of course."

"And the young lady," said I, "what has become of her?"

"She wishes to become a Governess," said he; "her friends are endeavouring to make a subscription for her in order to promote her new views; and," added he, "if you are one of them, I shall be happy to take charge of the money which you will no doubt advance."

It only required that, said I to myself, to make the matter perfect. Here is a woman who deprives me of one of the finest of fortunes; and now over and above, she solicits my aid to push her on in the world.

I left the house with a disgust and a bitterness of spirit that no words can describe — but where to go — what to do, under such circumstances! Camille had clothed me with a fine title, and had, moreover, so he thought, provided me with a handsome fortune to make it valid. The one sticks by me — the other is no more, and, between the two, I am left to look like a fool. Camille must positively answer for this, for it is unjust that I should thus become the plaything of fortune, without making him, the origin of my misfortune, also become a partaker of it. And besides, I am almost ruined by having spent, it is impossible to say how much, in order to give dignity to my person. I bought a coat, waistcoat, pantaloon, silk stockings, varnished boots, gloves, a hat, jewellery, and a cane with an agate head, all to set off my viscountship, and now, every thing is gone and nothing left except my debts. Over-

whelmed with despair, I invoked ten thousand thunderbolts to fall upon the heads of Miss Grobête, her father, and all their abominable goods, and swearing, and anathematizing like some wretched man in a tragedy, I bent my steps towards Camille's house, in the hope of finding him at home, and in the intention of disclosing to him all that had happened. I found him at his own door, just on the point of going out. Seeing me arrive, and dressed with great precision and elegance, but with a face portending disaster, he began to banter me in a manner that was painfully distressing.

"But what has happened to you?" said he, "you are more beautiful and bedizened than any Apollo, but looking as full of care as any miser. I will bet any wager, it is still those English who have excited your bile."

"You have heard nothing, then?" said I, in accents and sound of voice most doleful and lugubrious.

"What!" said he, "speak — I have heard nothing."

"All is over," said I, in utter dejection—"the business is at an end, and I am a ruined man."

"What business? what ruin?" said Camille, in astonishment, "I do not understand a word you say."

At length, with a profound sigh, I said, "Grobête is bankrupt."

"Only that," said Camille, laughing, "I thought, at the least, that you had killed some one, or that the English had offended you for ever and irretrievably."

"Only that!" repeating his words, with deep mortification, "what would you have more? All my hopes are blasted — you have made me a viscount, but I lose the fortune I had in view. I think those circumstances are enough to warrant my saying that I am ruined."

Camille still continued to laugh on, and then said, "Tell me every thing as it happened, and let us hope that the evil is not without remedy."

I then narrated the whole of my story, beginning from the morning, how I had dressed myself entirely in new clothes from head to foot, for the purpose of going to make my declaration of love; how I had learnt that declaration by heart, and how I had sought out her house and then described the singular state thereof, — the greasy man with his carpet cap,—the Jews quarrelling over her furniture, and how at length I had been solicited to subscribe to a fund for launching the young lady as a governess,—all this I described, which made him laugh a great deal more, and he continued to do so, until he exclaimed, "But, my dear Martin, there is nothing in all this which should lead you to despair. If it be not one, it will be another,—heiresses abound in this country over and above,—you have only to choose,—You

are not Mr. Grobête's partner that you should be involved in his ruin. Keep your declaration for another opportunity, it will do perfectly for any English young lady, be she who she may. Courage, come with me, I am now going to pay a visit to a certain oddity in the shape of man, one Sire Snoukès, whom you must recollect to have dined with us on the day of our party; he is rich, —all Indians are,—they are all acquainted with one another,—they all possess either daughters or nieces, whom they seek to marry, and you are quite certain to fall in with something suited to your wants in that line. His wife, Miladi Snoukès, is, I know, on the scent seeking to attract titled personages to their house, and you will be one entirely after her taste."

Carried off by the liveliness and good humour of Camille, I allowed myself to be led away, and we proceeded forthwith to seek the residence of his friend; although, to say the truth, my desire for the possession of an English wife was extremely damped by the wretched disappointment I had just experienced.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HIS HOPES FRUSTRATED ON ONE SIDE, MARTIN TURNS THEM TOWARDS ANOTHER.—HE PAYS A VISIT, INTRODUCED BY HIS FRIEND CAMILLE.

We now entered a house where every thing looked Indian. A species of black man, dressed as I have seen the Great Mogul represented in a melodrama, was ready on our path to make the lowest prostrations as we passed, having his arms crossed over his breast. On going up stairs, we met a black maiden with the longest of ear-rings and a ring in her nose, dressed like a virgin of the sun, who was carrying a child, but who seemed to crawl instead of walking in the usual manner.

On the sides of the staircase and in the passages we observed stuffed skins of serpents, monkeys, and birds, admirably resembling nature, and these were intermixed with arms of all sorts fitted for Eastern warfare, with flags in cloth of gold, pendant on staffs tipped with gilt balls, the whole making up an exhibition essentially Indian. I was very soon presented by Camille to the Sire Snoukès and to his wife, both of whom had the goodness to recol-

lect me and they received me with unbounded civility. The rooms in which these two personages were seated were filled with things relating to India. Portraits of individuals with dark brown faces, on their knees, dressed with muslin petticoats, ornamented with pearls and precious stones, were pendant against the wall. That of the master of the house himself, representing him dressed in a gold-laced coat, lace on every seam, with an elephant taking a walk in the background, was there also. A pipe of large dimensions, called Houka stood in a corner, and among other things a very fine tiger's skin was spread out before the chimney-piece. Many pretty articles in ivory, ebony, and curious wood were exhibited on tables and in all the corners, and the beholder might have supposed himself to be in an Oriental museum, so much was there to inspect. But, certainly, of all the collection, Sire Snoukès himself was the most curious object to behold. I have before described him as a little man, but the word *little* is an exaggeration compared to what he appeared to me in his own house, seated on his own armchair. He looked in fact like a dried monkey. Muffled up in a large dressing-gown of cloth of gold, it was difficult to discover his minute person within its ample folds. His bald head was seen above, whilst his legs, thin as a pair of flutes, protruded below, and the imagination might divine how a body could manage to keep them together.

His face was as tawny as a quince, and his little hands could scarcely be distinguished from paws. He received me with overflowing kindness; for, Englishman at all points, my title of viscount, which Camille made the most of, was not lost upon him, and he soon began to treat me with the most distinguished attention. Praising everything which I saw in the room, and I soon saw that I had taken him on his weak side, he forthwith got up and stood on his feet, and forgetting his valetudinarian state, for which he had previously made apologies, he began to describe with scrupulous nicety every single thing in his collection. He began with his magnificent tiger's skin.

"Here," said he, with a squeaking voice, "here is the skin of a famous Bengal tiger, which brings many a thing to my recollection, for it was I who slew him." At these words I could not help looking upon this fragment of a man with all my eyes, and then carrying them to the skin of the animal, which must have been one of the largest of his species, muttering between my teeth at the same time—"Though but a small man, yet you are a great liar." "Yes," he continued, "one fine morning, in Bengal, we sallied forth with a certain nabob (whose most difficult name I cannot remember) and a large company, well mounted upon our elephants—mine was a perfect Colossus—I was well provided with double-barrelled guns—and we soon entered a country called Jungle, where we

were certain to find tigers in abundance. My good fortune made me hit upon the traces of the animal, of which you here see the skin. The eyes of all immediately fell upon me, and cries of 'Tiger, Tiger,' were heard directed towards the line of my elephant. I perceived that my beast was thrown into a state of great excitement. I prepared myself accordingly; I settled myself well into my howda; I seized my favourite gun, already loaded with ball, and I ordered a forward movement without loss of time. Very shortly after, in the midst of some high reeds, I perceived one of the largest tigers which I had ever seen, who, perceiving our approach, roared in a manner most frightful, exhibiting the extent of his rage. My elephant seemed inclined to retreat; I insisted upon advancing. The tiger, taking advantage of the wavering of the elephant, made a spring towards me, and threw himself upon his hind-quarters, his eyes sparkling with ferocity, and his mouth open, exhibiting rows of teeth extremely sharp. I allowed him to fix himself well with teeth and claws upon my beast, and though the motion of the elephant had become almost insupportable, I raised myself well up upon my knees, and, presenting the muzzle of my gun at the head of my assailant, I fired off both my barrels immediately into his skull. Here they are, sir; they are marked upon the skin which you see; take the trouble to inspect them."

In fact, I saw two holes, which my manikin had caused to be embroidered in gold, in order to do honour to himself.

"Yes, sir," added he; "it is thus that I conducted myself during that very memorable occasion." And then, making certain capers in the room, and placing himself in the attitude of one about to fire off a gun, he endeavoured to make me understand how he had overcome the wild beast.

After this he still continued to harp on the same string, lengthening his narrative until it had reached to the very confines of all patience,—how the slain animal was borne away in triumph,—how he had caused the skin to be prepared and preserved,—and how, at length, among other Indian titles, he had received the one of "Slayer of Tigers." His principal object in all this was to impress upon my mind a sense of his importance, and of the high rank which he held among the princes and princesses of India. He assured me, in confidence, that in that country he never rose from his seat, or went out from his room, but that a herald was always ready to announce to the world that the lord of lords, the valiant of the earth, the cousin to the sun, and the beloved of the moon, was risen and was walking about. That he always had at his orders twenty-four men ready at any moment to carry him about in a palanquin; that a dozen elephants paraded night and morning before

his house superbly accoutred, all jealous which should have the honour of bearing the weight of his person. That when it happened that he paid a visit to a nabob, he was received by people with handfuls of gold coins to pour into his coffers, and with exquisite perfumes to refresh his sense of smelling. He, moreover, informed me that opera-dancers, beautiful as Venuses and dressed in cloth of gold inlaid with precious stones, were every evening collected before him to dance after dinner, whilst he smoked his pipe; and that he—general-in-chief of the armies of a great princess, who enjoyed the high dignity of Begum—he exercised the power of life and death over her subjects, a privilege which rendered him the terror of half India.

The little Sire continued to hold forth after this manner for at least two hours, parading me about his rooms from one object of curiosity to another, of which all more or less had reference to him and his grandeurs. He wished to make me believe that he was the richest, the bravest, and the most powerful of men, and that it only depended upon himself to become the director of all the affairs of that large portion of the globe. But when I turned my eyes upon him and saw before me a being who could be said scarcely to belong to human nature, I was tempted to spit in his face, so much was I disgusted at his ridiculous pretensions, and so certain was I that he was a liar.

"And so, sir," said I, "you prefer India to England?"

At this question, exhibiting great confidence in me, he approached, and said:—"Let me tell you, viscount, that England is a wretched country compared to India. Here nobody knows one. Excepting at the Oriental Club, where I see a few of my friends, I know no one. In vain I am rich—in vain I have slain my tiger—in vain I possess the finest things and the rarest curiosities—in vain I have commanded the armies of a reigning princess, nobody cares. No one even turns round to see me pass,—I who was wont to make a whole city tremble when I sallied forth to take the air on my elephant, and who could cut off a man's head with as cool a determination as here I would cut up a leg of mutton. They don't know, sir, what is the meaning of respect and consideration. Here they believe that everything is said and done, when they leave a bit of pasteboard at your door with the name and address of the visitor thereupon.

"A visit in India often lasts a whole day; first a negotiation is set on foot to settle the form and the ceremonial, then come the presents, then the mode of meeting is arranged,—the sort of embrace, the titles to be given, the where, the when, and the how of sitting down, then the rising up, the departure, and the final greeting. A visit in India was really a matter of importance. Here a man comes in, he sits down wherever he pleases, he tells you

that it is either a fine or a bad day, then wishes you good morning, and all is over. But, I at my post, I was well known, every body knew who I was, and I enjoyed a degree of respect quite without limit. The slayer of tigers was as well known and adored as the Great Mogul in person." He continued to make comparisons of what he had been in India, and of what he was not here, until I had almost expired of weariness, and I did nothing but accuse myself of being an ass, for having asked a question which had led to so deplorable a result; but I gathered a great piece of information, which was, that my man was over head and ears in a rage (like myself) against his countrymen, who had so much want of taste as to leave him to himself, —him, his riches, his tiger skin, and his unsatisfied pretensions.

CHAPTER XL.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF AN ENGLISHWOMAN MARRIED IN INDIA. —MARTIN IS FLATTERED WITH NEW HOPES.

During my interview with the Sire Snoukès, Camille was holding a conversation with Miladi Snoukès. She was a lady whose rotundity was well developed, and who contrasted strongly with the slender outline of her minute husband. She, as it appeared, was as great a talker as he was, for she did not intermit the power of her tongue, no, not for a moment, upon Camille, who might have sat for the statue of Patience. I made advances towards her in order to relieve myself of my burthen, when Camille and I changed places, he fell under the grasp of the Sire, whilst I became subject to his better half. Just as this exchange was taking place, a young lady entered, if I can thus call one who was so dark in her complexion that she might be almost a negress. She was of too dark a brown to be designated a brunette, still she was not so black as a negress, and therefore the true generic name of such a being is still to be settled in Natural History. She was well dressed, though small, and altogether had an appearance of gentility

which was not without its attractions. I made her a low bow, and turning myself round to Miladi Snoukès, I asked her if the young lady was her daughter. How can I describe the tone of voice, the manner, and the expression of the lady's face, after I had made this ill-advised question. She flushed up and blushed to the very whites of her eyes. Her voluminous breast heaved up and down with much emotion, indicating anger, and her eyes and her mouth spoke a whole vocabulary of astonishment. "My daughter, sir!" she exclaimed, "what are you thinking of? No, sir, if I had a daughter, she would be something very different from that thing. It does not follow because I have been in India that I must breed Hindoo children." Seeing that most innocently I had got into a scrape, I immediately made an endeavour to correct my fault, and by many complimentary phrases, to regain the kind looks which I had lost. "Ah, madam," said I "as you love yourself, pardon my ignorance. I am short-sighted, and I was deceived as to the colour. For in truth, madam, you have a magnificent complexion, the lilies and the roses are so marvellously blended therein that a painter would be puzzled to know how to represent them. Talk of children indeed, yours, no doubt, are loves in the abstract, little ready-made Cupids!" When she heard these my words, her feelings were calmed, and having exhausted my ingenuity in devising little attentions

towards her, and making good use of soft and insinuating glances, I was happy to find that I was restored to favour. I then found that a strong reaction had taken place, and she then began to explain to me by what a series of circumstances she had made the acquaintance of Sire Snoukès in India, and how she had been led to marry him.

"I was a young woman in London," she said; "I lived in Bond Street, celebrated for my great knowledge and taste in dress; and every body foretold that I should become the wife of a nabob. You know the meaning of nabob, I suppose," she said, with an arch look; "if not, I can tell you that he is a man, rich, yellow in the face, wearing a white waistcoat, and eats curry. I always had a longing to be well settled in life, for I was extremely fond of dress;—I determined to accompany a female friend to India, who promised to introduce me to the best society in Bombay; and accordingly we left England. No sooner were we arrived at our destination than my youth, my beauty, and my general appearance, produced the most remarkable effects in my favour; and in the very first assembly in which I was introduced by my friend, I received no less than ten offers of marriage. But I had been advised to be prudent, and not to throw myself away upon the first bidder. There is a word in the English language well known to every woman who is desirous of marrying to advantage, and that word is 'settle-

ment.' Most of the gentlemen who made love to me, talked much of marriage, but nothing of settlement; but at length my husband, whom you see there, appeared, who, from internal evidence (for he is not deficient in sense), being convinced that he could never succeed by the power of personal charms, proceeded to make a regular bargain with me; and so well did he succeed, that I consented to become his wife, provided he made a first-rate settlement upon me, which he did, and which I hope fully to enjoy after his death, all things being propitious thereto. It was only after our marriage, when I began to be initiated into the secret of his family and his affairs, that I found out that he was the father of the young lady you there see, being the daughter of a certain Begum, and who now forms a part of our actual family. He proclaims that he will give her ten thousand pounds sterling on the day of her marriage,—money paid down; for my husband is rich, and, moreover, when once he has given his word, he sticks to it. He is seeking for a son-in-law—we shall both of us be delighted to see her married; and although her complexion does not grow lilies and roses, still it is a good durable complexion which will last when others fade."

She finished her conversation by going straight to the point, and said that I could not do better than to marry her, and her words were accompanied by an appearance of so much sincerity,

and her manner so decided, that I could not help being strongly convinced of their truth. "Ten thousand pounds sterling" so strongly vibrated upon the tympanum of my ears, and upon the length and breadth of my imagination, that I began to look upon the little black lady with quite different eyes to those with which I had first inspected her. I approached her with respect, lowering my head before the representative of so goodly a sum of money; and after having assured her how happy I was to have the honour of making her acquaintance, I asked her what was her name. She stared at me quite astonished, as if her name must be well known to all the world, and she answered with emphasis,—"Moggy Snooks, to be sure." Doubtless this was one of those famous Oriental names marking her descent from some celebrated Nabob or Begum, so well known in history; for Moggy sounded in my ears as something eminently Hindoo, a name which I dare say expressed her wish to burn herself alive at my side whenever the day of my death should occur. I did not fail, in consequence of such feelings, to pay her some finished compliments upon the beauty of her name, and to tell her that Moggy went straight into the recesses of my heart. She again looked at me with unbounded astonishment; her large black eyes flashed out a feeling full of eloquent sensibility; and I fondly hoped that I saw through her dark skin (for I must so

call it) a deep blush, that first dawn of love, which is often the harbinger of vivid passion, and is like the sun struggling to shine through the darkness of a cloud. I instantly composed, in my mind, a short, but significant address in England, in order to explain to her my rising admiration of her; and I said:—"I am all at you—I am caught in your fillets," by which I meant to say,—"Je suis tout à vous.—Vous m'avez attrapé dans vos fillets." A saying which I fondly hoped she well appreciated, for I saw her smile with all the powers of her mouth, which disclosed to me a row of the most perfect teeth, white as ivory, and as regular as a necklace of fine pearls.

Having done all this, and being quite satisfied with the success of my first appearance in the Snoukès house, I was making up my face to take my leave and make my bow; but I found that I was obliged still to wait; for the Sire Snoukès was engaged in the act of making a long description, and I saw that Camille did not dare to shake him off; nor could he well do so, since he was seized tight by the button. At length, the description being over, we made our bows, being strongly pressed by Miladi to renew our visit, who at the same time threw out a significant glance at me, which meant to say that she depended upon me, as regarding her interesting step-daughter.

As soon as we had reached the street, I threw myself into a thousand odd attitudes, and made

every sort of ridiculous caper, a conduct which very much astonished Camille.

"What has happened now," said he, "are you mad?"

"What has happened, do you ask?" said I, "nothing but this simple fact, that it entirely depends upon myself at this very moment, to put into my breeches-pocket, down, money well counted out, the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling, English money, which you well know, reduced in French money, would make an enormous sum. Long live England! O the strange country! One has only to open one's mouth, and gold comes dropping in like water into an aqueduct! See the wonderful circumstance. Here is a woman to whom I never before have spoken a word, who asks me with great humility if I will have the complacency and do her the great honour of receiving ten thousand pounds, without asking for any equivalent, not even thanks, excepting, be it said, to take away with me the little black lady you saw in the room as my wife."

Camille, of course, as it was his wont, burst out a laughing at what I had said.

"And so," said he jokingly, "you are going to marry a negress! You a Viscount, and she to be a Viscountess! She will be the first negro Viscountess which the world will have seen,—there is something very original in the idea, as well as in the sound. What will your good pa-

rents say in seeing you return with a black wife, after your various efforts to obtain a white one! What a delightful bit of news for the Rue du Bac!"

He continued thus to amuse himself at my expense, when I retorted thus, "But, my dear friend, consider a little, that no man obtains a fortune suddenly without some abatement,—there is no rose without a thorn. One does not laugh without a spasm. Besides she is not a negress,—a brunette, yes, a dark brown young lady if you please; but black, to say entirely black, certainly not. She has fine long hair hanging down over her shoulders, whereas a true negress would only have wool. I do not say that I am positively engaged to marry her, but I intend to think upon it I shall at all events put her down on my list, as something to back upon when every thing else fails. I now begin to be well acquainted with England. I know more of it every day, and with my daily experience increased, I make no doubt that I shall do perfectly well. Upon these words we separated; he returned home, and I forthwith reached my lodging. But the words of the jokes of Camille had already produced their effect, and my enthusiasm for Moggy, my beautiful Hindoo, had already much diminished.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE ROBBERS ARE CAUGHT. — MARTIN IS INVITED TO CONFRONT THEM.—HOW JUSTICE IS ADMINISTERED IN ENGLAND.

I HAD no sooner reached my lodging than I found a note waiting for me from my friend Simpkins, who, in great haste, informed me that the two rogues of pickpockets, who had so ingeniously robbed me, were seized, and that an assembly of persons of consequence, called Grand Jury, had met together on purpose to examine my affair, and that I must forthwith appear in order to swear to the persons of the culprits.

"Ah, ah," at length I exclaimed, "these English begin to find out who I am, and are convinced of the necesity of doing me justice. It is plain that they fear the anger and indignation of France. I lost no time in going to Thames Street, where having met Simpkins and thanked him for the care which he had taken of my interests, we immediately proceeded to the prescribed tribunal of justice. There, after having waited a short time, we were introduced into a sort of court-room, where a magistrate and many other persons were seated, and soon after us appeared the two rogues, looking

most unconcerned, and with an air of effrontery that no words can describe. I no sooner saw them than I exclaimed, "Yes, yes, there is that! Oui, oui, les voilà," and with considerable satisfaction I placed myself in an attitude to receive from their hands all the money which they had stolen from me.

But what was my surprise and my indignation to see them laugh at me in derision; and all the satisfaction which I could obtain at that moment, consisted in nothing but an assertion which the magistrate obliged me to make, that at a time and place fixed, I should appear to prove that a robbery had been committed on my person, in order that a Judge appointed for the occasion, should then pronounce and order the punishment due to their crime. It was in the meanwhile the duty of the aforesaid persons of importance, the Grand Jury, to decide whether there was enough cause exhibited for bringing my rogues to judgment.

Upon leaving the office, I freely gave myself up to the exercise of swearing profusely, to the great discomfort of Simpkins, who appeared to be a great admirer of the mode of administering justice in England.

"How is this?" said I, "I am brought face to face with two robbers, who by the most infamous act of robbery in open day, stole from me a pocket-book containing bank-notes. I see them —they recognise me—the robbery is proved—you have the power to make them return my money—

but no; they do no such thing. I am put off with fine words, and not one single hope is given me of regaining my lost property."

"But," said Simpkins, "justice is slow—men are not condemned without proof. Time is given to one accused to answer his adversary, to collect his witnesses, and to plead his cause. He is even allowed help, and no one is finally condemned in criminal cases without the consent of a jury, that is, of twelve respectable persons."

"I spit upon your twelve respectable persons!" I exclaimed in utter disgust, "I have been robbed —the robbers are found—everybody is of one mind upon the subject—what can you want more? Hang, burn, scalp, if you please, as much as you please, but first of all return me my money!"

"As for that," answered my companion with a smile, "relieve yourself from the trouble of expecting it. Your money has been spent, and you will never see it again. Besides which, how could you take a sacred oath, supposing that money was found upon the thieves, that such money, silver or gold, were precisely the very same sovereigns or shillings (supposing that your property had not been bank-notes) that had been taken from you?"—

"What nonsense you do talk," said I bitterly, "money is money—to take an oath thereupon is pure folly. When cheating and deceit are to be effected, a rascal can always put forth good reasons for what he does. But leave the case to itself.

France does not allow her subjects to be thus despoiled, and I promise you that, sooner or later, you will hear of the injustice done me."

In order to pacify me, Simpkins assured me that my two rogues would inevitably be hung, and that we might go and amuse ourselves in seeing the ceremony, which is always performed before the prison of Newgate; but even that pleasure was denied to me, because, I afterwards learnt, that they had been transported to Botany Bay for the rest of their lives.

Little satisfied as I was with the administration of justice in England, having lost my money without hope of seeing it again, and consequently in debt to Simpkins, I returned home, with my feelings exasperated by rage and disappointment. My inward cogitations, as I kept on my way, were in nowise favourable to England. "This is, then," said I to myself, "that famous Great Britain, where man is said to enjoy the fullest liberty of mind and of body, and where he can live quiet in full possession of his property, whatever that may be, protected by the strictest and never-failing laws. I snap my fingers at such a country.

It may be all very well to say, but the practice of this vaunted virtue is a farce. Those heavy bulls of Englishmen would make me believe that nothing is more perfect than their mode of administering the law; they pertinaciously boast of every thing, even of their judges' wigs, and give

themselves the air of criticising our institutions. All I can say is this,—that I have been robbed—they know and acknowledge the fact—the robbers have been found,—but I, the sufferer, how have I been treated? By obtaining nothing, and they now tell me to go and see the rascals hung, as if such a sight would restore me my money. The result is, that I have lost both my money and my time. They laugh at me and do not even think of repairing the injury. It is that abominable insular pride which oppresses me. I do nothing but dwell with despair upon the thought that were it not for the sea which intervenes between our two countries, France would long ere this have been in possession of their country, and would not have failed to wipe the name of England from among the list of nations. But—we shall see."

Having well teased myself by these and similar reflections, I at length reached my door, and knocked thereat. No one came. I waited a minute, then knocked again. Still no one came, and I began to feel surprised. I knocked again, with redoubled energy, when, turning my eyes upwards, I beheld at the open window—at the window of my own room—a great lout of a man seated, with his hat on his head, his arms crossed over his breast, smoking his pipe, quite at his ease.

"Holla!" said he, with a certain brutal air, which an Englishman, and moreover an Englishman in office is so apt to adopt.

"Holla!" I answered, in return, in a tone of defiance, utterly astounded at so strange at apparition. "*Qui êtes vous?* which is you?" said I, with much indignation. He did not condescend

to answer, but continued to smoke. "Open, open," I said to him; "I am locatory." He continued his silence, and did not even look at me. It was then that the blood flew to my head, and that I began to make a most unmistakable noise, to swear profusely, and at length to throw a

word at his head, which I knew was never-failing in stirring up an Englishman, namely *dam.* I administered this word to him in every possible manner, and in every form or mode of expression which could evince anger and malediction. To my utter astonishment he was still unmoved, for the only thing he did, was quietly to invite me to go and drink punch. This is a fact, which may be called impossible, and forms a feature in the English character, which may be either sublime or ridiculous. "If you don't mind, I'll give you a good punch." This is what he said, and I cannot be mistaken, through my knowledge of English, of the meaning of his words. —What could I do with such an extraordinary people? His coolness and his generosity combined, struck me as a most singular piece of originality, and quite disarmed me of all my ill-will. I then tried to soothe him by adopting a more friendly tone, and I inquired of him, in as gentle a manner as I could command, "Where is gone Mistress Cobb?" the name of my landlady.

"To the devil!" he answered, in a thoroughly decided manner, and I opened all my eyes with fresh amazement. We then began to converse, when I found that my abovesaid landlady, having failed in paying her rent, the real owner of the house had seized upon it and everything which it contained, whilst she had taken a rapid departure, without saying a word to me thereof. I then re-

collected what her conduct to me had been, and the present result explained it, and told me why and wherefore she had requested me to lend her money. I became convinced that the English, both male and female, do not hesitate in obtaining all they can from the foreigner, without a thought of repaying him. During the time that I was detained thus, mortified and disgusted, upon the threshold of my own door, I could not help calling upon Mistress Cobb, in these accents, "*Ah, Mistress Cobb— Mistress Cobb, vous m'avez furieusement trompée!* —you have furiously trumped me!"

CHAPTER XLII.

MARTIN GETS INTO A GREAT SCRAPE.— HE DESCRIBES A NEW SPECIES OF ROBBERY, AND EXECRATES THE ENGLISH.

At length, my patience being exhausted, I addressed the boor at my window, crying out, "I want my hards: give me my hards, *Rendez moi mes hardes.*" I saw that he was not in the least discomposed, but continued to gaze upon me with most impertinent coolness. I did not cease exclaiming, "Give me my hards," when, at length, he had the complacency to smile and say, "Well, it is very hard!" words which made me hope that he was about to cede to my demands; but no, he continued unmoved, and did not shew the least inclination to retreat from his first resolution. Then my real rage and indignation were excited, and I could stand it no longer. I buried my face in my hat, and in my despair raised my hand with a threat, and showering down maledictions upon the head of my tormentor and upon those of all his nation, I grasped my cane with extensive views of aggression, and ran off, with the quickness of lightning, to seek Camille. It would have been worth while to hear what I said, as I stalked along the street, cursing my Englishman, his country, and all his institu-

tions, which I insisted were all founded upon a basis of injustice and tyranny. I, a foreigner, having committed no criminal act, living peaceably in my lodging, paying my rent honestly, doing harm to no one, all at once I find myself entirely swept clean, my goods seized upon, and not even allowed to enter the room for which I was paying a fixed rent. I reached Camille's house highly agitated. I knocked at his door like one in a fit of insanity; the little page opened it, quite out of breath with haste, and I rushed into my friend's presence, my face distorted with rage, and gesticulating like a madman.

"But what has happened?" said Camille; "I do not recognise you in this state. What has been done?"

I answered him with broken words. "What has happened, do you ask? They are villains! they are robbers! they are murderers and assassins!—they—the English! It is a nation without morals, uncivilized and unabashed. You know the history of my first robbery, how I was stripped of my money by two pickpockets; well, I was desired in haste to appear in person, because they had been found and seized upon; I went; I saw the rascals face to face; I proved that they had robbed me; I was told 'Tis well; they will be hung all in good time;' I then claimed my money —there was none to be had; I was laughed at, and all I got was a promise that I should see them

hung. I thus lose my money, and am left in debt to Simpkins."

"Yes," said Camille, very coolly, "'tis just so. Justice is slow and uncertain in England. It is necessary first to undergo an ordeal of juries,—there is a Grand Jury, a Petty Jury, and a Special Jury; then there are Attornies, Barristers, Councillors, and many others, all men receiving and expecting money, with whom you speak and consult, and then wait. You must oftentimes wait a long time, months, even years, before you can get a decision, and at length you find yourself brought up by a demon of a bill, by which you learn that every word that you have said, spoken, or thought has been registered, and for which you must pay."

"But, in the name of all that is good!" said I, "this is nothing to what I am going to relate. I am just come from my house, where, at this very moment, robbery is going on. My goods are stolen; I am cleaning out. I am not allowed to enter into my own lodging. I tell you, once for all, that all these English are a set of unmitigated rascals."

"But tell me something more about this," said Camille. "There must be some mistake, for it is seldom one hears of such like disasters in England. You must be peculiarly unlucky."

"There is no mistake whatever, I can assure you," said I, with no small degree of bitterness. "Now, hear me. It seems that the landlady of

my house, one Mistress Cobb, who, you know, has been for some time embarrassed in her affairs, and, now that I think of it, I ought to have perceived such to have been the case from the beginning, for she tried to make me pay my lodging in advance, and asked me to lend her money. Now, it appears that a crisis has taken place, for, during my absence this morning, her creditors have seized upon her house, as well as furniture, in which is included everything which belongs to me. Conceive the sad position in which I am thrown! They have taken everything; my linen, my clothes, my shoes and boots, and all my bits of jewelry are gone. They have seized upon four handsome shirts with frills, besides several which are half-worn out; also upon a pair of black pantaloons for the evening, of the finest kerseymere; also upon a beautiful pair of black silk stockings, which I lately bought, called in England patent clocks, on account of the intricacy of the pattern; also two waistcoats, one made of silk, the other of Lyons velvet; then some superb silk cravats, with a thing which the English call *estoc*, which buckles behind the neck; also six pairs of short cotton stockings, which they are fools enough to call *socques*, although they wear them under, instead of over their shoes, as we do ours. Besides all this, they have stolen from me a frock-coat, entirely new, made to perfection, which fits tight to my waist, shews it off to advantage, and leaves my person unassailable by cri-

ticism; then a pair of pumps, and a pair of dress-boots. They have taken all my jewellry, consisting of one gold brooch, and of certain little fastenings for the shirt, which the jeweller, who spoke French a little, said were called *stud*, 'to prove,' said he, 'that every Englishman wishes to be thought a judge of horses,' at least he could give me no other explanation of the word. I have also lost my cloak, my books, my papers, and my umbrella, and what would you have more? I tell you, that I am totally ruined; I do not know which way to turn. I am quite certain that, if justice is not done me, war between the two countries will inevitably ensue. I am determined to make it a national affair — blood will flow, and Heaven alone knows what will be the result! I am going straightway to the French Embassy, with the intention of creating an intense agitation. I shall thus address the Ambassador—'Your Excellency, France has been insulted in my person. Such as you see me, I am a subject of the greatest and the most powerful nation of the world. In one word, I am a Frenchman. I arrived in this country upon the faith of Treaties, and behold I am insulted —I have been robbed—my shirts, my pantaloons, even to my umbrella, have been taken from me, even to my umbrella, I say! under which the most abject and the lowest of mankind find protection. I now demand of your Excellency that you avenge my cause.' Should he refuse, I intend to denounce

him as a traitor to his country, and go straightway to the House of Commons, the place which the English call *Aousolod*, and I will take my seat upon the benches of the Opposition, where, having made way for myself, I will stand up, severity in my eye and dignity in my action, and crush those wretched Tories by a speech which will make them tremble—by a speech so full of truth and eloquence, that the Minister of the Country in person will fall at my knees to request me to put off my motion, and to come back again in six months time. That is what I intend to do, for I see quite clear that no one here is disposed to see justice done me; and that, in order to manage these English, one must take matters up with a high hand, and rule them with a rod of iron. They require constant agitation, for without that they do not stir: they are quite satisfied to tread always the same path in a jog-trot, like coach-horses as they are, and will not get on without the whip constantly applied to their sides."

"But, my dear friend," said Camille, "let us proceed quietly: there is much to be done before we go to war. Let us try first to obtain justice through the Courts—for England has Courts of Justice. I am aware that when rent is due, and has not been regularly paid, difficulties ensue. I have myself undergone the inconvenience. Let us obtain your goods if possible by peaceable means, and if they fail, if justice be not done you, we

can then have recourse to our ambassador. I am acquainted with a lawyer who will take your case in hand, and who will give you good advice how to proceed. He is a clever and an honest man. Allow me to persuade you that it is better to consult him before you go further, rather than have recourse at once to extreme measures."

The gentle persuasions of Camille produced their proper influence, and I allowed myself to be softened. "What is the name and address of your man?" said I with excitement. "I will go and seek him without loss of time, for I burn with impatience to be doing something."

"His name is Boruce," said he; "and he lives in Gray's Inn." Upon which Camille wrote a note to Boruce, but when he inscribed the address, I saw a name quite different to the one previously named —instead of Boruce he had written Burroughs.

"But what does this mean?" I asked; "you tell me the man is called Boruce, and you write Burroughs."

"And so it is," said Camille; "that is one of the peculiarities of the English language: they pronounce Boruce, but write Burroughs."

"When shall we ever get to the end of English singularities!" I exclaimed. "I shall never understand them. It is on that account they are so false. They are never the same. One day a Lord calls himself Milord Somebody, and the next, Milord Somebodyelse!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

MARTIN GOES IN SEARCH OF A LAWYER TO SETTLE HIS DILEMMA. —HE FINDS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

With Camille's letter in my pocket, I proceeded forthwith to seek for the lawyer. As I walked along I felt that the name of Boruce was familiar to my ear, and I endeavoured to recollect where I could have met him. At length it came to my mind that at the Tugdugs,—at that evening party where I had been a principal guest, there was a lady of that name, who, in fact, had informed me that she lived *à l'hôtel gris*, which in English means Gray's Inn. Moreover, her husband was also there, who was a lawyer, and, no doubt, the individual about to settle my affair. "If it be so," I thought to myself, "this is a happy coincidence, for I am always sure to get the women on my side, so gifted am I with the power of inspiring them with interest. Besides, if I recollect right, Mrs. Boruce was amazingly taken with me, for she not only made a brisk use of her eyes, but also invited me to call upon her. If Englishwomen are at all like the French, they can do what they like in the world: for a woman,

after all, is always woman, and if so, I am quite certain to obtain a happy result to my business. She will go and influence the judge in my favour, she will oblige her husband to work hard for me, and I will make her run after, and talk over, all the juries, in order that they be unanimous in giving me vast damages. Long live French ingenuity!" I cried out with enthusiasm, "it makes everything serve one end. I will revenge myself on these dolts of English, and will turn up my nose at their laws." At length I reached a vast building, which I was told was the hôtel in question, and I entered a large court. The cabriolet stopped, and I alighted at a door, upon which was inscribed a long list of odd and barbarous names, the lodgers and inhabitants of the place, among which I read the name of Burroughs. I rushed up the staircase, and there I found a brass knocker, upon which was inscribed the very name, which convinced me that I was right. I knocked and inquired for Mr. Boruce. I was admitted. I presented my letter. A green cloth door was opened, and I found myself in the presence of a man wearing spectacles, a middle-aged man, whom I immediately recognised to be the very Mr. Boruce to whom I had been introduced at the Tugdugs. I made an exclamation of joy and recognition, which appeared to startle him. I said to him, "How do you do, Mister Borohé's," for I determined to let him see that I knew everything. He pulled

off his spectacles, and looked at me with his naked eyes. I gave him Camille's letter into his own hands, and then said to him, translating my own words, "*Je vous ai vu chez les Dames Tugdugs*, I have seen you at the Dam Tugdug." This made him start still more, and he looked at me with surprise, and then desired me to sit down, at the same time inquiring in what manner he could serve me. I perceived plainly that he did not recognize me, and it immediately struck me that, at that time, I had not been made a Viscount, and in Camille's letter he had, doubtless, introduced me as such. I therefore thought it advisable to enter into a long explanation. I pointed out to him that there was a striking difference between the aristocracy of England and the aristocracy of France. That all the nonsensical prejudices which existed in England in favour of an ancient nobility of old names and titles, were in France put on one side, and, as every thing with us was new, a new Constitution, a new King, in short, a new France, we also were enjoying the advantages of a new aristocracy, and that, therefore, was the reason of his seeing me a Viscount.

Mr. Boruce evidently had not the least idea of what I was talking about, and asked me in a quiet and deferential manner, if it was my object to reform the English aristocracy, for, in that case, he was not the person to apply to for such a pur-

pose. He stopped me short by this observation, and I then hastened to speak to him upon the real object of my visit: he listened with great attention, and soon inspired me with confidence. He required me to give him a list of everything which had been seized, and made a note thereof with the most scrupulous exactness. But when I had reached that part of my private history in which I was obliged to avow that I had only one pair of pantaloons, after having announced to him that I was a Viscount, to say the truth, I could not help blushing, for a nobleman with only one pair of breeches, appeared to me a thing totally inconsistent, and in my inmost thought I cursed Camille for having invested me with such a title. However, luckily my lawyer did not seem to pay much attention to what passed in my mind, although he teazed me by a multiplicity of questions relative to my birth, name, and dwelling. I persisted in declaring to him that I was a Viscount, for there is no doubt that a title would materially influence the deliberations of a jury when the case should be tried, having always observed that a nobleman is held in high estimation by every Englishman.

Mr. Boruce then informed me that he would do all in his power to forward my wishes, and that as soon as possible; for with a smile he added, doubtless I should be happy to find myself again in possession of my pantaloons. Having finished

our conversation upon business, I thought it right to make some inquiries concerning the health of Mrs. Boruce, with whom I had had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with at the house of our common friends, the Tugdugs, and who moreover had been so kind as to request me to call upon her. At this inquiry I remarked that my gentleman appeared to be considerably disconcerted, — he looked annoyed and evidently wished to evade the question. I repeated what I had said, adding that if she were at home I should be happy to be allowed to make my bow, and stammered out a few compliments upon her wit and beauty, to which he appeared totally indifferent. At length he broadly told me that she was not in London, that she would be absent for a long while, and finished by thanking me for the interest which I was pleased to take in her welfare. He then quickly turned off the conversation by assuring me that he would not lose sight of the business which I had entrusted to his care, and I then quitted him, expressing a hope that he would soon manage to have my property restored. I then left him, and sauntering down the wide street of Holborn, not knowing exactly what to do with myself, I suddenly encountered Mr. Tugdug himself, whom I had not seen for a long while. He had some difficulty in recognizing who I was, for I had allowed my mustache to grow, and I had become altogether stouter in appearance. He

upbraided me with having neglected both him and his sisters, and then inquired what had brought me to this part of London, the resort of lawyers. I immediately explained to him what had taken place, and that, with regard to the unwarranted seizure of my effects, I had applied to his friend Mr. Boruce.

"You have done quite right," said he, "for he is an honest man and will see you righted; but let me observe, is there any thing like justice to be obtained from our infamous government? We are positively oppressed by bad laws—we must have a reform sooner or later, otherwise the people will seek a remedy for themselves and assert their right, for the people is the only lawful sovereign."

I concluded from these words that the Tugdug who stood before me was an unchanged Tugdug, and that he only lived in the hope of being able to ameliorate the well-being of his countrymen, notwithstanding that in so doing he stood a chance of compromising his own safety by speeches full of treason and sedition. He found me perfectly of his opinion with respect to the injustice of the law in England, and my feelings were much relieved by the opportunity which he gave me of evaporating them in long volleys of malediction. Little by little we relapsed into rational talk, and it was then that I inquired some particulars concerning Mrs. Boruce. I said to him—

"I observed that Mr. Boruce looked quite displeased when I inquired concerning his wife!"

"How!" said Tugdug surprised. "How could you ask such a question? Do you not know what has happened to him?"

"No," said I.

"How!" said he; "have you not read the newspapers? Did not you see the case, Burroughs versus Sniggs, and the crim. con.?"

"No, indeed," said I, "I know nothing—I know nothing of your Snix, nor of your Crims, nor your Cons. Of all such people I am totally ignorant."

"Well, then," said Tugdug, "I will tell you in two words, that my clerk, Sniggs, the young man in mustache, whom you saw at my warehouse, ran away with Mrs. Burroughs, and that, in consequence thereof, the husband took his case into a court of justice, and a divorce has ensued."

"But tell me all about it, I beg of you," said I, totally astonished at the information; for, to say the truth, the slow and solemn character of the English had produced such an effect upon me, that it never occurred to me as possible, that such an event could ever take place in the domestic economy of a nation so strict and so cold. "Is it really possible," said I to myself, "that any one allows himself to make love here, out of the straight line of the law? This country then, is, in fact, more civilized than I thought it. So, Mrs. Boruce has fallen a victim to Snix! This is admirable!

—this draws our two nations together—we do not, however, publish any thing in the newspaper—that is abominable—that is a trick only worthy of the singularity and want of consistency of the English!" I then listened attentively to the narrative which Tugdug made of this affair.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HISTORY OF A LAWYER AND HIS WIFE.—MARTIN MEETS A FRIEND. —THEY GO TO THE THEATRE TOGETHER.

From what I could gather, it appears that Mr. Boruce (I write his name after my own manner), received a finished education in his youth, having been intended from early life for the law. He then entered the University of Cambridge, where he did not at first succeed, for he was what the English called *pluckt*, that is what we call in French, *épluché* (a word applied to birds, but in England to boys, a difficulty in language which I mean in future to investigate), but however that may be, it is sure Mr. Boruce was pluckt; a punishment inflicted upon the slow, or the indifferent. But, ashamed to have incurred such a punishment, all the real energy of his nature developed itself, and he applied himself with resolution in order to overcome all opponents. He succeeded completely, for having entered into competition with the most distinguished scholars, he succeeded in being elected the first wrangler, i. e. *querelleur*, in the University. That singular title explains to me, in one word, the true character of an Englishman, for

even in the precincts of a quiet and peaceable college, devoted to study and to morality, it would appear that his greatest ambition is to become celebrated for pugnacity. Hence, no doubt, the famous "*box*" of the English, so much spoken of throughout Europe, establishing the national superiority, not by the powers of the head, but by power of fist. Mr. Boruce having once acquired this great reputation, every place and dignity of the Empire were thrown open to him; but idle and careless as he was in his nature, although capable of making great efforts, when such were required, he neglected to seize the opportunities so presented, and therefore remained unheeded. He studied the law, but with little application; and he preferred following the paths of dissipation, in which he became very successful. It was then that he met his wife, a young beauty, who made him forget every thing, for very soon after they eloped, and ran together to the north of England, where they got married by a blacksmith, of the name of Gretna Green. He was poor, and she also. Upon their return to civilized life, they did not manage to be happy. It was necessary, however, to live, that is, to eat and drink, consequently, he took to the study of his profession, but finding that he could not attain to its highest dignities, he wisely devoted himself otherwise, and became what the English call solicitor, and, after many years' hard work, succeeded in acquiring a reputation. It is

thus I found him, when I applied to him to look after my concerns.

His wife, Tugdug assured me, was a coquette from her earliest youth — she had studied, with success, the art of pleasing mankind. She had fine eyes, and made great use of them, consequently her admirers were numerous, but no one ventured to propose marriage, excepting the unfortunate Boruce, and the result has been such as might have been anticipated. He will, no doubt, regret to the end of his days the folly of his youth, in marrying such a wife.

My friend having finished his narrative, we separated, not without making mutual promises soon to meet. I accompanied him part of the way to his house, and then quitted him, not knowing exactly whither to direct my steps, for, in truth, I had no lodging, and, what was worse, I had scarcely any money in my pocket. My heart was oppressed—I was sad—my hopes of a good marriage were gone, and I was afraid to let my parents know in what a forlorn situation I was placed, for such a piece of news must necessarily have been followed up by a demand for money, which I was aware they were not rich enough to afford. I began again to cast my thoughts on the little black lady, notwithstanding the ridicule which such a union might throw upon me, but to carry on my suit it was necessary to obtain possession of my clothes, and of things necessary for my toilet.

Absorbed in these and such like thoughts, I sauntered along the street. As I was making my way through Covent Garden, near the great theatre of that name, I was accosted by a man, who clapped me suddenly on the shoulder, and made me start from my reverie. I saw before me my old travelling companion in the mail from Paris to Calais—John Potts by name. I was quite happy to see him, and he appeared to be equally so to see me. After many questions, he, inquiring what were my pursuits, how I amused myself in London, and what were my plans for the future, invited me to go and dine with him at a coffee-house in the neighbourhood, and then to finish our evening together at the playhouse.

Having nothing better to do, and delighted to have met with a man who possibly might help me in my forlorn position, I accepted his offer with pleasure, and we straightway adjourned to the coffee-house in question, where he ordered dinner after his own fashion. Too happy to get a dinner after any fashion, for I was very hungry, I fell to upon certain beefsteaks, which were served up with boiled potatoes, in their natural state, with as much pleasure as if they had been a fricasee of chicken, or a hash of partridge and cabbage. My companion, a son of Britain to the tips of his fingers, appeared to enjoy the feast as the *ne plus ultra* of all excellent cookery; and he seemed to be grateful, when he remarked the very particular attentions which

I was paying to the favourite dish of his nation, eating thereof as man never ate before. He made me drink bumpers of Port wine, as well as beer, both of which apparently derived their name from one origin, the one being called port and the other *porter*. An apple tart, succeeded by Cheshire cheese, completed our repast, when having sat for half un hour, drinking up the remainder of our wine (a ceremony religiously observed by all Englishman, in all countries, and under all circumstances), the bill was brought, together with a tooth-pick. My friend insisted, notwithstanding my remonstrance to the contrary, upon paying the whole amount; and, although under any other circumstances I would never have permitted him, or any one else, so to do, still when I considered the possibility that, perhaps, I should require my money for to-morrow's meal, I allowed myself to be persuaded, and we proceeded forthwith to the theatre. The play had already begun, and we only paid half-price. We were admitted into a box, already well filled, and we sat upon the bench next to the door. I did not comprehend the meaning of what was passing on the stage. One man said 'tis Shakspeare, another Sheridan, and a third insisted that it was real Bunn. John Potts, evidently oppressed by his port wine, did not say a word; and as for me, it was perfectly equal to me who was the author of the barbarisms and the gallimatia that were pronounced, and whether comedy was represented

or tragedy, it was impossible for me at first to decide. At length I heard the famous word *dam* in the course of the dialogue, and then I became certain that the piece was tragical; particularly, when in an emphatic part, one of the actors raised his fist with violence into the air, and then I exclaimed to myself—"Here is some box coming!" But little did I think that in my own person I was so near the brink of a tragedy as I was in fact. I have often been led from this circumstance to reflect upon the vicissitudes of life, and how unforeseen events, arising from some trivial cause, have happened suddenly, and produced an influence upon the rest of one's existence. I was seated quietly in my place, making observations upon the scene before me—my eye resting upon a multitude of men and women of a nation totally different to my own, talking a different language, of rough manners and of little refinement of mind—and I was saying to myself, "Nevertheless they are amused with what they have, they have got their obscure authors totally unknown to us, who are pleased to be witty after their own fashion, and they appear to know nothing better, and to be content. There may be some among them, perhaps, who do not even know the meaning of Racine, Corneille, or Moliere, and who may never have heard speak of our Voltaire, of our Boileau, and of our Jean Jacques Rousseau! Poor people!" I laughed in my sleeve at our superiority in all things; and, moreover, enjoyed the

thought that I, a little unknown individual, a Frenchman, lost in the midst of such a mob of English people, that I perhaps had more intelligence in the end of my little finger, than they in the whole of their congregated mass. I was thus absorbed, when the following scene took place, which would be likely to change all my schemes, and perhaps all the plans of my future life.

CHAPTER XLV.

MARTIN TOUTROND IS INSULTED BY AN ENGLISHMAN. — A BROIL ENSUES, WHICH SHEWS THE INCONVENIENCE OF APPEARING UNDER A FALSE NAME AND TITLE.

I was seated in the box, with my back against the door. John Potts was on one side of me in the corner and another man, he who had indicated the name of the author of the piece, on the other, I in the middle. Suddenly the door was opened, and a bulky Englishman, with a violent-looking countenance, his face all red and bloated, with red hair and prominent whiskers, square-shouldered, and looking thoroughly good for nothing, fixed himself at the entrance thereof, and paid no more attention to me, my head and my shoulders, than if I were part of the wainscot. I turned towards him, looked at him, knitted my brow, but he continued immovable. The ladies and gentlemen in the box, feeling the draught of wind, cried out, "Shut the door." My man did not stir. The box-keeper was loudly called for; still he kept his place. John Potts then addressed him, and civilly begged of him to shut the door; whereupon, seeing that I should be seconded by my friend, as well as by the others, I turned myself round, and said to him quite

sharply, "Shut, then, the door, you derange me." Upon which, without saying one word, with the greatest possible coolness, he put forth his hand, and taking my nose between his fingers, he shook it, and then looked at me well between the eyes. A hubbub of the other world ensued. I rose from my seat, jumped over the bench, and administered a blow into his stomach, crying out at the same time with all the powers of my voice, "Rascal!" Whereupon, with an arm which I verily believe was made of steel, he overwhelmed me with blows, each of which would have demolished an ox. He first closed one of my eyes—then a second—then he made me swallow one of my favourite teeth, and then nearly broke my arm by a blow which might have battered down a bastion. I was followed by John Potts, and by a crowd of other Englishmen, who, seeing the manner in which I had been treated, fell upon my assailant, seized upon him, and obliged him to cease his attack upon me. All espoused my cause, and no one that of the assassin. He had seriously injured me, before my friends could give me any help, and the shock had been so sudden and severe, that I fainted dead away. On coming to myself, I found that I was under the care of Potts, who watched over me like a brother.

A police-officer had seized upon my adversary, and detained him until I should be fit to confront him. I was, in the meantime, in a most wretched

state. I groaned and gnashed my teeth with rage. The impulses of hate and a desire for revenge invaded my heart. How! to be insulted after this manner before a whole theatre, I—a Frenchman! was more than I could suffer. And by whom? by a butcher of an Englishman—an assassin—a savage beast, who enjoyed the gift of strong muscular power, without any of the true qualities of a man of courage. I felt myself annihilated; my eyes blackened, my nose driven in and bloody, my jaw broken, my clothes torn and discomposed, my hat pancaked, surrounded by a crowd of men and women, who pushing each other about to look at me, were no doubt laughing at my expense; but, in my inmost mind, I vowed vengeance, and I promised to myself to taste its sweets. Nothing less than signal vengeance would serve my turn; for if we had an ambassador in the country, and that said country recognised the said ambassador, it was to him that I should propose the honour of seeing my wrongs redressed. I, therefore, loudly and emphatically insisted upon being taken to the ambassador of the French nation, for Frenchmen, said I, know how to protect themselves; I was, however, recommended and even gently impelled to proceed to the office of a magistrate, who I was told would immediatey see that justice was done me. I allowed myself to be persuaded, and with the help of John Potts who never left me I followed a police-officer

who led the way with my adversary in hand. He the wretch, did not say one word, and was apparently totally heedless of what might be the result of his conduct. We were followed by a crowd, and at length stood before the magistrate, who was seated in his appointed office, in order to take cognizance of the disturbance which might take place during the night. The room to which we were taken was dark, ill-lighted, filled with untoward looking people, all excepting the magistrate himself, who was a mild-looking man. He was taken up in examining an assault which had taken precedence of mine, for it appears that fists and cuffs are always in full employment in an English theatre, and I was recommended to have patience. At length my turn came, and I stood before the magistrate; John Potts and my other witnesses near me on the one side, and the ruffian on the other. I was first asked my name. I immediately exhibited my visiting card, upon which was inscribed "Viscount Chatoutrond;" and I flattered myself that at the sight of that name the magistrate would bow to me with respect. Not at all. He did no such thing, He simply had the condescension to lift up his head, for a moment, to look at me, and then continued to ask questions. He inquired where I lived, and then demanded what was my business, and what my grievance. I then elevated my voice, and unburthened my heart of its rage and bitterness. I

first described the atrocious treatment which I had received. Pointing to the brute who had assailed me, I charged him with all my powers of abuse in a manner so entirely to the purpose, that there was enough in my words to have repelled a whole procession ; but the animal remained totally unmoved, thereby shewing that a night brawl was to him a matter of utter indifference, and one no doubt of frequent occurrence. I appealed to my two black eyes, to which I applied the candle ; I pulled off my coat to exhibit my contusions ; I opened my mouth and pointed to where one of my teeth was not ; I produced my crushed hat ; I turned myself round and placed my torn coat in full sight, and I then demanded a full and entire satisfaction for the ills which I had suffered ; and threatened otherwise, that I would place myself under the protection of my ambassador, and then I added, God only knows what may take place between the two governments !

The magistrate then asked me who were my witnesses. I immediately turned towards my friend, John Potts, and presented him as such.

" Are you acquainted with Viscount Chatoutrond ?" said the magistrate to Potts.

At hearing this question I perceived that my friend (though still rather deaf) appeared quite astonished.

" Viscount ?" said he, " Viscount Chatoutrond ? No. I know no person of that name. This gentleman (pointing to me) is called Martin Toutrond ?"

Then the inconveniency of the wretched title given to me by Camille became fully apparent, and like a flash of lightning in a dark room, I perceived at once the mischief which might accrue to me therefrom. But what could I do? what could I say to persuade John Potts that I was not an impostor, for, in truth, he was but slightly acquainted with me, and I saw by his manner that he now considered me in no favourable light. I tried to make him comprehend how I had received my title since we last met, but I did not succeed in convincing him of my integrity, and thus I was convicted of deceit in the very presence of the magistrate, and of all who surrounded him.

However, the magistrate continued to examine my other witnesses, who faithfully confirmed my words as regarding my charge, and of which he took notes. He then turned himself toward my antagonist, and asked what he had to say for himself, in answer to the accusation brought against him. The ruffian in the most undaunted manner, totally denied that he had insulted me; but said, it was I who had struck the first blow, and that he had simply defended himself. Upon which every voice present was raised and a great noise ensued. I accused him touching my nose—he called me liar—the din of voices was general, when the magistrate, stunned, and not in the least convinced that I was the person whom I

pretended to be, ordered that both parties should be locked up for the night, unless we could find bail to appear the next morning at time and place appointed. John Potts totally refused to be bail for me, notwithstanding all my entreaties to the contrary, and no one being willing to risk himself in favour of my ruffian, we were condemned to be imprisoned during the night, in a cell contiguous to the magistrate's office.

When I perceived that I was to be taken off by force, and that I was about to become a helpless prisoner, I fell to lifting up my voice most loudly against such an act of injustice. I declared myself to be a subject of the King of the French. I asserted that no one had the power of arresting me, for that I had committed no fault, but that, on the contrary, I had been assaulted in the most unworthy manner, without reason. My anger rose as I spoke—my fury became ungovernable, for I saw that my words were heard in derision, and I actually howled with despair and disgust when I reflected that it was simply on account of my miserable title of Viscount that I was appearing in their eyes as a cheat, as an impostor, a man with two names. At length, ceding the point as a matter of necessity, I allowed myself to be led away, and the result was, that I found myself enclosed in a dark and offensive cell, face to face with my antagonist, and in company with any number of blackguards, night-brawlers, and pick-

pockets. I endeavoured as I walked away to interest Potts in my favour, but he shrugged up his shoulders, making up a face at the same time, as if he would have said, "I do not believe a word you say;" but as he went, he informed me that he was obliged to appear on the following morning, in order to bear witness to the transaction.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MARTIN PASSES A NIGHT IN JAIL. — A MAGISTRATE'S OFFICE DESCRIBED.—HE LOSES A FRIEND.

Oh ! the wretched night which I passed in that infernal cell ! I found myself huddled up pellmell with every class of vagabond. In one corner was extended a drunkard, in another a man snored, stretched out on a bench ; in a third was a jolly fellow smoking and drinking quite unconcerned ; now and then exclamations of rage and despair were heard, to which I added my own without the smallest restraint or forbearance. I cursed the moment that I had agreed to adopt the title of Viscount and to change my name. That circumstance alone was the cause of my actual state, and possibly was preparing for me a much greater share of disgrace. I now perceived all its inconveniences, and reflected that it was the falsest of calculations to hope to build advancement in the world upon the foundation of a lie. My friend, the brute beast, whose whole nature evidently was besmeared many coats thick with these sort of adventures, lost no time in securing a corner, where he took to snoring like one with-

out care, whilst I, entirely broken down by misery, did not close an eye throughout the night. At length I perceived the blessed light of day beginning to dawn in our miserable prison, and I was in a state of desolation when I looked myself over and saw the woeful figure which I should make when called upon to appear before the magistrate, in order to receive my sentence. My coat torn, my hat crushed, my eye blackened, my face wounded, I was in a truly pitiful state, but still I awaited the moment of my deliverance with untold impatience. A thousand schemes for the future passed through my head—schemes of revenge, of hatred, and of war against every thing which called itself English. How my tongue did vibrate with a longing to disgorge my heart of every feeling which had possessed it during my residence in England! and how did my fingers itch with desire to be set writing whole books full, in order to expose the ridicule, the coarseness, the injustice committed in their institutions by this very conceited nation!

Having swallowed something by way of breakfast, for which I was made to pay an extravagant price, a police-officer soon after came to request us to appear before the magistrate. I waited some little time in an ante-room, until my turn came, and I then entered the apartment where the man of the law was seated. My antagonist was there also, and in a corner I

perceived John Potts and my other witness. When my name, Viscount Chatoutrond, was called, I thought my blood would freeze in my veins, for I felt that I was the representative of a lie, and that those who surrounded me felt it also. But what could I do? It was necessary to put the best face I could upon the matter, and thus I determined to act. I immediately answered to my name, and was placed in front of the magistrate. He questioned me in the same manner as his predecessor, the night-magistrate, and asked me my name. I answered Viscount Chatoutrond, but my speech faltered,—a circumstance which evidently struck him, since he asked me whether the title was an ancient one, and how a man of my rank happened to be placed in the disagreeable predicament in which I stood. This question gave me courage to proceed, and I perceived all the advantage thereof. I glanced over the question, as to the antiquity of my title with cleverness, but gave a most circumstantial account of the circumstance which had led me before him. I upheld my aggressor as a monster of infamy, a murderer, a savage, who, trusting to his muscular power, without possessing the feelings of a man of honour, evidently passed his life in tyrannising over those who were not gifted with equal strength. I asserted that he first amused himself by vexing the back of my head with his great stomach, the door of the box

being kept open by his own will, and against that of those who were within it. That he nearly crushed me by the weight of his enormous person; and when I remonstrated, he took me by the nose; when I defended myself, he assailed me with his fists. I exhibited my jaw, whence I had lost a tooth. I insisted upon the greatness of my loss, and demanded its restoration. I valued it at one hundred pounds; I said replace my tooth, or give me the money. My demand surprised the magistrate, and made my rascal laugh. I again exhibited my torn clothes, my broken-down hat, and finished by requiring entire satisfaction, adding thereto a threat that I would complain to my ambassador if full justice were not done me. The magistrate then examined John Potts and my other witness, who confirmed every thing I said, and very luckily this time nothing was elicited touching my real name. My adversary was then put forward and interrogated. He denied most audaciously that he had been the first aggressor, and would have made some observations upon the relative bravery of the French and English nations, offering to fight any given dozen of French with his own hand, but he was considerately stopped by the magistrate, who, finding that he had no witness in his favour, condemned him to pay the highest fine which the English law can award, namely (reader, believe it if you can!), the miserable sum of *five pounds*. And it was this

wretched pittance that was awarded me for all the misery I had suffered, without the least fault on my side. And this is what is called justice in a country which plumes itself upon generosity, integrity, and religion! I opposed myself strongly to the iniquity of this treatment, and when my ruffian, who appeared to have money at command, threw down his five gold pieces before the judge, I placed myself in an attitude to reject with disdain the sum in question; but recollecting how very little I had in my pocket, and that I should probably be soon in want of common necessaries, I gathered up what was given me, and left the scene of my disgrace, boiling with rage and overwhelmed with mortification. I was now totally ruined, the whole of my story would appear in one of those hateful English newspapers, which brings everything to light. John Potts had denounced me as Martin Toutrond, a simple individual, instead of confirming me as Viscount Chatoutrond; thus were put to flight all my hopes of a good marriage—I could not lift up my eyes even to the little black girl, and could now no more present myself to the Sire Snoukès, than to my respected friend the Lord Crûcheaulait, who would reject me as one having the plague. Full of these and such like reflections, I followed John Potts, who was leaving the police-office at the same time that I was, and as he did not seem to avoid me, it being of the great-

est importance to me not to lose a friend, I accosted him as if nothing had happened between us. I undertook to explain to him how, on my arrival in England, I was Martin Toutrond, and how afterwards I had become Viscount Chatoutrond. I did not succeed in making him comprehend how the change had been effected. I tried to prove to him, that when a man feels himself ennobled in the recesses of his heart, by high and magnanimous feelings, that he becomes noble without the need of forms or ceremonies; and that I, who really and truly possessed in my own person the seeds of true nobility—I—had become a nobleman at once, quite naturally; and I illustrated this by shewing him that the female palm-tree which receives the dust of the male or noble palm tree, thrown over it at hazard by the wind, at once produces fruit, and becomes a tree ennobled by its productive qualities.

John Potts did not seize the delicacy of my image of the palm-tree. The truth is, my friend is an Englishman without alloy, without one grain of imagination, and without the smallest exaggeration of character. He is always self-possessed, and appears to be subject to one single rule of conduct, from which nothing can make him swerve. He told me plainly, that he did not like persons with two names.

"But," said I, "now hear me. To call myself Viscount Chatoutrond, when I am, in fact, Martin

Toutrond, that is not what we in France call a lie. It is simply a relative assertion, to which we allow ourselves to have recourse in many of the relations of life."

"We think otherwise in England," said John Potts; "we call that by another name; we call it 'dam lie.'" Upon saying which, he wished me a good morning, and we left each other without further ado.

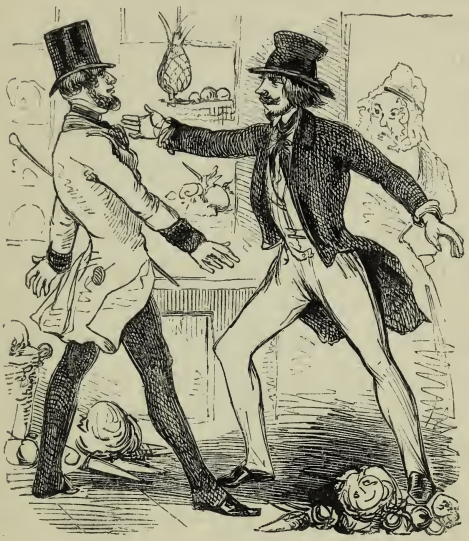
CHAPTER XLVII.

UNHAPPY AND IN DISGRACE, MARTIN FINDS A COUSIN AND FRIEND. —HAPPINESS SUPPLANTS MISERY.

I FOUND myself in the street, alone, without a friend, with little money in my pocket, surrounded by people whom I detested, and not knowing whither to direct my steps. My thoughts naturally turned towards Camille, but I had of late been too unfortunate in following his advice, to wish again to have recourse to him, and in the humour and temper in which I was, I became afraid of approaching him, lest some dispute might arise between us. Thus mechanically I paced the streets, with my hat over my eyes, my coat in tatters, and my features discomposed; I looked more like a vagabond and a blackguard, than one who had so lately given himself the airs of a man of fashion. Sauntering slowly on, I at length found myself in Piccadilly that street so full of movement, and which leads to the neighbourhood of trees, being the avenue to the parks. At some distance, I perceived a man whom I thought I must know, for the turn of his person was familiar to me. I at first thought it must be Pierrot, that good

and excellent Pierrot, my cousin-german, and I stepped on overjoyed, happy to have made such a discovery. But he disappeared; it was plain, whoever he might be, that he had gone into a shop. I proceeded, looking with care into every shop-window, like a thief seeking an opportunity to make a hit. I reached the shop of a greengrocer, one who sold vegetables, roots, and flowers. I looked up, and and saw the name of "Pugh" inscribed, with "greengrocer to the Royal Family;" I looked in at the window, and caught a glimpse of the back of my man; I looked in at the door, and there, in right earnest, I saw Pierrot, that dearest of Pierrots, who was examining a cauliflower. My joy knew no restraint. My heart beat; I could stand it no longer, and I bounded forwards, and I held Pierrot embraced between my arms. He, Pierrot, at first began to struggle, evidently seeing no reason why he should thus be pinioned, but when he discovered who I was, and that it was his best friend and the companion of his youth, he embraced me also, and we kept on the exercise of embracing for some time, in the very midst of the cauliflowers and the potatoes. After we had well-recognised each other, looking each other over from head to foot, we deferred all explanation to another time, for, looking round, we perceived that the owners of the shop and the people in it appeared to be extremely amused at our respective demonstrations, feelings which, I

am quite certain, never enter into the breast of an Englishman. Observing the people in the shop,



I remarked a woman, who I made certain to have seen before, and then recollected that it was at the evening party at the Tugdugs where I had met her, and that her name was Pue. She recognised me, also, and I thought seemed somewhat discomposed, for she had been introduced to me as a lady who held a place at Court, whilst her sole pretensions to such a dignity consisted neither more nor less than in selling vegetables to the Royal Kitchen. There was not a day during which the false nature of the English character did not come out, and confirm all that Camille had so

repeatedly told me concerning his views of it. They all wish to appear something which they are not. And, moreover, who would ever guess that the villainous name of *Pue* could be written *Pugh?*

We left the shop together, and once together we gave free course to our feelings and emotions. All my present wretchedness disappeared. In Pierrot I was sure to find true sincerity, based upon principles of all that is just and honourable in man, coupled with a lively affection for myself and my family. I was resolved, from the first moment, to tell him everything, to confess myself to him, and thus exhibit the depth of misfortune into which I had fallen. I own it, that I felt the greatest shame in avowing to him my change of name, and that I had taken to myself the title of Viscount. Pierrot was a youth of the greatest honesty and truth. His parents were humble and religious folks, without a grain of vanity or pretension, living by honest labour, and caring little for the vanities of the world. They had brought up their son in the same principles as themselves. He partook of all their feelings; and I felt certain, that when I should confess to him the cheat of which I had been guilty, having passed myself off for one that I was not, he would be horrified thereat. Notwithstanding, I felt myself to be so utterly wretched, so bursting with desire to open my heart to some

friend, that I was quite decided, happen what might, to tell him everything, and throw myself upon his generosity.

As we walked along, I said, "My dear Pierrot, you are my friend—you are my cousin—we have been brought up together. I will relate to you the whole of my history. Do you remember, at a dinner at your master's, Lord Crûcheaulait, where, when you were called to appear at the table, in coming in you saw a young man with his handkerchief to his face, and who left the room as if obliged to do so, from a bleeding at the nose?"

"Yes, certainly," answered Pierrot, "I recollect it perfectly; and I immediately ascertained, that that person, from his general appearance, was a Frenchman. I was told, that he was the Viscount Chatoutrond."

"Well, my dear Pierrot, you are going to be surprised—that same Viscount was no other than me."

"How!" exclaimed Pierrot, "you—a Viscount!—what can you possibly mean?"

"Alas,—yes!" I answered, "it is just as I tell you, and you see me full of shame and confusion."

I then entered into a full account of my meeting with Camille Desforges, and of the manner in which he had persuaded me to follow his example, to take to myself a title—to make myself pass off for a young man of family, and thus to endeavour to

make a good marriage with some wealthy English woman.

Pierrot lent an ear to my narrative, without saying a word; and, after it was over, he put on a most serious face, and said, with great affection in his manner,—"All that you have told me is very remarkable, and affords great subject for thought. You have always been a youth of probity and good inclination; yet, see how ambition, and a desire for riches, have turned your head, and have induced you to commit an action for which you now blush. Give thanks to God that you have been prevented, by intervening circumstances, from accomplishing the object which you had in view. Only conceive the disgrace which would have fallen upon the name of a Frenchman, if you had succeeded in marrying an Englishwoman under a false name. We ought to endeavour to make ourselves respected by the English, instead of courting their contempt."

"Oh, as for that," I exclaimed, "my dear Pierrot, I care very little what any Englishman may think, and the last of my wishes is to make myself beloved or respected by a nation so base and vile. I hate them all. I see in them nothing but a heavy, coarse, and insolent people. Their famed institutions are based upon injustice. Their whole manner of acting is a tissue of inconsistencies. If you had been ill-treated, robbed, beaten, and imprisoned by them, as I have been, you would

be of my opinion, and you would not consent to remain one single minute longer in their odious country."

"I am afraid," answered Pierrot, "that you have fallen into bad hands. In every country in the world, good and evil are to be found—that is quite certain—but what is also very certain is, that, according to my particular experience, I have found the English quite the contrary to that which you have described them to be, and that it is quite impossible to be better treated than I have been by them, during the time that I have been in the country."

"Yes, I believe you," said I; "you are a perfect cook, and an excellent young man. You stuff them with your good things, and they are happy—what do they want more? Of course they are friendly to you, and do their best to make you happy, and keep you in their service. But only once have a case to discuss with them as an individual, without the protection of your master, you would learn other things — they would treat you as a dog."

"Well," said Pierrot, "it appears to me impossible that the same people whom I see continually, with whom I live, with whose principles of conduct I am acquainted, and whose actions are before my eyes and open to the minutest observation, it appears to me to be impossible, I say, that they should so entirely change their nature as to treat

me like a dog (my conduct towards them being the same), when their habit is to treat me as a brother. The family of which I am a member, is a good specimen of every other respectable English family. Every thing I see in them, assures me of that fact. True and just in their dealings—charitable and benevolent, they exact little from their inferiors, are gentle toward their equals, and are always ready to be serviceable to the meanest as well as to the most powerful. It is true that the nation is not gay like ours, but each country has its own national character. But of this I am quite certain, that the Englishman has a foundation of probity in his character, which prevents him committing excesses of meanness and baseness, and should he so commit them, that his own countrymen are the first to assail him, and to bring his delinquencies to light."

"What do you say, there?" I exclaimed.—"Probity, indeed! They are robbers, are these said English; it is their law itself which teaches them to steal. But three or four days ago, my apartment was entered by men appointed by law, who robbed me, took every thing I had from me, my clothes, my pantaloons, my shirts, my umbrella, in short, every individual thing, and that without giving me the least warning of what they were about to do. It is thus, I am told, that a creditor pays himself for the rent due for his house. After that talk to me of the probity of the English."

" There must positively be some mistake in all this," said Pierrot.

" How—a mistake ! " said I. " Look at these wretched clothes which I wear, this broken hat, this dirty shirt — I had every thing for a change, but robbed as I have been, I have no longer anything."

" And have you got nothing back," said Pierrot, " have you done nothing to get your goods back ? —the country swarms with lawyers."

" Yes, certainly," said I, and then it struck me that, perhaps, Mr. Boruce might have finished the business which I had confided to his care, and that I could not do better than go and visit my lodgings, where I might, perhaps, find that my goods had been restored to me. Upon this I turned to Pierrot, and having pointed out to him where he might find me, I entreated him to reflect upon the difficult situation in the which I was placed, and to help me with his advice, as to what I had best do. Upon this we parted, with a mutual promise to meet again in the evening. Pierrot told me that as soon as he should have finished serving up the dinner to his Milord, that he would come to me and we would then pass the evening together, and discuss our projects for the future. I observed from all he said, that he was become an *Anglomane* to the very tips of his fingers.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MARTIN AND PIERROT HAVE A LONG CONVERSATION. — MARTIN PAYS HIS DEBTS AND RETURNS TO FRANCE.

Upon reaching my lodgings I found the house in the hands of a new proprietor, who received me with the most flattering demonstrations of welcome. He informed me that he had stepped into the shoes of the late bankrupt, who, it seems, was no longer able to pay her rent, and he hoped that I would continue to occupy my apartments. I first inquired with great anxiety whether my goods had been restored, and I was quite overjoyed to hear that all had been returned, and that I should find every article deposited in the very place in which I had left it. This piece of news made me jump with joy — my heart became softened towards the English nation and I blessed Mr. Boruce. I ran up stairs with two or three bounds, and, in truth, the man said right, every thing was there. I counted and looked over every article, and nothing was missing. "But here are some good people at last!" I exclaimed to myself. "Justice in this instance has not been slow, however much I was oppressed at first!" I thanked

Mr. Boruce from the bottom of my heart, and I began to put faith in Pierrot's words. I immediately took off the clothes which I had worn for the three preceding days, and I now enjoyed the pleasure of a clean shirt. Scarcely had I indulged in the metamorphosis, than I heard a knock at the door, and soon after had the pleasure of seeing Pierrot.

We began by talking much upon our family affairs. Pierrot informed me that his mother, my aunt, the best of women, suffered much from bodily infirmities, that his father daily progressed in rotundity, and that his brother Nicholas, who for some time had been apprentice to a butcher, would soon be promoted to chief slaughterer. He informed me, for certain, that my own sister, Clementine, was betrothed to Jacques Cloppin, a famous tinman, who lived nearly opposite to our house, and that much was already said concerning the wedding-clothes and the wedding-feast. As for himself, Pierrot, he did not cease to assure me how happy he was, and how excellent a situation he had obtained. To have become head-cook to a rich nobleman appeared to him to be the summit of all earthly ambition, and he implored me to follow his footsteps, to adopt the study of cookery, and he would take it upon himself to settle me in one of the best places in England. He then launched out in favour of the English.

"My dear Martin," said he, "be quite cer-

tain of one thing, which is, that man can come to no good without religion, and it is just that which is wanting in France. We do not know the first syllable of it. If it be found at all among us, it is among the poor and the humble, as for instance, among my own parents, who possess no one ambition but that of leading a quiet and an honest life, subject to God's laws, as a preparation to that death which inevitably must one day or other overtake us all. But among the rich, the powerful, those who are addicted to luxury and given to the world, such feelings are not known. They are altogether carried away by vanity and by what is called pleasure, by which means it is impossible that desires for spiritual things can shine forth in their hearts. In England, believe me, the contrary is the case. Thanks be to God that I am sufficiently clear-sighted to be able to distinguish between truth and hypocrisy, and wherever I go, I perceive how much religion pierces through the conduct and motives of action of this nation. I do not say that they are all good. No—among them are hordes of rogues and vagabonds, who, perhaps, have never heard the name of God pronounced with due reverence; but this misfortune is, perhaps, caused rather by the prosperity of the country, of which the population increases in a wonderful degree, than by a lack of desire in the Government to reform the evil."

"But, excuse me," said I; "we, too, have a

religion. How can you speak thus? Have we not our churches, our priests, our choristers, our abbés, our archbishops, bishops, our masses, our confessions, and our processions, and I know not what more—all that is religion. What would you wish for more ?"

"Ah, heaven!" exclaimed Pierrot; "if you call that religion, we have it, I agree with you. The English, too, possess many things of that nature, but that is not their religion. They set about it in right earnest. They have holy commandments enjoined in the Bible, which they study continually, and do their best to put into practice. In the family, for instance, in which I pass my life, I perceive that there is a constant reference made, not openly, but tacitly to the words of Scripture, without the smallest intention of display, but entirely the work of habit. They take an interest in every thing and every body which surrounds them. There is not a scullion amongst them who is not taken care of, body and soul, as if he were to be an angel of high dignity. As for me, I have never before been so tenderly looked after. Without attempting any thing like violence they have done their best to place the truth of holy things before me; and I have been persuaded by the power of example to tread in a path which I see leads to the only happiness which can exist on earth. I mean, that peace and that charity which I perceive to be ever present with those who

surround me. In France, we require continual movement—pleasure above all. We live only in the hope of enjoyment in one manner or another. The English, too, have their enjoyments, but only upon one principle (that is to say, those who think seriously); and that is indicated to them by their constant companion—the Bible. Many among the English are trifling and indifferent—make themselves ridiculous in the highest degree, for frivolity does not suit the nation; but that description of character is gradually disappearing from among them. Now-a-days, if a young man wishes to succeed, he must apply himself to obtain knowledge; he must acquire reputation from travel, and gain consideration by obtaining honours at the University. It is not necessary for him, as with us, to become celebrated for being a beauty, for being one who gains easy triumphs over silly women; for being a man whose sole business is pleasure, and who is looked up to as the mirror of fashion. No; he aims to become a Member of Parliament—to obtain a reputation for talent; in fine——"

No longer able to stand this, I stopped Pierrot at these words, and said, "But I have never seen anything of all that you have been telling me. I have only seen people utterly ridiculous and coarse. It is true that I dined once at your Milord's, and there, in truth, I found society on a better footing."

"Yes, indeed," said he; "I believe you. You saw at that dinner everything that was most refined. You had people of the highest dignity, Ministers of State, and men in office."

"That is well—that is well!" I cried out, with emphasis, to Pierrot. "I addressed myself and spoke with energy to those high dignities, and, in truth, I told them some truths which they had never heard before, and I made them stare. They won't recover themselves from what I said for some time to come, I promise you. I informed them, that the Frenchman is as superior to the Englishman in every one thing, as the day is superior to the night, and there was not one among them who had the courage to answer me."

"I believe you," said Pierrot; "and it is but natural that a Frenchman should love his country, and that an Englishman should love his, but what is the use of saying it in words, and repeating anything so utterly useless at each turn of the street? Such remarks lead to nothing. They only engender bile, and excite the wicked passions, without producing a single advantageous result. Let me tell you, that the principle which directs the Englishman prevents him from putting forward similar expressions. He says, it is sinning against the love of his neighbour, which is the great characteristic of that universal charity, so dear to every professor of Christianity. But, my dear Martin," said my cousin-german to me, "you must have lived

among a very indifferent class of English. It appears to me that you never can have given yourself the trouble to visit and see any of their great institutions. For example, have you ever heard the discussion of the national interests, as carried on in their House of Commons or in their House of Peers?"

I answered that it had always been my intention so to do, but entirely taken up as I have been by the sole object of finding for myself a suitable wife, I had never had time or opportunity.

"Well, then," said he, "go there. You will see how much in general they are impelled by a sense of justice and truth; how little hatred and malice is to be remarked in their speeches; how much they are carried on to praise that which is good; to reward that which has been well done, and to put the best construction on actions, which may be doubtful. The attack which you made against the English nation at Lord Crûcheaulait's (for I heard of it), simply produced a smile upon the faces of those who were your auditors; for be persuaded, there was not one of those whom you addressed, who did not look upon you in kindness, though with compassion, and who did not think it worth their while to enter into an argument upon that which history alone would bring to light.

I was about making myself angry upon hearing Pierrot say these last words, for, in truth, I dwelt with delight in imagination upon the power of my

words on that occasion, and upon the effect which they would produce upon the English, but he so evidently had no desire to hurt my feelings, that we were again soon reconciled; and he then questioned me with so much interest and affection upon my actual state and position, that I could only bless the moment which had led to our meeting. I informed him at once how I was situated;—that I was in debt. Firstly to Simpkins, and secondly, to several other persons—that disgusted with England and its English, I only longed for the time of leaving them; that I threw to the winds my wretched title, my schemes of matrimony; and that I had quite recovered from my fit of ambition. I added that if I could be put into a situation where I could pay my debts, that I would then return home, without ever once turning my head to say good-bye to what I left behind me.

That most excellent Pierrot, without a second thought, took my hand and said—

"My dear Martin, you are going to do all that you desire, without a moment's delay. I will pay all your debts. My savings are entirely at your service. You will repay me when you are able. I am so well provided for, that with God's blessing I can depend upon the security of the future; therefore have no sort of scruple in accepting my offer. You will thus be soon free of all your misfortunes, and reverse the falseness of the

position in which you stand. You will return home with new schemes, having acquired the advantage of a great fund of experience for the direction of your future life."

I was entirely overcome by Pierrot's kindness and generosity. I at once saw how intensely he was improved by the principles of conduct which he had imbibed—principles evidently founded upon the charity which he had so much lauded. I could not refrain from embracing him with all my might, so truly and unaffectedly was I penetrated by the sense of his great kindness. The result which ensued was this, I accepted his offer—I immediately paid my debts, and soon after, without even saying adieu to Camille Desforges (the source, by-the-bye, of all my folly), I embarked at Dover, and, in a few days after, I received the embraces of my mother, and the benediction of my father.

THE END.

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